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The Secretary's Watch

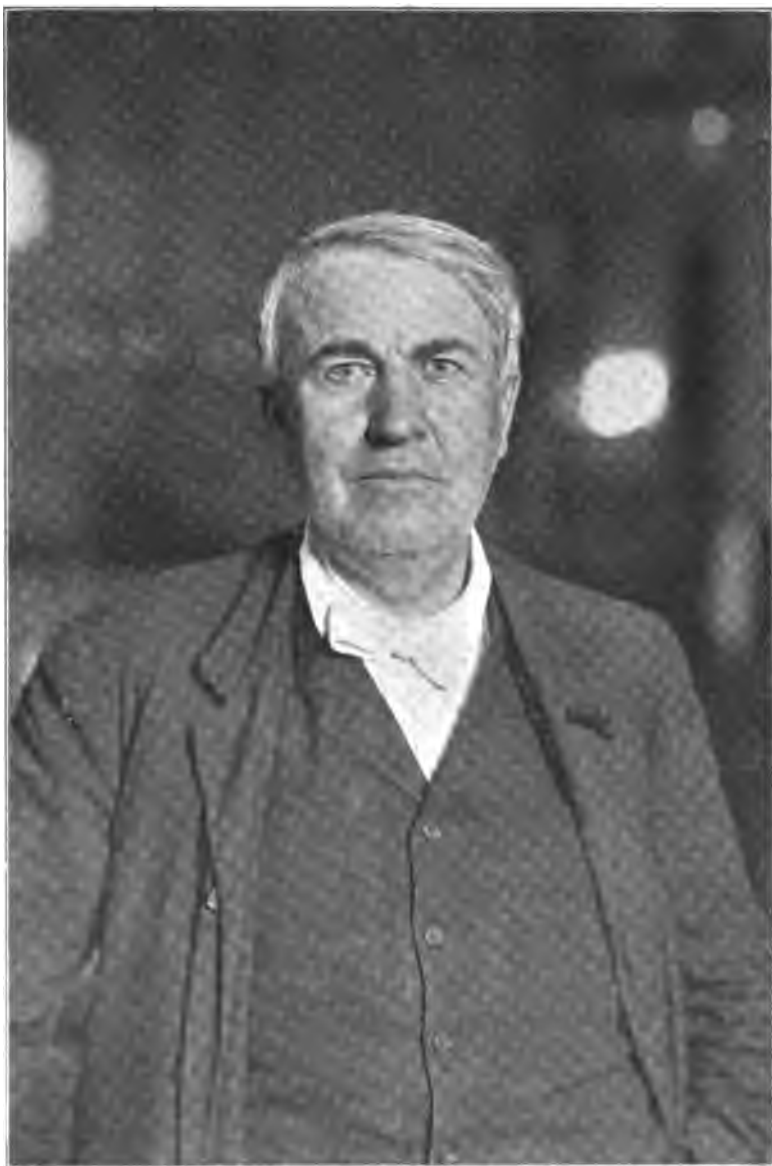
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THOMAS ALVA EDISON—FAMOUS INVENTOR.



Poems by Will Carleton.

The Babes and the Bull.

WHY grumble or sneer because those
who aspire
To Fashion's gay vapors, wear gar-
ments of fire?
Hasn't Nature her colors?—There's
many a flower
That flaunts out with red, both in sun-
shine and shower.
The poppies, the roses, the hollyhocks,
dress
In goods that a love for the startling
express;
The lightning's oft crimson that pierces
and bruises;
The sun paints the firmament red, when
he chooses;
So when by style, fancy, or phantasy
led,
Why should not Humanity bloom out
in red?

These thoughts hovered 'round a young
lady, one day,
As she walked through the fields in ap-
parel so gay
That Solomon's milliners glum would
have sat,
And murmured, "We never can come
up to that."
It was a young maiden whose father
had struck
Some trustworthy kind of commercial
good luck,
Some poison, or trap, or explosive, that
rats kills;
And so they were posing a month in
the Catskills,
And living in Wealth's costly glamor
and clamor,
With fifty-odd times as much glitter as
grammar.

And yielding to customs quite prevalent
there,
This maid had a costume as red as her
hair.
And with her an Englishman wandered;
and he
Was searching a fortune this side of
the sea;
(Thus making of him a financial young
"jingo");
And he had a coat that would scare a
flamingo.

Together this pair through the bypaths
were wandering,
Two red human flames: and were
vocally pondering
(Her name was Dolphina, and his was
Adolph)
Of themes of importance connected
with Golf,
And what profane search for the ball
had her daddy,
One day when attempting to be his own
caddy;
And how her poor mamma, with force
to appal,
Hit the corn that was sorest instead of
the ball;
And how a young lover grew softer
and softer,
Until he didn't know a sand-box from
a loftier;
And how a fat lady struck ghosts in
the air,
And went down on a rock, with mo-
mentum to spare;
And how a good parson, with fury
unstinted,
Drove his ball in the wall, with a word
rarely printed,
And then with a dash—and of other
small matters

That make up material for every-day
chatters.

Now e'en while her maidenish elo-
quence bound him,

The Englishman took an uneasy glance
'round him,

And said, as if time was a thing he
might squander,

"May I ask what's that animal coming
out yonder?"

The maiden a moment revolved her
trim bright head:

"It's a bull!" she loud screeched, and
then "ran like a whitehead."

And the Englishman also: not swayed
by fear's passion,

But simply determined to follow the
fashion.

If she ran, than he ran; if she stopped,
then he did;

That's fashion's rule, put in a nutshell
when needed.

The bull was one fitted with Spaniards
to battle:

A regular-built roaring lion of cattle,
I may say, while our redbirds fly thick
through the brambles:

His ancestors, mad from the blood of
the shambles,

And knowing, howe'er gay their life-
page began,

They would all of them some day be
murdered by man,

Whene'er of the fact by blood's color
reminded,

They rushed for the same, with their
moral sense blinded;

And thus do they ever: though madly,
sincerely

Regarding our species as cannibals,
merely.

And that is "heredity"—drawn very
nearly.

Thus onward he came, in his rage-
grounded folly:

Came down through the field like a car
on the trolley;

His head bowing low as the fenders
they bear,

And his tail like the wire-stick that
drags through the air.

And his game—how they ran! not the
crafty and cunning

Zoological firebrands that Samson set
running

Through wheatfields of foes in his
anger sublime,

Though more there were of them—
could make better time.

The Englishman struggled o'er boulders
and ditches,

And grieved at the thorns that were
tearing his stitches

That kept on his red coat—still mutter-
ing low,

"This is very peculiar, indeed, don't
you know!"

And the maid, like Dave Harum, ex-
claimed, "Scat my cats!"

I wish he had some of our 'Beverage
for Rats'!"

And then, like a red-squirrel, climbed to
a tree;

And "You take that other one yonder!"
screamed she.

"Thanks! I will!" said the Englishman:
"quite in good time!"

It's quite opportune; but a beastly hard
climb!

I hope you are comfortable there; and
you're

Ah—what do you call it?—stuck up,
now, for sure!"

While the bull, with a rage his thick
hide could not smother,

Would rush up at one tree, and then at
the other,

And make all the grass and the pebbles
and sand slide

In terrible ways that predicted a land-
slide.

And writhed at the lightnings of anger
that spurred him,

And thundered so half of the town
might have heard him.

But none of it did; for a rain-cloud
had come:

Not a giant of storms striking other
sounds dumb,

But a slow droning drizzle, unaided by
breeze,

That came by inquisitive drops through
the trees,

And spattered these children of fashion
 and lucre,
 And drove all their friends to whist,
 gossip, and euchre,
 And dancing and flirting—both aged
 and young,
 Unmindful of field-sports; so there the
 two hung,
 Each one to a tree-limb; and still did
 the bull
 Hang 'round them, of rage and celerity
 full.

And there stayed the three till the day-
 light had gone,
 And there hung the three when the
 morning came on;
 For while the two victims in terror sat
 high,
 The bull lay and dreamed, with red
 blood in his eye;
 While a party of search through the
 wide country groped,
 To find the young pair that so strangely
 eloped;

But when morning peeped down on
 them tattered and jaded,
 The red of their robes was so ragged
 and faded,
 The bull saw no sight to be angry or
 glum for,
 And went away wondering what he had
 come for.

Corporal Punishment.

THE prettiest girl our "district" had,
 Was trying to learn by rule,
 And study "lessons" that oft made sad
 The Hickory Corners School.

She strove—so hard!—with sages' and
 seers'
 To couple her girlish mind;
 But those bright eyes and delicate ears
 Were not of the deaf or blind.

She saw the timid, desperate airs
 Of many a household pet,
 Trying to climb the slippery stairs
 Of the Roman alphabet;

She saw the novice's crimson tongue
 With pen-strokes rise and fall,
 Or traveling 'round the world that hung
 In halves on the schoolhouse wall;

She heard the multiple lass and lad
 In lyrics o'er and o'er
 Telling the numbers how to add
 New numbers unto their store;

She pitied the wights that sat about
 And swallowed the long hard words,
 Then stood and struggled to draw them
 out,
 As showmen do their swords;

She pitied the "Master": who must
 strive
 With prodigy and with dunce,
 And who was doing his best to drive
 And lead them, all at once;

And then she pitied herself: for on
 Her daintily-cushioned slate,
 A long "example", weary and wan,
 Was asking to know its fate.

"Times a dozen", the maid averred,
 "The 'answer' has slipped me by;
 In spite of all I have read and heard,
 I say that figures will lie!"

"Who was that whispered?" the Master
 said:
 "You, Jonathan, I suppose?"
 And started upon a mission of dread;
 But the slender maiden rose.

"'Twas you?" he said, as the girl he
 saw,
 In a voice more calm than cool:
 "I must punish whoever may break a
 law
 Of the Hickory Corners School.

"I rule with a ruler: who breaks the
 rule,
 With a ruler must punished be!"
 Said the chief of the Hickory Corners
 School:
 "Come up on the floor with me!"

They stood together: the maiden fair
 As newly-blossomed flowers,

And the Master, sturdy as winter air:
The tyrant of six long hours.

"Hold out your hand!"—to him 'twas
thrown—

As delicate as the dew:
He took it lightly within his own:
It thrilled him through and through.

His shoulders broad he turned to the
flock,

So none of them all could see;
But thrice they heard that sharp, quick
shock:

(The old-time "rule of three");

But thrice across the delicate palm,
His fingers strong he flung,
And blows they shielded the punished
from,

The punisher's knuckles stung.

None but they twain his sudden choice
Of which was the culprit, knew:

"Keep it between us", he said, in a
voice

That thrilled her, through and
through.

And still the figures unconquered were,
Half-dainty, and half-grotesque;
And lied to each other, and laughed at
her,

With her head bowed on the desk;

Weeping—not for her fault at all,

For that she could easy explain;
But for the Master, who bore it all,
And suffered the ferule's pain.

And just as the afternoon was near
To clasping hands with night,
She caught his bravery, dried each
tear,
And figured the answer right.

Stars of The Grasses.

FIREFLIES! fireflies! fragments of
light,
Leading through darkness the careless
sight—

Tremulous stars of the lower night;

Living lamps in the green below,
Clinging and swinging to and fro,
Where the forests of grasses grow;

How can we say but yonder star,
Glittering in the blue afar,
May be conscious, as insects are?

Greater and stronger, but still as you,
Oft it will vanish from our view,
Then will glitter, as fired anew.

E'en as an insect, bye and bye
Yonder star in its turn must die,
Making a death-bed of the sky.





Three Girls in a Bandbox.

BY LUCY B. JEROME.

THIS is a true story of how three girls kept an apartment, lived, dressed, and enjoyed themselves in New York, on twenty dollars a month.

"Live in New York on twenty a month? Really LIVE!"

"I do it," I asserted.



ANASTASIA.

Anastasia viewed my plump form up and down. Then her eyes roved over the tiny sitting-room of our five-room apartment on the slopes of Washington Heights, four squares above old Trinity. When she faced me again, the light of a dawning respect

—at least I fancied so—shone in them.

"You don't look—er—emaciated", she commented.

"Nor feel it," I answered briskly. "I'm not joking, Anastasia. Would you like to know how we three bachelor maids—there's a trio of us you know—manage to live in little, gay, festive, old New York, and maintain a reasonable adjustment between a champagne appetite and a beer purse as they say, vulgarly, along the Bowery?"

"Well, rather!" Whenever Anastasia is excited, she sits up as straight as a ramrod. She sat very straight now. "But I can't understand how you can possibly mean it. What do you pay for this apartment? It isn't half bad, you know. Lots of air and sunshine, plenty of elbow-room, and a bedroom apiece,

kitchen, bathroom, sizzling water day and night. What *do* you pay for it?"

"Anastasia," I said solemnly, "figures don't lie; else if anyone had told me seven months ago that I would today be living in a comfortable apartment, devouring three square meals a day, tending my own little window-garden, luxuriating in my own Sunday rocking-chairs and casting my wearied frame down on my own couches when inclined, and all in the face of that bugbear of a phrase, 'prevailing high prices', I would have told him simply and sweetly to 'go to'. But as I before remarked, figures don't lie, and so like the old woman in the fairy-tale, 'ere I be'. Twenty a month is our slogan, for never once have the individual expenses run above it, and still we live and flourish, and feed a mangy dog and fuzzy cat into the bargain. Now having spun my spiel, I'll answer your question.

"Behold this apartment, Anastasia. Observe the sunny cheer of the sitting and dining-rooms. Note well the bathroom with its up-to-date plumbing, the kitchen with the sun streaming in, afternoons, the two bedrooms veiled from further observation by a curtain deftly constructed of silkoline. Not a dark corner in the house. Air at all times through any and every window in the place. Good air too; Washington Heights air is pure. All this for twenty dollars per—no, not week, but month. We've been here six months, and the next, we don't have to pay any rent: which is one of the elusive and perfectly enchanting ways New York landlords have of inducing you to become

permanent. No lease on this apartment, though: just a plain rental of thirty dollars, which I needn't inform your mathematics-loving soul means just ten apiece for each of the trio. Well, that starts us. Ten apiece for rent. Jot that down."

Anastasia jotted. Then she jumped at me. "That leaves only ten dollars for everything else."

"So it does", I agreed. "Let's see how



"HOW DOES IT SOUND?"

far it will go. Nathless, wait until I bring in the household bills. I would never have believed it myself, but you know figures—"

"You've said that before", remarked Anastasia tartly. "Let's get a little forrader."

"Disbeliever!" I flung at her. "See for yourself!" and I handed over a sheaf of bills.

Anastasia looked to see if they were all receipted. Then she tilted her eyeglasses and set to work in earnest.

"Milk," she read, "sixtythree cents."

"A week", I put in. "Plenty of it—a quart a day, and lots of cream on top." Anastasia put it down, and went on to the next.

"Grocery-bill seems to include a lot", she observed, running over the items. "Ought to be a respectable-sized one." She glanced at the total. "I told you so," she said triumphantly. "Fifteen dollars and forty cents. There's your ten dollars gone already, and—"

"But you forget perchance, sweet maid," quoth I, "that this little account has yet to be sundered in three."

"Oh," said Anastasia, "I forgot that. That makes the groceries five apiece then."

"Right you are", I agreed, composedly.

"Your gas-bill's cheap enough for a wonder. Does this include the gas for cooking?"

"Everything. It seldom came to more than \$1.50 all winter."

"Your meat-bills seem to run about five a month. That makes one dollar thirtythree and a third cents for each of you", continued Anastasia, jotting it down. "And your vegetables average six; that's right, cut down on the carnivorous animals and buck up on the green meadows and fields idea. Six dollars! Three into six goes twice, doesn't it? Is this all the bills? Then let's add up. Groceries", she murmured, concentrating her brows in a frown of attention. She looked up suddenly. "What do you have to eat, anyway?" she

demandd suspiciously.

This was my strong hand, so I played it for all I could get. "How does it sound?" I asked, glibly enumerating last month's menus.

"Grape fruit," fairly gasped Anastasia; "stuffed olives, asparagus, (away with the villainous boarding-dens!) fruit salads, green peas," (they're the kind the French delectably call *petits pois*, you know) I put in, being willing to stagger Anastasia still further: "Carrots, turnips, parsnips, string beans, spinach,

oranges, apples, and apple-sauce, custards, floating island, cake, bought and home-made cheese, stuffed dates, chops, bacon, pot roast occasionally, and hot breads, popovers, muffins, and yeast powder biscuits, nuts and bananas—why, there's everything respectable bachelor maids could wish. Do you mean

and fodder. But see here—was this apartment furnished?"

"It was not", I replied. "While we aren't furnished up very extensively, still what do you think the trappings cost?"

"Blessed if I know", said Anastasia. "Looks pretty good to me. Are the



THE "INWARD MONITOR" AT WORK.

to say you get all that for ten dollars a month?"

"It's really thirty, of course, but only ten apiece, and you said yourself I didn't look emaciated."

"I should say not. And this dear little apartment besides", said Anastasia, enviously. "And me in a hall bedroom paying nearly fortyfive a month for stall

beds good enough for a night's rest?"

"First-class. We just stumbled into this way of living, by pure accident. Our united incomes amount to about one hundred dollars a month, and we had no furniture. But we had to stay in New York for a year and make good in our several occupations, and the first few months we were here we wore res-

restaurant and boarding-house life down to a frazzle. There wasn't any variety that we didn't know about—that was decent—and so we decided we had to have a home, even in this Bedlam of a city. Everybody scorned the idea. They said we couldn't furnish five rooms for less than one hundred and fifty dollars at the lowest estimate (we had less than half that to spare) and that food supplies were so high that we'd find ourselves bankrupt the first month. But some inward monitor told me to try it, anyway. I persuaded the other two—girl friends of mine before coming here—to go into it with me, and they're both pleased as Punch. Just see the spring sunshine pouring across my hyacinths and tulips! Isn't it sweet?"

Anastasia looked. Bars of clear sunshine lay across our little round dining-table of undressed wood, like a benediction on the lonely maids who gathered round it when their day's work was done, my canary sang loudly in his brass cage, the hyacinths sent gusts of fragrance into the sunny room from the plant on the sill, the wooden rocking-chairs invited to comfort, our books and magazines gave the room a lovely, homey air, and out in the kitchen the crepe-papered shelves of the cupboards looked so fresh and dainty that I saw quick tears spring to Anastasia's eyes. "What *did* it all cost?" she asked, not knowing that I had seen.

"About seventy dollars", I answered, proudly. "I did all the buying, and when one of us has to leave, the others have promised to buy her out. Our three-quarter couches averaged ten dollars apiece; that is, the couch and mattress, blankets, comfortables and pillows, sheets and pillow-cases. The sitting-room rug was five dollars, and the fibre-matting one in the dining-room, three and a half. This reversible one for my bedroom was two-seventy-five, and these two bathroom ones, seventy-five and forty-five, each. We have no dressers or chiffoniers, but anyone with a spark of ingenuity in this day of box-furniture can contrive fair substitutes. Table linen, china, and 'silver' came to

five dollars, and the cooking-utensils to five; the dining-room table was eight, and the three chairs one dollar apiece. The two rockers were three and three-seventy-five, and the gas-stove was already in the kitchen. There are so many mirrors built in the walls, that we didn't need to buy any, and our pictures and books came from the depths of our trunks, of course. Each girl has her own little finicky way of arranging her room—which gives individuality. We go to the theatre whenever we feel like a fifty-cent seat, lunch or dine down town whenever we need a change, and divide the housework so that each has her week to cook, while the one who stays at home the most has to attend to the cleaning. A woman comes in to do the rough work, but she only asks seventy-five cents a day, and if you divide that by three—"

"What about your laundry?" asked practical Anastasia.

"There's every convenience for doing it any time you like", I answered. "Two tubs in the kitchen, steam-radiators to dry it on if it's raining, and a back-yard, fine, sunny and blowy to hang it out in, if it isn't. But we send out the larger things, and the bills average about fifty or sixty cents weekly. Our collars, jabots, handkerchiefs and 'sich' we do at home."

I saw something dawning in Anastasia's eye. "That's all very well," she announced firmly, "but what do you do about *clothes*?"

I countered with a mental right. "We don't spend all our income for mere living", I amended. "Each of us has thirteen to fifteen dollars left after paying room-rent and board. We try to save from five to eight dollars a month, and—did you ever visit the New York second-hand shops?"

"No," said Anastasia, dubiously. "Have you?"

"Well, I won't harrow up your soul by telling you what this suit that you like so much cost, but I'll give you a piece of information. If you know where to go, and are willing to wait your chance, you can fit yourself out as

regards a wardrobe for something like thirty dollars. I won't tell you just how to go about it now, for 'that's another story' of course, but the suit, hats and all the rest of it last more than a year, and always look nice and always keep their shape. You see they're first-class material, and sell for less than a third of their original cost. A friend told us about the plan, and we've fitted ourselves out that same way for the next year."

Anastasia sighed. "Forty dollars for this suit!" she said: "bought when I came away from home, and beginning to fray at the edges already. Fortyfive monthly for the seclusion of a ten by twelve bedroom and some food put on a table for you—I can't call them meals", she burst out. "It's the old plan of corned beef and cabbage on Monday, lamb or mutton Tuesday, lamb stew Wednesday, hash Thursday, and poached eggs Friday. By Saturday, I'm so desperate I could spend my last nickel for a jolly meal eaten in good company. Nobody ever talks at our boarding-house. It's one of those dismal old places that have been fixed over as a resort for the lonely, impoverished in

spirit, and strangers, and the dining-room is always covered with a black pall of silence. Sometimes I feel I could shout out loud, scream, dance, do some disgraceful thing: if only to break the awful dead wall that seems to shut that room off from the rest of the world. Last night I bought crackers and cheese and stuffed olives, and ate them off my trunk. I *could* not stand that room and those mute, hushed people, another minute. I should go dead, or crazy at least!"

"I know," I said sympathetically: "I know; we've been through it, too. Isn't it frightful?"

I patted Anastasia's hand, and suddenly Anastasia, the reserved, the quiet, the most uncomplaining and courageous girl I knew, flung herself on her knees at my side and buried her face in my lap. "Oh," she burst out, "will you promise me one thing—will you? will you? Oh, if ever one of your friends should—should leave this dear place, will you take me in? May I come in too?"

And, with my arms about Anastasia, and her wet cheek against mine, I answered with something like a choke in my voice too,

"Dear old girl, indeed, indeed you shall."



CASTING THE MENU.



Two Years With Edison.

BY RALPH L. GOULD.

THE village of Milan, Ohio, may be said to cling to the map, as it were, by its finger-nails: having only a few hundred inhabitants. But its people are as proud as if it held its thousands: for a very distinguished man was born there.

In the latter part of 1846, a gathering of electricians, from all over the country, was held in this little town; and in the early part of 1847, Thomas Alva Edison was born. How much accidental stirpiculture may have occurred, with all this electricity and thoughts of electricity in the air, we do not know: but the fact is a very interesting and suggestive one.

At any rate, the little Milan baby grew up, and "made good": and at the time I entered college, was a sort of patron saint of all inventors. As a student, I studied closely the subjects that he made luminous with his extraordinary genius, and determined some day to get near him. It was with this view, that, bright and early one May morning, I walked quietly but resolutely into his main office at Orange, New Jersey, and applied for the position of mechanical draughtsman.

It was a moment of some suspense, when I presented my "recommendations" to a tall, pleasant-looking man—the mechanical engineer—who I could see very well was an amiable but inexorable assistant of the great inventor. The testimonials were fresh from my university instructors; and I remember yet the smile that came on his face when he saw them. Edison was not a college

man, and the mechanical engineer knew it, and I knew it. He had had very little schooling before he left that town of Milan, although his mother had instructed him the best she could, before his going on to one of the railroads as a train-peddler-boy. Legend, or tradition, says that it was on one of these trips that a belligerent brakeman suspended him over a car-platform by the ears, and gave his hearing a blight from which it never fully recovered. All along from the time he left home, he had been self-educated, and he probably had acquired the usual prejudice of self-made men, against the average collegian.

The mechanical engineer spent very little time looking over my scholastic testimonials, but put me through an impromptu civil service examination that rasps me yet. He grew less and less cheerful of countenance as the ceremonies went on, and promptly disagreed with about everything I was bold enough to say. I began in my mind to recall the path to the railroad-station, and to wonder in which pocket I had placed my return-ticket to New York.

But it is a world of surprises: and Orange was on one of its hemispheres. Very unexpectedly, I was given a desk, and set to drawing up the details of a sketch.

I worked away, like a beaver: for I was bound to see Edison before I died, and, I hoped, under pleasant circumstances. But—it is a world of disappointments, as well as surprises: and at the end of six days, I seemed no nearer to the great man, than when I

first got off the train at the station.

Neither did I know how well I was pleasing, or how vilely I was displeasing: no one seemed called upon to give me any information concerning the subject. It was every man for himself, and it seemed as if his Satanic Majesty was only too ready to take the hindmost. My associates were too busily at work to get very well acquainted with me; my fellow-employees did not seem to consider that ceremony a part of the business.

I was thinking this over one day—it was about a week from the time I com-

five feet and eight inches in height, and hair fast turning gray, the parting of which was assisted and accentuated by a slight modicum of baldness, and that half-anxious, sound-seeking look that deaf people sometimes carry in their eyes. I had forgotten for a moment that he was considerably more than hard-of-hearing, or I would have shouted my greeting. But I hardly think he would have returned it, even if he had heard.

He asked of me in a tone that was a command rather than a request, for a particular one of the drawings I had



THE GREAT MAN IN HIS LABORATORY.

menced there—when, unceremoniously as the coming of a Swiss avalanche, Thomas Alva came down upon me. I heard some one walking behind me; I looked hastily around: and—there he was.

There was no mistaking Edison: I had seen his portrait o'er-often—and I am a good "hand" at remembering "lineaments." I had presence of mind enough to say "Good morning, Mr. Edison": but no good morning was handed back to me.

He was a fair-sized man of about

made during the past week; and, in my embarrassment and confusion, although sure that it was in my portfolio, I could not find it. I felt that moment as if I would have given a mortgage on one year's salary in advance, for a sight of that drawing. But millions, if available, would not have made it appear just then, and I had to sit and hear some very pointed remarks on the subject.

His words of disapproval were quick and jerky, as if he were telegraphing them. The statements came thundering

in, in lots of about ten words each.
 "You evidently don't know your business at all, young man."

"Your value to this establishment, is simply nothing whatever."

"Keep on this way, and your time here will be brief—very brief indeed."

"Why did Schiffel employ such a useless and inefficient man?"

And so on—for several very interesting messages—constantly increasing in voltage. I sat and received the despatches—there was nothing else to do. How could I argue—with a deaf man—

me, from another portfolio, where some comrade-joker had no doubt placed it. Sometimes I have suspected that the whole thing was a "fake", and Edison was in it: he is a hard man to understand.

At any rate, I made my way into his office, armed with the paper, and grinning as sweetly as I could, under the circumstances. He was smoking a "corn-cob pipe", and seemed an entirely different sort of man from the one that had just left me, half an hour ago. He smiled, and invited me to sit down.



WATCHING OUT AN EXPERIMENT.

especially when I was undeniably in the wrong?—And yet, it was rather a homesick place, for a young fellow that had to make his way, without over-much money for a start.

He went, as suddenly as he came: and I cuddled down uncomfortably in my chair, waiting to be cast out into the Cold Bye-and-bye.

But all at once, it occurred to me—whatever that is—that I might as well find the drawing, and present it to him on the silver server of a smile: and after a half-hour's wearisome hunt, it smirked sweetly though mockingly at

"I'm glad you stuck to it till you found the drawing", he said. "My scolding was just to impress upon you the value of time. Just think of it! The world turns over 500 miles on its way round, in half an hour: and we ought to do a little progressing ourselves."

After that, we were good friends, and he seemed trying to make up for the untoward occurrence, by taking a special interest in me. He would sometimes come up behind me, slap me lightly on the shoulder, praise, although very gingerly, something I had done,

and then murmur, more forcibly than elegantly, "All right, my boy: keep pluggin' away."

Like most geniuses, he had (and I suppose has) his gales and his grouches. Sometimes nothing would suit him, for days together: and then he was all brightness and gayety. I seldom saw a man whom the word "impossible" made angrier. "It never ought to have been put into the dictionary", he used to say. A very efficient German engineer, upon whom he had set great store, came out before us all, one day, and said, "Mr. Edison, there is no use of going any farther with this experiment—it is sheer foolishness: and never can be a success."

It happened to be one of the chief's "bad days": and nothing could have gone farther to make it worse. "Mr. —", he thundered, "when Saturday night comes, you will draw your blue envelope, and never come into this place again: this is no home for impossibilities."

"By gracious", said one of the men to me, confidentially, "if the Boss should tell me to draw plans for a machine to lift a war-ship out of the ocean, as they say Archimedes did, or induce the sun to stand still, like Joshua, I'd go at it, and work till he told me to stop."

Probably this wonderful power of scorning failure and living laborious nights and days, has gone far toward making Edison a world-success. I have known him to make *forty thousand experiments to accomplish one object*, and not secure one bit of encouragement, until the last ten thousand began—and not much then: but to grandly and thoroughly triumph at last.

His usual hours of work, are from eight to twelve, and one to five: but when there is something peculiarly vital on the tapis, chronological system is flung aside, and Father Time is ignored. In such cases, seventeen hours out of the twentyfour is not considered by him an unreasonable number, and his enthusiasm is such as to carry all his employees with him that he chooses to take along, in his dash around and around the dial.

Mr. Edison has a wife—an attractive one, with aristocratic ideas, and democratic manners. His only daughter has the aristocratic ideas and manners both. His older son—climbing along up among the twenties—will probably never invent anything of value. His younger son, still in his teens, has built an automobile that could not be moved out of the barn in which it was made, without taking down the doors. There was something, too, about the speed-limit, which the village authorities, Mr. Edison, and Mr. Edison, Jr., had to adjust. But he has one merit: he is ambitious to do something in the world, besides being the son of.

When his wife is on the way to make one of her occasional visits to the office in which he toils, he immediately begins to "sleek things up." All the smoking-paraphernalia is shoved out of sight, and certain traces of the tobacco which he habitually chews, are wiped away. The office is made, as far as possible, a guest-room—fit for princess or queen. The quickness and ingenuity with which he can transform things, is always a delight and an amusement to his employees.

With unwelcome visitors, however, he adopts exactly the opposite course. It is wonderful how his deafness can come down on him when he wants it to do so. It is also remarkable what awful odors he can make the chemicals in his laboratory produce, when he wishes it uninhabitable. Once, when a company of clergymen came into the laboratory to ask him about the state of his soul or something, he went into a trance (or toward one) and by some legerdemain smashed a volt-meter valued at a thousand dollars, and laughed heartily after they had fled in fright. Sometimes he will say the most nonsensical things to a persistent interviewer—like that he declared not many days since, that "man has no individuality." He is also variable in his habits: sometimes being a strict vegetarian for a number of weeks, and then "falling from grace", and perpetrating the most carnivorous of actions.

In other words, he is a genius—with all a genius' proper improprieties, and concentric eccentricities.

Many think, and I believe he does, that his most wonderful and original invention is the phonograph—and he is piqued because the devising of that was really an accident—occurring while he was endeavoring, by means of hard and strenuous study, to invent something else. He declares he will not waste any time improving the aeroplane—not believing that it will ever be practicable on a large scale: an opinion, by the way, shared with Wilbur Wright, according to his own statement.

He spent five years on the perpetual-motion problem—and gave it up, in something very nearly akin to disgust. "I'll let somebody else do that," he exclaimed, "and they'll never do it."

He is trying to connect the phonograph with the motion picture, and has succeeded, to some extent: but it is not

yet well-enough developed to put it on the market. When it is, he expects that the performance of the huge kinoscope of today will no longer be known as "The silent drama", but that the exhibits will be regular artificial theatrical programs.

He is an industrious collector and a careful saver of the voices of famous men and women, and has large stores of them. I asked him one day what one he had rather have of all in the world, and he answered, with that often-noticed desire of human nature for what it knows it cannot get,

"I would give more for one word from Napoleon the Great, than for all the rest of my records put together."

He will be greatly honored in Europe, as he richly deserves: and none will glory more in reading of the process, than those who have toiled under his patient, vigilant, and sagacious direction and tutelage.

A Page and a Half of Casual Thoughts.

Worry just enough to keep you thriftily at work.

There are invisible blood-stains on every national flag.

The dining-table has killed more men than the battle-field.

Success is ninety-nine hundredths a matter of endurance.

Tears are never unmanly, unless the one that sheds them is.

A thought is good for nothing, unless it breeds more thoughts.

The bashfullest boys often become the most self-possessed men.

Several people who do not believe that man is an evolution from the mon-

key, seem doing their best to prove that the monkey may be an evolution from man.

Circumstances never altered a case that was worth very much.

People are all the while forgetting that *they* ever were in love!

To be ahead of the times is creditable, but mightily uncomfortable.

The pursuers of the fox are every one pursued by invisible pursuers.

Some of the most genuine and heart-brewed tears, never leave the eyes.

"Foul play" really means foul work—and a good deal of it, first and last.

We will be millions of years under-standing mysteries that lie before us:

and even then, the investigation will have only just begun.

Fear, as they say of fire and water, is a good servant, but a hard master.

"Talk" is not always "cheap", when you consider what it costs afterwards.

Walls are no essential barriers between the really essential things of life.

The oftener you "act from impulse", the more idiotic impulses you will have.

The "man in the moon" would have cause to do some thinking, if he could see this far.

If water were as costly as wine, everybody would prefer it—ten times over.

"Luck" never springs up spontaneously: it is really a plant of slow growth.

Wars do not settle anything: the things settle themselves, after the wars are over.

When you get on the right road, do not stay still upon it so long as to keep others back.

Kindness and justice should go hand in hand: but they are constantly parting company.

One day's mistake has, millions of times, spoiled a life—and plenty of others with it.

Tangibility is a very elastic word: what is perfectly real to one, is mythical to another.

"Steps unto heaven" are all in a horizontal direction, if you start right and keep going so.

A very large-natured man has one misfortune: the world cannot see him

in his true proportions until after he is dead.

Many a one who starts in to "take the bull by the horns", finds that it has been dehorned.

People laugh at the mention of funerals, in general: but is not the laugh half-hysterical?

If wishes were horses, beggars would *not* ride: they could still make more money on foot.

Competition versus monopoly has always been and will always be the main fight in business.

Learn how to make stepping-stones of others' jealousy, and you have a staircase to success.

There is no law broken more persistently, than the one against carrying concealed weapons.

John's book was only one of millions of things the sweetness of whose taste ended entirely in the mouth.

Many a sage has toiled a lifetime for success, and has not achieved a hundredth part of the vogue of Mother Goose.

When you draw your last will, guard if possible, against a hundred wills and won'ts that will come after you are dead.

If the tax man could buy all the property he assesses, at the owners' valuation, he would roll up fortune after fortune.

The great majority of murderers do not know that they are murdering; and most of those do not care whether they are or not.

There are some who cannot see a wedding-day, without a thought of the multitude of days coming, that are *not* wedding-days.



On The Association of Ideas.

BY CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER wanted to be a sailor, once. It was lucky for him that he never tried it: for he would have died of sea-sickness. He made his first voyage across the ocean in the old sailing packet, "John Bright", in 1850. All the way over and all the way back, he lay in his berth deadly sick. He was the author of that famous assertion: "At first I was afraid I would die, and then I was afraid I wouldn't!"

Those days, in the old sailing-ships, the sailors were constantly singing about their work. Young Beecher heard the songs, and associated them with the agonies of sea-sickness. Years afterwards, the old "John Bright" came sailing up the harbor, one beautiful Sunday morning in June, as Mr. Beecher was shaving himself at an open window; and as he saw the old ship, and heard once more the familiar songs, he was attacked with nausea, and other unpleasant symptoms of sea-sickness.

The writer well remembers how, as a small boy, he was put under the care of a somewhat dismal, but very pious and conscientious woman, well advanced in years. She felt it her duty to impress upon his mind at a tender age the idea that he was a most desperate sinner, both by nature and practice; and in this the old woman was not far from the truth. She had terrible headaches, and by way of remedy used to apply bandages of boiled vinegar to her head. To this day the writer cannot smell boiled vinegar without feeling that he is an awful sinner.

Not long since he was in a home where tomato-pickles were being concocted, and the house was redolent with boiled vinegar. He felt as if the accumulated guilt of Adam and all his descendants were pressing down upon him.

A retired army officer who had joined the church and had a reputation for unusual sanctity, was called upon at the beginning of the Civil War, to drill some raw-recruits. As soon as he began his drilling, he swore most terrible oaths. This was very dreadful to his pious neighbors; who remonstrated with him for setting such a bad example to the young men he was drilling. To their astonishment, they found that he was entirely unconscious of the fact. It was the power of the association of ideas. He had been in the habit of accompanying his instructions with profane expressions in his old army days, and they flowed unconsciously from his lips as soon as he began to drill an awkward squad.

Sometimes certain muscular movements become associated with certain words. A military officer who was something of a wag, saw a soldier in his company carrying in his hands a tray containing the dinner designed for another officer. He suddenly and in a loud tone called out the word "Attention"! Down went the soldier's arms to his side, and down went the dinner on the side-walk. This was the power of the association of ideas. That word "attention" acted on the soldier as if he were a puppet pulled by a string.

It is an undoubted fact that we human beings are very curiously contrived

machines. We are very largely automata: puppets pulled by strings. One day an old farmer's horse came home without him, and he was found lying by the side of the road with his skull fractured by being thrown out and hitting a telegraph pole.

His horse had been frightened by an automobile. As soon as the trepanning instrument was placed on his head and the fractured bit of the skull lifted from pressing on the brain, his lips parted and the words "Whoa Dolly!" came from his lips as if shot out of a pistol.

His last conscious volition had been to caution Dolly not to be too rash: but before he could turn the volition into words his head hit the telegraph pole, and put his talking-gear out of commission. It was loaded in, however, and came forth when the clog was taken out of the machinery.

Our sensations, ideas, and emotions are associated in groups. A certain hymn is sung in church, and the woman next you weeps violently. She explains afterwards that that hymn was sung at her mother's funeral. The vibrations caused by the music bring up the whole associated group of ideas, sensations, emotions, and tender sentiments that were hers at the time of her mother's funeral.

This plays a very large part in emotional religion. A boy saying his prayers at his mother's knee has an associated group of ideas—tender, elevating, and pure—in his mind. If that little boy grown up to manhood, can have vividly brought before him a picture of himself as a tiny figure in white kneeling at his mother's knee, instantly the group of sensations returns, and he is once more, for the time being, that gentle, loving, tender, little boy. Then remind him of some man who has injured him and whom he hates! and he is transformed in an instant into another group of sensations, and curses his enemy and swears vengeance. So we pass from one associated group of sensations to another in our minds, as we pass from room to room in our houses.

From this fact, one that understands

human nature can play upon us as if we were pipe-organs. That is the secret of the wonderful power of words. This is the art of the skillful revival preacher.

"All the men in this room who have had praying mothers, please raise their hands!" he cries. This lets loose a mighty power in the congregation. It produces an atmosphere of contrition, tenderness, love, and gentleness. In every man there is some such image—or, God help him!

Two sailors, hard, reckless, and abandoned, were playing cards in a gambling hell. They were playing for money, with rum and revolvers on the table. One of them, as he fumbled the cards, not thinking what he sang, began to hum:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er."

"What's that yer singin'?" growled his companion.

"Singin'?—dunno! What was it?"

"Why, you was a singin' a hymn, mate! One they used ter sing in Sunday School when I was a kid!"

It was not long before they both recalled the hymn. They left the gambling hell, and went down to a lonely place by the river; and there each said he was sick of his bad life. The hymn brought back the group of associations that had belonged to their innocent childhood, and in them there was power to change their lives.

What is called conversion, is a change from an evil group of associated ideas, to a good one.

Sometimes whole trains of thought are associated together by the most trivial incidents. The writer when a student in Germany used to attend the lectures of Prof. Kuno Fischer, of Heidelberg. He used no manuscript, but spoke with great fluency and ease. He always held a small key in his hand. One day he dropped this key and could not go on with his lecture till it was restored to him. It was evidently the key to the situation.

The *New York Times* of Friday, July

28, contained the information that, on the last voyage of the steamer *Majestic*, Martha Thurman would neither eat nor drink and spent her time in her state-room praying, and honing a razor. She was immediately put under restraint as in a dangerous condition. Now none of these acts are in themselves reprehensible. People frequently do not feel like eating when on shipboard, and it is always commendable to pray. To hone a razor is certainly an innocent performance in itself; but by association of ideas Martha's performances became ominous. Why does Martha hone a razor when she has no beard? The fact that she accompanies the act by devotional exercises makes it all the more alarming. What is she going to do with the razor when it is honed? Under certain circumstances we associate a razor with throat-cutting—so Martha is put under restraint. We do not associate abstinence from food, razor-honing, and prayer, with a sound condition of mind in a beardless woman.

There is a powerful scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that turns on the association of ideas. Sambo brings Legree the lock of Eva's hair that he has taken from Uncle Tom. "A long shining curl of fair hair, which, like a living thing, twined itself around Legree's fingers. 'Damnation!' he screamed, in sudden passion, stamping on the floor, and pulling furiously at the hair as if it burned him. * * *

"And what was the matter with Legree? and what was there in a simple curl of fair hair, to appall that brutal man, familiar with every form of cruelty? * * *

The writer then goes on to tell of Legree's wild wicked life; of the lovely Christian mother whose prayers he had spurned, and whose heart he had broken. "The next Legree heard of his mother, was when, one night, as he was carousing among drunken companions, a letter was put in his hands. He opened it, and a lock of long, curling hair fell from it, and twined about his fingers.

The letter told him his mother was dead, and that dying, she blessed and forgave him."

By the power of association of ideas, one lock of little Eva's fair hair had the whole of this bad man's past locked up within it: a past that stung him like an adder and bit him like a serpent. To this evil man, the very thought of this mother and her dying love for him, was the keenest anguish.

So in the book of Revelation we are told that at the appearing of the glorious vision of the Christ, "they that pierced Him shall wail before Him." So "there is a dread, unhallowed necromancy of evil, that turns things sweetest and holiest into phantoms of horror and affright. That pale, loving mother,—her dying prayers, her forgiving love,—wrought in that heart of sin only as a damning sentence, bringing with it a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation."

What the Telescope Reveals.

DEEP in the caverns of the sky,
Beyond the reach of human eye,
Roll millions of unnumbered stars.
The strongest telescope unbars
The gates of distance; and a few
Are nearer brought to mortal view.
But still there float in boundless space,
Myriads of stars, whose beaming face
We may not look upon.

In man
Whose merits we too lightly scan,
We see but little good, because
We seek for frailties, faults and flaws,
Or give a careless, heartless glance,
And deem him evil in advance.
No noble impulses we trace
Upon his unimpassioned face;
But with the lens of charity,
Encased in tender sympathy,
Great excellences we discern,
And virtues, though they dimly burn;
Searching for merits, we may find,
Without God's lens, the soul is blind!

EDGAR THORNE.



The Intelligent Mosquito.

A FLAME of crimson swept into the purple sea in the west and its shadowy cloud-islands became gleaming fairy-lands of marvelous brightness.

From the big hammock on the piazza the children explored them with wondering, eager eyes, all unconscious of a very tiny, round and shining pair which viewed the four rosy faces with greedy impatience from a waving grass-blade on the lawn.

"Hum-m-m," chanted a gay little mosquito debutante, delightedly. "Those children seem greatly interested in something; I am sure mother would call this a good opportunity. There is no need of my being so stupidly cautious any longer. I longed to experiment on that dignified old gentleman's nose this afternoon—it looked deliciously red and inviting, but he seemed to grow vicious the moment he heard my song, so I contented myself with hovering near enough to observe his actions and learn what I could of the ways of men. Hm-m! What a temper he has. Why, the dragon-flies on the marshes were quite gentle in behavior, comparatively. I thought life was exciting and full of danger there, but this promises more amusement."

"How strange it seems," continued the small prima donna in still higher soprano key, "to think of being only an insignificant little 'wiggler', bobbing around on the water."

"I was called a 'tumbler' the next time I changed my dress. What a happy day it was when I succeeded in tearing an old one off for the last time, and spread these beautiful wings in the sunshine to dry."

"The journey here was very tedious.

Grandmother kept buzzing her advice to us in such a tiresome way and predicting that I should be caught. How annoying old people can be! I think I know a few things myself, and am glad to be here alone.

"It is time I had a sip of blood. Some one, I suppose, might hear me singing and conclude to go where I could not find him."

"People are odd creatures—very stingy and hateful, I think. Why, they never miss a drop of blood, yet mother says they would refuse to give it to us if we stopped to ask them for it. Then they don't seem to realize that we are of any use to them. We will feed on matter poisonous to them all summer, and doubtless save a great many from disease; but they will hate us most cordially."

"I expect adventures, and when I find our family-swarm again may have as entertaining tales to relate as those Aunt Jersey is so fond of telling; or those impossible-sounding yarns grandmother repeats about our cousins in Brazil, and giant Klondike relatives."

"Now, here I go—there never was a mosquito more impatient to use a dainty, new set of lances. That baby is asleep, too, as sure as my name is Marguerita Matilda Mosquito. Who's afraid, under such circumstances?"

"I see a soldier in that big blue cloud, and warships in this lovely red one, just as plain as anything", Harold was saying. "Do you, Rob?"

"I see a horrid mosquito trying to eat baby up", answered Robert, whose eyes never looked very long in any one direction; and that venturesome, inexperienced mite of conceit was soon strug-

gling between his thumb and finger.

The execution of so guilty an insect would doubtless not have been postponed an instant if former experiences had not made the children's ears quick to hear tiny insect voices. Now they bent down to listen to the faint piping of their small prisoner, who was exclaiming in its loudest tones: "Don't pull my wings so, you cruel children; they will be ruined. You cannot blame me, I am sure, for drinking when I was so thirsty, and why you should interfere is more than I know. Treat me as I deserve and perhaps I will tell you some things you ought to know, and if you will be reasonable I will show you my case of surgical instruments, so delicate they cannot possibly hurt any one, I am sure."

"They do, though," hastily corrected Harold, "and the hurt lasts long after you fly away."

"Well," hummed the mosquito, with growing confidence, "I should never imagine it; but since you spare my life I will try to avoid you in future. I must use my beautiful needles, though. Who ever heard of a mosquito promising to forego that pleasure? I really wish your clumsy eyes could see them. The sheath in which they are kept you can see, I suppose, but not how beautifully it is ornamented, nor the tiny silken hairs on my wings, and the pretty scales on my bodice you have no idea of."

"Now if you had compound eyes like mine, nearly covering your head, you might see some very wonderful things. My tongue is half as long as my body," boasted the proud little captive, saucily, "and I have no use for teeth like yours. You know nothing about me, for you probably never listened to a mosquito's song before. I suppose you don't know how I sing, either."

"How?" questioned the children, beginning to regard their impertinent insect prisoner with considerable awe.

"Well, my wings vibrate fully three thousand times in a minute and make a humming accompaniment to my high notes. We are a very lively family,

found in every country and climate, and invariably hungry, just as I am told boys are apt to be. Musicians should not be expected to be as mild in disposition as ordinary insects. We are not amiable, of course.

"Our cousin gnats are dancers. If you care to watch you can see them in aerial quadrilles and minuets almost any summer evening; they are so quick to see, and dreadfully nimble, that you will have to be careful how you approach them. Dear me! If I resembled them more I should never have had this humiliating experience of being caught. But I was enjoying my first drink, and forgot all about being discreet and cautious.

"Your hand tempts me now. Couldn't you hold it still and let me show you how I 'bite', as you call it? If you will just be quiet and let me get a good-sized drop the little liquid I inject to thin the blood before I draw it up will not be left to irritate your flesh, as it will if you drive me away before I finish the operation."

"I'll let you", Robert declared; "get the glass, somebody, and we'll see how Miss Doctor does it."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Florence, as she peeped at the greedy insect drawing forth a many-bladed lancet, "what a dreadful mouth and eyes. It has three pair of the longest legs and very pretty wings. Now it's growing bigger. Don't let it hurt you, Robby."

Florence was much distressed and the tiny surgeon did certainly look formidable when magnified.

"Does it hurt?" asked Harold, excitedly, viewing the novel sight with interest.

"No—yes, it does, too. Here, you shan't bite me nor anyone else."

Robert slapped with sudden impatience at his smarting palm and only a tiny blood stain showed where his little tormentor had been.

"I couldn't help it," he apologized, "mosquitoes always make me mad when they bite. It ought to have known better than to ask me; besides, I think that was a story about it's not hurting

if I would let it drink all it wanted. "Maybe," he added, hopefully, "in mosquito heaven it has nothing else to do and is enjoying itself now", and this soothing thought enabled the children to begin happily a search for new cloud-pictures.

Just as they were getting over their sorrow a little they were surprised to see their intelligent little friend hovering near them once more, though very cautiously.

"You didn't get me that time," he laughed, shrilly. "I shall require bonds the next time I trust you with my life." And he skipped away, leaving the children rather glad he was still alive.

A Forest Tragedy.

"H AS anything happened since we left?" said a returned city boarder, in a letter to a friend. This is the answer:

Yes, something has happened! Not here entirely,—elsewhere the tragedy begins: Away in the North woods, on a bright October morning, a beautiful daughter of the forest rose from her leafy couch; her slender neck was adorned with frost-jewels as she lifted her innocent face toward the sunlight. Her large, wondering eyes saw no danger, and her sensitive ears caught only the sound of joyous notes of birds, the faint distant thunder of the partridge, the near rustle of leaves as rabbits and squirrels began their search for food.

"Dear, innocent creatures, I love you all," she said: "you are my friends and I am yours, and we will enjoy this glorious Autumn day together." Then she carelessly nipped the tender twigs of beech and birch as she left the thicket that had been her protection in hours of rest. But the rising breeze brings to her keen scent the sure proof of danger afar—that distant, dismal half-moan is the baying of pursuing hounds. "But with all the help a proud master can give, their scent is not half so keen, their feet so swift, or power to endure a long journey equal to mine. I defy

them! Let them come on!" she said, as she lightly bounded over fallen trees, woodland streams, grassy hillocks, or plunged through dense thickets and easily measured off with long, slender limbs league after league of distance left behind. As easily and beautifully as a swift vessel cuts the wave, as securely and proudly as the hawk sails in the sky, she keeps on her course, the sound of pursuing foes lost in the distance. She gains a low ridge of open ground stretching toward the clear river, and the thick woodland beyond. Suddenly the sure scent of danger near comes to her nostrils; and she stops, looks, wonders an instant, then wheels off to avoid the dangerous path; but a sharp sting of pain comes to her side, a sudden dizziness—a trembling, a crashing fall—follow closely the loud report of a deadly rifle, as a mighty, broad-belted hunter steps forth from his ambush.

With desperate energy she struggles to rise, and would drive her sinewy feet through his hunting-jacket, and into his breast; but he stands off and with deliberate aim sends a bullet through her brain. There she lies; so beautiful, so helpless, staining the glorious autumn leaves a deeper red; while above the deep azure shines the rejoicing sun. The noble river rolls on, with happy birds and the safety almost won, just beyond its banks.

Before the belated hounds can claim their little share of victory, the guide is called, the slain victim lifted to his shoulders, carried to his home, and thence with greater speed than her swift living feet could gain she comes to our railroad station. With long, bleeding neck hanging over the end-board of our stage wagon, she follows the course of the river, advertising with these beautiful large dead eyes and this bleeding neck the triumph of her conqueror until she reaches his home; and is hacked into small pieces and scattered to other homes where, let us hope, sweet human pity dwells.

Do the recreations we choose and love best, indicate character?



Porpoises in Parade.

THE spirit of the parade appears to be contagious, extending even to those who inhabit the world of water. We have had, recently, suffragette processions, work-horse processions, Sunday-school parades, coronation parades, and now, in apparent emulation of man, we learn that the porpoises recently had a procession two miles long, in the waters of the Atlantic that surge along the shores of Asbury Park and Long Branch.

And why not? Have we not all read of *schools* of porpoises, that follow in the wake of vessels and have often been seen and described by scholars viewing them from the decks above? Whether they are merely swimming-schools, or whether other arts are taught in their finny assemblies, we cannot well say. But doubtless there are lessons in hygiene and correct diet given to the young ones, by the more experienced, as they investigate the life-giving quality of the various foods that descend to them from the vessel's kitchen.

And we can fancy them practicing also those branches of sea-education mentioned by the Mock Turtle, in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland": namely, Reeling, Writhing, and the four ground rules of Arithmetic, Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision, besides Mystery, Seaography, Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils, Laughing, and Grief.

Why should they not parade, on a holiday?

One of this particular school of porpoises was of an inquiring turn of mind, apparently: for it rolled into shallow water just outside the bar, where numerous people were bathing. Being a

practical joker, as it would seem, it raised its head and suddenly emitted a harsh bark. "Oh, then and there was hurrying to and fro!" as women scrambled madly toward shore, not knowing what strange creature might be at their heels. Tripping, falling, regaining their feet, and again falling, rolling, hastening toward land by any motion that seemed quickest, with a continued barking sounding in their ears, they at last reached some vantage point whence they could look back and observe their pursuer (?). And as they saw that plump, playful porpoise roll again out to sea, they asked each other sheepishly, "Did he do it a-purpose?" "Can a porpoise joke?" "Was that bark a laugh?" If any of those scared bathers had determined, in turn, to investigate the ways of the porpoises, they would have learned some interesting facts.

For one thing, although a denizen of the waters, the porpoise is not a fish, but a cetacean, a mammal, warm-blooded, viviparous, and suckling the twenty-inch infant that it brings forth.

The name "porpoise" as commonly used by sailors, includes also the "dolphins": but scientists distinguish between the two species. The word "porpoise" is evidently derived from the French *porc poisson* (hog-fish), which corresponds to the German *meerschwein*, and to the English "hog-fish", "sea-hog", "herring-hog"—all of which descriptive names refer to their habit of rooting like hogs, for some of their food. But they have other aliases.

Being of the order of whales, they must needs come at frequent intervals to the surface of the water to obtain the indispensable oxygen, and the puff-

ing that accompanies this process explains the origin of the name of "puffing-pig" and of "snuffer."

The porpoise measures about five feet or more in length, when full grown. The lower jaw projects about half an inch beyond the upper one. The eyes are very small, and the external ear-aperture is so tiny that it is all but invisible, even to close examination. And yet his cousin, the dolphin, whose external ear is equally small, is an enthusiastic music-lover, according to ancient story. It is in the form of its teeth that the porpoise differs most from the dolphin and other *Delphinidae*.

This small cetacean has a smooth, shining skin, dark above, changing from bluish to violet, green or gray, according to the light, but passing into pure white beneath. As it is furnished with four stomachs, it might well be that a healthy appetite, as well as the rooting habit, would account for its common name. Its food consists of mollusks and fishes, such as mackerel, pilchards and herring, and the schools of porpoise seem always eager to attend the schools of fish: though very likely the attention is not appreciated by the latter. In pursuit of their prey they will frequently ascend the Thames (English) as far as Richmond, and also the Seine; and it may have been that our Asbury Park porpoise was more interested in some small fishy fry than in the charming summer mermaids of the popular watering-place.

The porpoise was, like the dolphin, formerly greatly esteemed for its flesh, as an article of diet—and before the dolphin was discovered to be flesh instead of fish, the Church allowed it to be eaten on the usual fast days. Its

blubber is valuable for the oil derived from it, and the skin is sometimes turned into leather and boot-thongs.

Sociable and gregarious, the porpoises, like the dolphins, seem fond of play: and can frequently be seen by voyagers rolling, racing, leaping out of the water for the sheer joy and ecstasy of living.

The porpoise is more limited in its southward range, than is the dolphin, which is known to the sailors of the Mediterranean. Since the two species are so nearly allied, it may not be out of place here to recall to our readers, that the dolphin was, by the ancients, regarded as a great friend to man. Their school-sessions gave warning to the sailors of the approach of a storm. The image of a dolphin is common on ancient coins, and the beautiful legend of Arion tells of the music-loving dolphin that saved the life of the death-threatened poet, playing his tuneful lyre. The Latin name of the dolphin is *Delphinus delphis*—and since the most renowned oracle of Apollo—that one dedicated to the God of music, at Delphi, was closely associated with a dolphin-myth, as the name implies—it would seem that there was some long-ago connection between the two legendary tales.

Again, we find the symbolism of the dolphin reappearing in more modern times. As the eldest son of the King of England is known as the Prince of Wales, so, the Count of Dauphiny, the heir-apparent of France, was the Dauphin (dolphin), and this emblem appears on the coat-of-arms of the old French monarchy, which "quartered with the fleur-de-lys azure a dolphin hauriant or!"





September Information.

"SEPTEMBER, laden with the spoil of harvest", marks the consummation of the summer toil of the husbandman; and it betokens, in the changing phases of Nature, the approach of winter.

"Yet still shall sage September boast his pride,
Some birds shall chant,
Some gayer flowers shall bloom."

Although September retains the name bestowed upon it before the revision of the calendar, indicating that it is the seventh month of the year, the term is now no longer appropriate: the same being the case with October, November, and December. But among our Saxon ancestors, who had the habit of correctly designating their months and seasons by some circumstance of nature or custom, September was known as the *Gerst* or barley, month, on account of the commonly used beverage which was then brewed from the grain. They also called it "holy month", because, therein, their "forefathers, the while they heathens were, celebrated their devil-guild"—a relic of some older festival observed in connection with the ingathering of the crops.

The solicitude for fine harvest weather found expression in various proverbial rhymes. This one of invocation is very old:

"September blow soft
Till the crop's in the loft."

And again, the following verse of prediction:

"If dry be the buck's horn
On Holy-rood morn,
'Tis worth a kist of gold;
But if wet it be seen

Ere Holy-rood e'en,
Bad harvest is foretold."

The principal ancient church festival of the month, Holy-rood Day—on the fourteenth—commemorated an event of human interest, albeit one of supernatural quality. The day became celebrated in the Greek and Latin churches as the anniversary of the exaltation, or raising, of the true cross, in view of the people of Jerusalem, A. D. 335. Tradition affirmed that the empress Helena journeyed to Jerusalem, and obtained the surrender from the Jews of all the crosses they had secreted in the Holy City: and the identity of the true cross was established by the miraculous restoration to life of a dead man, whose body had been placed on the sacred relic.

But it was the old farm festivals of rural England, connected with the harvest season, that marked the most interesting features of the month; and, while differently known as thurn-suppers, mel-suppers, and harvest feasts, they were, undoubtedly, all of one origin and of great antiquity: relics of far-back Pagan or Jewish ceremonies, and more significant in meaning than is generally supposed. The Bible contains many references to the custom: as in Exodus: "The feast of harvest . . . which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field." Similar feasts were held sacred to Apollo; and Herodotus mentions the Greek custom of offering holy things, in the temples of that god, "tied up in a sheaf of wheat." The worship of Apollo in Britain would account for the festival in that island; the god lost his divinity by reason of the advance of Christianity, but the fes-

tive part of the custom, agreeing so well with the disposition of the converts, was maintained after the last shred of their old faith had vanished.

While the ancient harvest festivities are now observed in only a few rural districts of England, and are fast disappearing, the custom was almost generally celebrated less than half a century ago. The unfortunate Eugene Aram wrote a description of the harvest festivals, as they were observed in Yorkshire, in his time. He says: "They are commonly insisted upon by the reapers as customary things, and a part of their due for the toils of harvest." The thurn-supper was provided by the farmer when the corn was all cut; but the mel-supper, or harvest feast, was not celebrated until the grain was all ingathered from the fields.

In the south of England, the last standing handful of grain was called "Arnack." When this was cut, the reapers assembled round it, and one of them, holding the sheaf aloft, cried out loudly: "Arnack, arnack, arnack"—which his companions thrice repeated. Then he would sing,—

"Well cut, well bound,

Well shocked,

Well saved from the ground."

To which the company responded with loud huzzas. The custom was somewhat different in Perthshire, Scotland, where the last handful was cut by some favored damsel; and the sheaf was usually preserved in the farmer's parlor until the end of the year.

The last load of grain taken from the fields was called the "Hockey-load"; it was surmounted by a gayly dressed-up figure of grain, supposed to represent the goddess Ceres, and the reapers, men and women, with troops of happy children, sung appropriate songs as they accompanied the wagon to the farmyard. Sometimes, a pretty village lass, crowned with flowers, would impersonate Ceres on the top of the Hockey-load. The antiquity of this custom, at the end of the harvest labors, is illustrated in the book of Isaiah: "For the

shouting for thy summer fruits and for thy harvest [that] is fallen."

In the evening the harvest-home supper was served in the barn, or in the old-fashioned, oak-raftered farm kitchen: always celebrated with much rustic pleasantry and merry-making.

Found Out In Time.

ONE of Charlotte Brontë's letters gives a very good series of reasons why she did not marry a Mr. Taylor, who at one time hoped to make her his wife. She says, in writing to a friend:

"I am sure that he has estimable and sterling qualities; but with every disposition and with every wish, with every intention even to look on him in the most favorable point of view, it was impossible to me, at his last visit, to think of him in my inward heart as one that might one day be acceptable as a husband. It would sound harsh were I to tell even to you of the estimate I felt compelled to form respecting him. I looked for something of the gentleman—something, I mean, of the natural gentleman; you know I can dispense with acquired polish, and as for looks, I know myself too well to think that I have any right to be exacting on that point. I could not find one gleam, I could not see one passing glimpse of true good breeding. It is hard to say, but it is true. In mind, too, though clever, he is second-rate—thoroughly second-rate. One does not like to say these things, but one had better be honest. Were I to marry him, my heart would bleed in pain and humiliation; I could not, could not look up to him."

There is a grave question here, which might have occurred to Miss Brontë's mind, and might not: and that is, whether marriage is intended for pleasure, or for mutual benefit and discipline. If he had "estimable and sterling qualities", and she "true breeding", they might have improved each other: each imparting what the other to some extent lacked.



How Often is a Clock Correct?

THE commuter, crossing the Hudson River on a ferryboat, and the voyager, steaming up the same noble stream on a giant liner, become aware of a giant-faced and giant-handed clock that marks time on the Jersey shore.

Smaller clock-faces regulate the going and coming of the trains over the Brooklyn Bridge, and one thoughtful observer, as he waited for his many-wheeled vehicle, killed time by noting that the larger hand, on its hourly circuit, proceeded not at an even, snail's pace, but, rather, by fits and starts, jerks and halts, at brief, though regular intervals; and his brow furrowed with pondering on the question, Just how often is that clock, or any clock, really strictly correct?

Imagine some microscopic germs—health-germs—deciding to take a journey round the country of the clock-face. Perched on the lamina of the minute-hand, they start at Depot XII., prepared to enjoy the journey to the full. Would their train be best likened to an express, or to a local? Follow the moving pointer. It stops for a moment at a minute-station, then springs to the next graduating line,—pauses, leaps forward, pauses and so continues its way-freight progression "round the circle."

Acknowledging that the large pointers of the electric timepiece do thus haltingly perform their daily round of duty, is their mode of progress common to all timepieces, large and small, where the movement is not so obvious?—And if so, how often is a clock actually accurate?

We learn from an expert *watchman*, that, with the exception of certain freak clocks, provided with revolving, in place of vibrating pendulums, all clocks and

watches go by intermittent stages; the latter are frequently right—often sixty times an hour. The former are likely to be inaccurate and are used mainly in the clocks used for keeping an equatorial telescope directed to a star, or in bedrooms wherein sleep people who are disturbed by the ticking of the ordinary clock—for the rotary or conical pendulum produces no ticking, as does the vibrating one.

Once a minute, then, or twice a minute, with each tick comes a halt, and then a swinging forward. For the non-illionth of a minute, we might say, the hand points truly—for the ensuing 59 and 999 nonillionths of a minute it is not quite accurate, although for ordinary needs it certainly suffices, and only some microbe traveler in the slow-moving "local" train, would mind the difference. Sixty times an hour, then, the ordinary clock of good workmanship may be said to be "right": and we realize the wonderful perfection of their mechanism, when we learn that a jeweler's Regulator, with its 39.7 inch pendulum, has been known to "go" eleven months without falling more than one minute behind time—that is, it was one-four hundred and eightyone thousandths of a minute out, in a period covering eleven-twelfths of a year.

The electric clocks or dials, on which the minute-jumps are so conspicuous, are usually governed by one master-clock—as many as 5,600 subordinate clocks being controlled by a central timepiece, from which comes the electrical impulse. In New York City hundreds of eyes look daily at twelve o'clock to watch the ball fall from the pole of the Western Union Telegraph Building. It is said that the impulse impelling its

movement comes directly from Washington; so timed, that, at twelve precisely, it falls—and electric clocks all over the city are automatically set right, if perchance they have gone astray. They are wound automatically, but the storage batteries containing the vital fluid (if we may so term it), must be examined daily; for, although they are supposed to last a year, they do not all die out simultaneously, and so all cannot be renewed at the same time.

The latest development in the making of accurate timepieces will be an evolution from wireless telegraphy—as prophesied at a recent jeweler's convention by Charles Higginbotham. Mr. Higginbotham has a vision of a system of central clocks, connected by wireless waves with individual timepieces carried on the person.

"We ourselves will see this change", he declared. "In a few years the man who wants to know the time will take a dial from his pocket, something like the watch which he carries now, but instead of looking at the dial and figuring out how slow or fast the watch is running, he will simply press a button on the watch and the waves of electricity from a controlling clock, perhaps many miles away, will spin the needles around to the proper positions and show him the absolutely correct time."

Seth Thomas, whose clocks have ticked his name around the world, made one that was placed in a vacuum, and so was as absolutely precise as human ingenuity could devise and manufacture. An inaccuracy of one-half second a month is almost a negligible quantity.

We are supposed, in a general way, to take the sun as our great standardizer of daily time, and when sun-dials were the usual timepiece, they were, of course, absolutely correct, on sunny days, each in its own garden, or own church-wall. It may not, however, be generally known, that there is in Paris an unique alarm-clock, that recently "went off" right, for the first time in many years. An old gun, at the Palais Royal, is fired, we are told, at noon, by the heat of the sun's rays, through a

lens. The sun usually takes from five to ten minutes or more, as it focusses through the lens, to set the gun off. This year, so intense has been the heat, that when, exactly over the meridian, the rays touched the glass, the gun promptly reported—the fact. It is said that if the heat continues, the sun will be almost as reliable as a railway clock.

While the absolutely true clock, then, exists only in imagination, as does the only true geometrically-straight line,—for all practical purposes man can make timepieces that help keep him true.

Ages That are Public Property.

Lyman Abbott is seventyfive.
 Felix Adler is sixty.
 John Kendrick Bangs is forty-nine.
 Amelia E. Barr is eighty.
 James Gordon Bennett is seventyone.
 Sarah Bernhardt is sixtyseven.
 Sarah K. Bolton is sixty-nine.
 Ballington Booth is fiftytwo.
 William Jennings Bryan is fiftyone.
 Rev. J. M. Buckley is seventyfive.
 Robert J. Burdette is sixtyseven.
 Frances Hodgson Burnett is sixtyone.
 John Burroughs is seventyfour.
 George W. Cable is sixty-six.
 Ex-Senator Chandler is seventyfive.
 Kate Claxton is sixtythree.
 (Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is sixtyfive.
 Russell H. Conwell is sixty-nine.
 Phoebe Couzins is fifty-six.
 Capt. Jack Crawford is sixtyfour.
 Richard Croker is sixtyseven.
 Richard Harding Davis is fortyseven.
 Chauncey M. Depew is seventyseven.
 Admiral Dewey is seventythree.
 Thomas A. Edison is sixtyfour.
 Senator J. B. Foraker is sixtyfive.
 Gen. Fred. Funston is fortyfive.
 George Jay Gould is fiftytwo.
 Helen M. Gould is fortythree.
 Gen. Frederick D. Grant is sixtyone.
 Rev. David Gregg is sixtyfive.
 Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus is fiftyfive.
 Senator Eugene Hale is seventyfive.
 Julian Hawthorne is sixtyfive.
 Dr. P. S. Henson is seventy-nine.
 Richmond B. Hobson is fortyone.
 William D. Howells is seventyfour.
 Henry James is sixtyeight.
 Rev. Edward Judson is sixtyseven.
 Rudyard Kipling is fortyfive.
 Robert T. Lincoln is sixtyeight.
 Ex-Sec. John D. Long is seventytwo.
 Charlotte Crabbtree ("Lotta") is sixtyfour.
 Seth Low is sixtyone.
 S. S. McClure is fiftyfour.

Editorial Comment.

THE PENALTY FOR SABBATH-BREAKING.

THE Fourth Commandment, which directs us to "remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy", has come to be too largely considered as a negligible quantity.

There is one class that treat the great First Day of the week exactly the same as any other—working and playing—plowing or fishing—hoeing or hunting—traveling or visiting at home or abroad. There is another class, that will not work, but will do almost everything else. There is another class, that will worship part of the day, and play the rest. There is another class, that spend the whole day strictly in accordance with the above-mentioned commandment. There is another class, that hold and assert that Saturday is the day meant by the Bible, anyway, and keep that day, some of them taking care to work or play as conspicuously as possible on Sunday. There is another class, that believe Saturday to be the right day instead of Sunday, but do not keep either of them.

There are laws in several of the States, directing that Sunday be observed: but they are never enforced, except spasmodically. Once, some of these were strictly put into action throughout New York City, and several shopkeepers, barbers, and restaurant men were arrested for not obeying. This, however, only lasted a few weeks, and then the trouble was as bad as ever, while today New York breaks the famous Fourth Commandment on every block.

The same may be said of Wilmington, Delaware. But there are also laws

in that State, as Mr. Upton Sinclair, the novelist, and some of his associates in a kind of single-tax, do-as-you've-a-mind-to colony, ascertained, at a considerable expense.

One of its members was not allowed to speak out what he liked in one of their assemblages, and the law was "invoked upon" him. Whereat he decided to also invoke some law, and caused the arrest of Mr. Sinclair and several of his fellow-do-as-you-likes, for playing the agile though not particularly intellectual game of tennis on Sunday.

There was no way, under the statutes, but to sentence them: and they spent several hours in jail, and several more in the transportation of stone from one locality to another, by means of wheelbarrows.

We are informed by Mr. Sinclair, that the sojourn was treated by the sojourners as "a lark"—although the lark evidently had to be up to meet the sun and go to work at the regularly-established hour. A number of other details of the environment were not at all to the novelist's taste, and he resented the fact so much, as to compose, between shovelfuls, a poem on the subject.

Rhymes seem to have been scarce in Wilmington jail, and the poem, like Mr. Markham's well-known "Man with the Hoe", is in blank verse. It has apparently been telegraphed to every daily in which the English language is treated and maltreated. It is entitled, instead of "The Man with the Wheelbarrow", "The Menagerie", and reads as follows:

Oh, come, ye lords and ladies of the realm,
Come from your couches soft, your perfumed
halls;

Come watch with me throughout the weary hours,
 Here are there sounds to fill your jaded nerves,
 Such as the cave men, your forefathers, heard
 Crouching in forests of primeval night,
 Here, tier on tier, in steel-barred cages, pent,
 The beasts ye breed and hunt throughout the world,
 Hark to that snore—some beast that slumbers deep.
 Hark to that roar—some beast that dreams of blood—
 Hark to that moan—some beast that wakes and weeps;
 And there, in sudden stillness, hark the sound—
 Some beast that rasps his vermin-haunted hide.
 Oh, come, ye lords and ladies of the realm;
 Come, keep the watch with me; the show is yours;
 Behold the source of all our joy and pride.
 These beasts ye harness fast and set to draw
 The chariots of your pageantry and pomp.

Mr. Sinclair's invitation to the lords and ladies of the realm, has not, so far as we have heard, been accepted: they probably preferring their couches soft, and their perfumed halls. They evidently did not care to hear that snore, or that roar, or the other sounds that the poem mentions—but they *will* hear them, if the poet follows up his threat of prosecuting everybody in Wilmington that breaks the Sabbath—and, it seems, there are plenty of them.

If everybody who breaks the Sunday laws is made to trundle stones for a day, wheelbarrows will be very much in demand, and labor will be cheaper. And yet, it would seem that nothing but a strict enforcement of the prescribed penalties, will ever bring about a reformation.

SOME BEECHER IDEAS.

WE call editorial attention to the bright and interesting article on another page, entitled "On the Association of Ideas." It was written expressly for *EVERY WHERE*, by Rev. Dr. Charles E. Stowe, who has several times recently enlivened our pages with his

admirable wit and quaint wisdom.

His references to Henry Ward Beecher and to Harriet Beecher Stowe, are all the more interesting, from the fact that he was the nephew of one and the youngest son of the other.

BELLIGERENT CATS.

THE brilliant new idea of collecting ashes and garbage throughout the city at night, has caused numerous petitions, addressed to boards of health, street commissioners, etc. The Mayor of New York advised one of his "subjects", who wrote complaining of the nuisance, to "move out of town", if he didn't like it. This delicate, refined, courteous and practical little piece of lore, ought to be framed and hung up in each dwelling, as a motto. It is so natural, and so easy, to pack up and leave the city, to save the authorities the trouble of keeping it habitable.

Even the cats have raised various and sundry protests: and garbage-men find in many of the tubs and barrels, pugnacious tabs, which spit at them, scratch them, and bite them, when they go to taking away the wasted nutrition which the animals consider their own property.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals now states that it considers it its duty to kill the cats—which, it assumes, must be homeless ones, or they would not be around o' nights, stealing garbage. That is a jump to a conclusion: many a home-fed and child-caressed grimalkin loves variety in the way of eating, and often finds something new and palatable in the fragments that the neighbors or the neighbors' servants have thrown away.

In connection with this subject, it occurs to one, that there should be a society established for the prevention of cruelty to people, who, after a hard day's work, are trying to get a full night's sleep, and are awakened by the

gathering of ashes and garbage, and the yells of impatient drivers at their horses.

JAPAN'S OCEAN-HERO.

THE world-famous Admiral Togo, who has been visiting his dear friends, the Americans, produced a mild but favorable impression wherever he went—especially in New York—and all New York saw him—at least those that wanted very much to do so.

Not high-booted, mustached, and spurred, was this mighty warrior of the ocean—not high of stature and fierce of visage: but “a little bit of a man”—with a typical Japanese face and a tiny gray goatee. So far as personal appearance is concerned, you would not look at him twice in a railroad coach: and maybe you would not at Napoleon Bonaparte, if he could release himself from invisibility, and come here today. Probably, they were of about the same height and weight: and their greatness was of the brain—almost any one of ordinary size, having been or being able to easily worst them in personal combat.

At any rate, the ultra-distinguished “Jap” has been given all the honor that New Yorkers knew how to bestow, in the hottest month of their history. They wine-d him, dined him, lured him and his attendants into indigestions, and tried to make the whole company feel as much at home as they could.

Things are most decidedly different from what they were, one generation ago, when a Japanese embassy came to this country, and were received by President Buchanan. On the day they were to have their audience, the Chief Executive gathered the biggest and tallest men connected in any way with his administration, and ranged them in line. The President himself, although not particularly large in history, was six feet tall, and perhaps a little more. General

Scott stood some inches higher. Six or eight other American giants, gathered from Cabinet and Court, completed a formidable receiving-line. The embassy, who were, from a physical standpoint, very diminutive men, were so astounded and overwhelmed when they came to the door and saw the fleshly display, that they threw themselves on their faces, and *crept* and *crawled* the whole way to where the President proudly stood.

No creeping now! The little Japanese admiral is, to all essential intents and purposes, a giant whose shadow stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the very minute he landed here. Crowds pursued, and, as far as possible, honored him. Dignitaries tumbled over each other to get at him. Hotels dug out and made ready their most sumptuous apartments for his occupancy. Dimpled girls asked for his autograph. The President gave him the freedom of the White House. He was a lion several times over—although, physically, a very diminutive one.

This furor is not because the Japanese are any better Christians than they were in the later fifties; not because Admiral Togo is any more of a gentleman than any one else: but because Japan is now a fighting nation, and he is her Nelson, or her De Ruyter, or her Dewey, whichever you may call it. He made a solemn wager with death that he would win—and won. If he had been defeated—the grave: he laid his sword upon his knee and promised it his heart's blood, if he did not whip the Russians—and he did not have to pay the penalty of defeat.

War is conducted largely by machinery, nowadays, and an admiral is virtually a master-machinist. Of all the Japanese to get an education in foreign countries, Togo seems to have been the best, and is honored accordingly.

The question has been asked, several times, whether the Admiral is a courte-

ous visitor and guest, commissioned to bring from our Japanese neighbors the loyal friendship his words express, or whether he is a spy—to see all he can of our resources and capabilities, and take advantage of his knowledge in case of a war between United States and Japan. It does not seem to us that it makes much difference which is the case: if he came to see, he has seen a whole lot that would not be particularly encouraging to an antagonist; if he came to offer and receive courtesies and amenities, he has had abundant opportunities to do so.

He closed his visit to the metropolis, at the historical Press Club—where all New York's distinguished visitors from various parts of the world are supposed to make a call while in town, and implicitly admit that the pen and the press are mightier than the hustings and the sword.

Several of the windows of the New York office of EVERY WHERE looked down upon the scene of the arrival and departure of Admiral Togo from that famous head-center of "red-hot literature." Some would pronounce the visit the most important of all he made in America—when it was considered what effect the press has upon the goings and comings of mortals.

The arrival and departure of the great man was very quiet and unostentatious—so far as it was managed by committees and chauffeurs. But Nature apparently would not have it so: she sent one of the most savage storms of this or any other season, pounding down upon the scene, all through the reception. No naval battle ever caused more noise than thunder did for a time, and the torrents of water that fell, would have floated many a ship. And Heaven grant the circumstance be not a portentous one!

From there, the Admiral went, the same day, to Boston: and there he was

captured and held prisoner in bed, not by some enemy's guns—but by a fit of acute indigestion—a malady that has killed thousands of tourists in different parts of the world. "A change of pastures makes fat kine": but a radical change of diet in a country foreign to one's own, should be handled with exceeding care.

From Boston to Niagara Falls, and Canada, and home: and so good-bye, Togo: may your talent, or genius, or whatever it is, never be needed in another gigantic encounter between nations!

CONTRASTED ILLINOISANS.

TWO men were born upon farms, developed in Illinois, achieved world-wide reputations, and lived each fiftysix years.

One was John W. Gates, who died the other day. His motto was "Life is a gamble." Even as one of Shakespeare's characters held that everything and everybody was a thief, Mr. Gates held that everything and everybody was a gamester. He wagered on horses, on stocks, on manufacturing-plants, on everything that could compass his favorite style of financial argument. He was not noted as a benefactor of mankind, and humanity does not seem to have been one of his strong points. His life was, apparently, conducted principally for Mr. Gates, and family, and for them alone.

He found iron in the earth, manufactured it into steel, the steel into wire fence, and sold it at an enormous profit; he found oil, and drained fortunes out of it; he made everything that he could, turn to crisp bank-notes; and he gambled with millions as boys do with pins or marbles. He considered horses as merely articles concerning which to bet, and people as stock-buyers. The world was his pleasure-ground, and worldly

success was his religion. He died at least one generation sooner than he ought to have done—and of a complication of diseases that showed him to be no carer for his own physical personality. As to his spiritual condition, mortals are not to judge: that must be left to higher intelligences.

The other man whom we have in mind, found himself during early manhood, a young lawyer, who also had to make his own way in life. His motto was not "Life is a gamble", but "Life is a field for honest labor, and sane advancement." He climbed his way to the highest place in the nation, and to as high a one as there is in the world, and, by hard and patient toil, demonstrated his right to be there. He had great treasures and millions of lives under his control, but he never gambled with them. He did not die a multi-millionaire, or even a mono-millionaire: but he worked out a noble career, achieved a permanent renown, and when *he* died—also at fiftysix—left the world mourning for him—the immortal Abraham Lincoln.

THE NATION'S NAME.

IT may be noticed that in speaking of this country EVERY WHERE generally makes it a point to leave out the article "the", and mentions it simply as "United States." This is a departure; but we consider it as a sensible and logical one. Time was when Michigan was referred to as "The Michigan", Ohio as "The Ohio", etc., etc.; but no one at present thinks of using that absurd method in mentioning them.

United States is a nation; "the United States" are its different divisions. It would be just as reasonable to say, "The England," "The France," or "The China," as it is to use the term now generally employed.

The spirit of the age is condensation; and this is in accordance.

"O COME, COME AWAY."

THE author of that inspiriting little song which was so much in vogue several years ago notifying all children that the schoolbell now was ringing, would this month be very much reminded of the parody perpetrated by his educational muse.

There will march and loaf and slouch and frolic up and down the streets numerous droves of juvenile prophecies of the near future. The soon-to-be business men, lawyers, legislators, governors, generals, presidents, belles, society-leaders, philanthropists, and other rulers of our world when this generation gets old, useless, and dead, will now be on their way to desks and recitation-rooms so as to learn how to do it.

Various and many will be their teachers: some good, some bad, and a large number indifferent. They will be taught and untaught and mistaught and maltaught in many different ways. Some of them will carry eight, nine, ten, fifteen "studies" at the same time. Some of them will be pampered—some beaten—some treated as human beings should be. Much depends on the kind of teacher that happens to be over them.

Let us hope and believe that the great majority of instructors during the coming year, will have been chosen on account of ability and adaptability. Many a man traces back his success in life to one or more good sensible preceptors. Indeed, it may almost be said that the teachers of the present rule the world of the future.

But a vast amount of importance must also be attached to the conduct of parents toward their children, in regard to schools which they attend. The parent, so far as desk-education is concerned, should be the first-lieutenant of the teacher. He should teach his child the importance of embracing every opportunity to learn, and to discipline the mind. He should counsel obedi-

ence to every reasonable rule and law. He should see to it that his child is prompt, well-clad, and tidy, and does not need the attention of the truant-officer.

There is another class of people that should be careful of schoolchildren—and that is the people who encounter them on their way to and from school. The temptations and moral obliquities that pupils encounter between home and class-room, are many and varied. It ought to be made a misdemeanor to interfere except to administer needed help, with children going to and from school.

As to the effect that children have upon each other, in their unavoidable daily intimacy in schoolroom and playground—that is a matter that cannot be regulated except by close care and attention on the part of both teacher and parent.

A school year may mean years of happiness or misery for others—twenty or thirty years later.

THE CHILD-CATCHER.

ONE of the most interesting of officials in some towns, now-a-days, is the Child-catcher. He is generally a man of mature age, who knows the city like a book. He possesses a list of the youngsters in all the various schools, and knows more of them by sight than any one imagines. He keeps as good track of the flittings of families, as would an instalment-collector. He makes very early morning visits into all sorts of unexpecting flats and garrets. He is armed with a constable's power, and can carry off children and put them in charge of their appointed teacher, in the school-room appertaining to their district.

He is hated by thriftless parents; and there are a great many objectionable personages whom they had rather see

coming. Some of them would kill him, if they dared. A school-house in Saginaw, Mich., was once blown up with dynamite—it is thought by people whose children had come under the hand of the Child-catcher.

These people should remember that the really best thing that can be done for their children and the country, is to compel juveniles to go to school; and that a little temporary inconvenience may result in permanent benefit.

OLD STORIES REVAMPED.

SOME of the daily papers are driven to literary drink, in the "silly seasons", for something of interest to tell—there being often a few days between interestingly scandalous crimes and accidents.

One of them not long ago printed the aged yarn of the drunken man who wouldn't have got off, if he'd known that the stage had not tipped over—transferring the venerable story into a trolley-car on one of the streets of New York—which have to answer and will long have to answer for so many stories—true and untrue.

Another age-hallowed idyl, is the one they used to tell about the man who was in a poor show on a free pass, and threatened that if the exercises did not get more interesting, he would go out and buy a ticket, come back, and hiss and howl with the rest of them. This story was told by the late James G. Blaine, long before he died, and exploited in newspapers all over America: but story-writers are displaying it yet, and laying the scene wherever they happen to fancy.

There are only a few original stories, and these are with difficulty traced. When you think you have found the real beginning of one, you are liable at any moment to find another—still farther back.



A Proverb Sermon.

TEXT: All the days of the afflicted are evil: but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.—Proverbs xv.:15.

The spirit of this text would indicate that by "the afflicted" are meant here the self-afflicted; and it is a possible fact that there is fully as much affliction from within the human nature as from without. Some people are always nagging themselves, worrying themselves, torturing themselves; in fact, all people do more or less of this when you come to know them well.

Some people are always afflicting themselves and others by diagnosing their own physical complaints. Their imagination conducts a constant tour of discovery among all the different organs of the body, and never rests for a moment until it has found one of them out of order. They summon physicians to their relief and help pay for patent medicine advertisements, and still continue to ail, when all they really need is a proper recourse to God's great medicine chest—containing as its most potent remedies, light, water, and air. Such people are often jocularly said to "enjoy poor health", and some of them do get a solemn kind of pleasure out of their imaginary pains. They also derive some solace from giving a list of their ailments to such friends as will listen, and in fancying that they thus get sympathy. This is usually a delusion, for while people generally respect a due amount of caution and care for one's health, they soon learn to laugh

at ailment-searching egotism—of which there is considerable in the world.

Some people are always afflicting themselves and others by dolefulness concerning their pecuniary condition. It is such as this who are always poor—no matter how much they may possess. There have been cases where men "worth" thousands of dollars died in abject fear of starvation. The great trouble with such people is that there is so much poverty in their souls that it gets into their minds and hearts. There is also bred a lack of faith in the great fatherhood and guardianship of wealth's universal Master. No wonder that all the days of such mortals are evil; no marvel that their money does them no good, and that each new dollar creates a vacuum in their desires which it would take more or less dollars to fill!

Some people are always afflicting themselves concerning the action of others. There is no doubt that we are intended to be, to some extent, "our brothers' keepers"; but it is one thing to quietly lament a fault while lovingly trying to correct it, and another to go around among our fellow creatures howling about it. You can identify the person who habitually afflicts himself with other people's faults, as soon as you see him in a crowd. Nine-tenths of the people he looks upon produce upon his face a scowl of disapprobation. Nobody does anything exactly as *he* would do it; everybody leaves undone the things he would do if in like circumstances. With him, the world is all hung at a wrong angle; it is one gigan-

tic mistake, whether or not designed by the great Designer, Creator, and Benefactor.

Some people constantly afflict themselves and their friends, with an accounting and a relation of their own delinquencies. They waste a good deal of time in regretting that they are so bad, instead of using part of it in bravely endeavoring to become better. All their days are evil, because they are bound to have them so. It is as much of a mistake to consider yourself too bad, as too good. Indeed, it is worse; for the man who considers himself too bad, is very likely to approach more and more nearly to his own distorted and unjust idea of himself.

Some people are always afflicting themselves and others by a general lack of confidence in the future. They disparage the prospects of the world and all that dwells therein. The future of politics, of religion, of finance, of every earthly thing—is all dark. The great men, the honest men, the good men, are all dying. At the demise of every eminent man, they shake their heads dolefully, and say he can never be replaced. They are always lamenting that there are now no such men as used to live when they were young (and when impressions upon their minds were deep and lasting). They do everything they can to drive the country to destruction, by averring that it is already on the way. In fact, all the days of the community, of the nation, of the world—are evil to them.

There has seldom been a Presidential election in United States, but people on all sides of the question have prophesied that if it did not go their way the country would be ruined; nevertheless it has gone as it liked, and the nation has still lived, notwithstanding all the many dire and portentous prophesies of evil.

Let us all cultivate the "merry heart" mentioned in the text: not in a frivolous, senseless manner, but in a cheerful, hopeful spirit. Thus shall we have "a continual feast" of Hope and Thrift, and their child, Prosperity.

The Pastor's Wife Again.

"**Y**OU'LL never catch me marrying a minister" says Miss X, and that is precisely what Miss Z and all the rest of the young ladies are saying who some day will marry ministers. That is what most preachers' wives said before they were married. Who blames them?

What do the people expect of a preacher's wife? We might better ask, what do they *not* expect of her? Unless she makes every call expected of her most promptly, she is thought to be unsocial and unfaithful. If she is not ready to receive company at all times, somebody will severely criticise her. If for some good reason unknown to the public she does not attend church services as regularly as she attends to home duties, she is pronounced by many to be "unspiritual", and standing in the way of her husband's work. If she does not take part by speaking in every religious service where the opportunity is given, somebody is apt to think that she is not in sympathy with the work of the ministry. She is expected to attend the Sunday services, one and all; to take part in the young people's meeting, attend the ladies' aid society, attend the mission circle, attend the W. C. T. U. meetings, attend the prayer-meeting, attend committee meetings, visit the sick and afflicted. She is expected not only to be present at these meetings, but to take an active part. A certain pastor's wife of my acquaintance was burdened almost above that which she was able to bear. The poor woman was doing far more than her health permitted. An active W. C. T. U. woman of the same church criticised her severely and disgracefully before me because she refused to join the W. C. T. U.

Unless the pastor's wife makes a slave of herself to about every movement in the church and out of it, she is gossiped about, and by many classified as a failure. I know a faithful wife of a pastor who took part in every good work possible. She is a most talented and re-

finer person, and I fail to see how any one can criticise her methods. But it was said of her that she tried "to run everything." If the pastor's wife is not able to satisfy all the petty notions of everybody, she is advertised as a failure. If she takes part in everything expected of her she is spoken of as one who tries "to run everything." It is intensely interesting to hear that which the people have to say about the wives of the pastors who have served the church. Most every member old enough to know them all has them all classified with a long list of critical foot-notes. There are exceptions to all rules, but churches are much the same the world over.

The pastor's wife receives no salary. She is not called by the church to the pastorate. She may be no more called of God than any other Christian woman not the wife of a pastor. She may not be especially gifted socially. She may be a modest person and may not enjoy public life. She may not possess all the arts and accomplishments of the women politicians. She may be too honest to have all these. Suppose she is not a society woman. Suppose she does not take part in every movement. Why should we expect more of the pastor's wife than we expect of any other church member? If we are going to expect so much of her why do we not pay her a salary? If we burden and crush her with manifold duties outside the home, let us give her at least a little something in return besides just a few words of praise and many of hostile criticism.

Many of us pastors would be of no good on earth or in heaven were it not for our faithful wives. Talk about the success of Rev. Mr. So and So! Better talk about the success of his wife. Let the pastor's wife be free to do her home duties first and then do as she wills to do, God leading her, with relation to other work. Let us give our pastors' wives a "square deal." Criticise your pastor! He needs it. Rake him over the coals! It will warm him up and cause him to give you a message which may hurt, but it will do you good.

Make as many demands of your pastor as you want to; if he is a true man he will be guided by the dictates of his highest conscience. Find fault with his voice, his manner, his methods, his sermons. To use a slang expression, "Bowl him out." But for his sake and the Lord's sake and his better half's sake, spare his faithful wife!—*The Standard*.

Old Hymns.

THERE'S a lot of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago—

And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know,
I sorter want to take a hand! I think of days gone by—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
and cast a wistful eye!"

There's a lot of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old—

With visions bright of land of light,
and shining streets of gold;

And I hear 'em singing—singing, where men'rey dreaming stands,

"From Greenland's icy mountains to
India's coral strands."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come,

Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb,

If I can hear 'em sing them, then I pass without a sigh

To "Canaan's fair and happy land,
where my possessions lie."

Doing What He Could.

PETER CARTWRIGHT once tried to give the regulation sort of sermon in a fashionable New York church. It fell flat, but he was not discouraged. "I tried it your way this morning—I'll paddle my own canoe tonight," he told the pastor; and that night gave a regular back-woods service and talk—and captured the town.



Order in Medicine.

OLD Mr. Jones was very prompt with his appointment, and entered the new doctor's office at exactly the time agreed upon.

He found the young man ready for him, or for anybody else, apparently; although it was well known that he was the busiest physician in town. He lounged in an easy chair, the very personification of leisure: looking as if he had never done a day's work in his life—with the exception of his face—which, it must be admitted, bore lightly a few lines of thought—these, however, young ladies said, adding to his good looks, rather than subtracting therefrom.

"Well, I guess you've been waitin' for me all the mornin'," exclaimed old Lemuel Jones, as he took the doctor's white, well-groomed hand. "Any one wouldn't think you'd been doin' anythin' for a week."

"On the contrary", protested the new young doctor, smiling modestly, "if you will pardon me for seeming boastful, I have made three calls already this morning; and have just concluded a very successful experiment in chemistry."

"Just concluded it?" exclaimed Jones—"if that's so, where's all the things you've been using? I don't see one of 'em lyin' around."

"Everything is put away in its proper place", replied the new young doctor. "I never leave anything 'lyin' around.' Nothing is really worth anything near its full value, unless it is in its place."

"But it takes time, you know, to put things into their place, when you've

done with 'em", remonstrated Lemuel Jones.

"And saves ten times as much", replied the doctor. "I have known men to hunt half a day, for something they needed, which could have been put in its place in less than a minute, at the time it was last used. I formerly spent half my time in searching for things. I decided one day to employ half my time instead, in putting things in order, until they *were* in order. When I got them just where I wanted them, it was too good a state of things to give up, on any account; and I hold them so, as strictly as possible, and find it pays—every season of the year."

Old Lemuel Jones set himself to thinking, very, very hard, at this statement. He remembered "acres of disorder", as he termed it, all through his affairs. Disorder in his accounts, in his stores, in his house, in his barns, on all his numerous land-holdings—why, he had not even possessed order enough in his mind, to make his last will and testament, yet. He groaned, and said, half audibly, "Dumbed if you ain't right. But it would take half my time for two years, to put my affairs into anything like order. I've got rich by sheer force, and in spite of my bullhead way of runnin' matters. Order. Order. It's a great thing: I see all through it, now. I'd have been worth ten times as much, if I'd have followed your plan. Order. Order. I'd have done twenty times as much good, had thirty times as many friends. Order. Our old teacher in the district school used to call it 'awder', and say that nothing in the world could

be done without it; but we little fool-scholars laughed him to scorn behind our ill-studied books. What a fool I am, not to have everything in order!"

"But," he added, after a minute's thought, "I don't quite see—in fact, I don't at all see—what all this has to do with health!"

"I think it can easily be given that kind of a twist", replied the doctor. "If it is so important to keep ordinary things in order—things that can be replaced—things that we cannot feel—things that cannot give us the intensest of physical and mental delight or misery—things that are not absolutely tied to us—things of which we are not a part—if it is so important to keep these in order, of how much more importance is it to keep our bodies, our minds, our souls—which are in fact all there is of us—how tremendously important it is, to keep these in more perfect and exact order, than anything else with which we have to do on this earth!"

"Dumbed if it ain't", replied old Lemuel Jones, with more force than propriety of language. "You're right—awfully right, and you've given me something to chew for a week."

And he bolted out of the office—forgetting even to pay the fee—although he would not have omitted that little ceremony for anything in the world, if he had only thought. But he sent the new young doctor a five-dollar bill the same day, and wrote him that he would be round to see him again the first of the next month.

The Ice Cure.

THAT barbarous old theory, which insisted on hot drinks for the fever patient, warmed every drop of water or denied it altogether, and even prohibited frequent baths, is happily replaced by a sensible and less torturing method of treatment.

One who has spent many weeks on his bed, tossing from side to side in a vain search for some coolness; hearing in his dreams the splash of the lake-

wave, the running brook; seeing the little spring, with its mossy cup brimming with water that never cools; thinking with impatient longing of the river, swift, deep and cold; knows what a blessed thing a piece of ice can seem, and how grateful to his burning flesh is the sponge from a bowl of cold water.

While the fever rages, there is no danger of any bad effects from the use of ice-water. A flannel cloth may be used for the sponge bath.

A distinguished German physician, who was the pioneer of a systematic bath treatment of typhoid fever, has lately died in Stettin, Germany. It is said that by his method the mortality of the disease has undoubtedly been reduced to a small percentage.

Pneumonia, in its first stages, is now successfully treated by some physicians with repeated applications of ice-water.

Happy and Unhappy Breakfasts.

A HAPPY day depends much on how it is begun. A few cheerful words and a smiling face may brighten it, or gloomy frowns and sarcasm may bring a cloud that all the out-door sunshine cannot banish.

What a difference a word or a look can make to us; how they linger in our minds, and grow in our imagination, until they seem no longer trifles, but things of vast importance!

Breakfast should be the coziest meal of the day, and if it is pervaded by a cheerful spirit, work seems easier and we go to it with willing energy. Nothing can be more depressing than the silent breakfast; yet in some families it is a common occurrence. Sometimes it is the father, who deigns only to growl an occasional "more coffee", or a sulky young son or daughter, who comes without even a "Good morning", and begins the meal in a businesslike manner, as a duty that must be performed as quickly as possible.

Perhaps it is the tired mother, nervous and careworn. One silent ill-humored presence will soon affect the

rest, and make conversation impossible. Doubtless silence is better than angry debate, but in either case the spirit is the same.

The suffering invalid, in whom we must and should excuse fretfulness and impatience, is often the ray of sunshine in the household, bearing trial with sweet patience, and cheering others too thoughtless to perceive their own great selfishness.

Though it may sometimes cost an effort, refrain from telling all that worries you, stop grumbling at the weather, and finding fault with your food. Be more thoughtful of others, and give the day a bright beginning.

Sometimes in the quiet twilight our mistakes come to us with reproof, and we resolve to be less selfish, to speak more kind words, and fill tomorrow with kind deeds.

Strange that the new day that brings us the opportunity, should be so often marred at the very outset with a gloomy face and unkind manner!

The Vice of Short Breathing.

THERE are nineteen chances in twenty that it is safe to assert that your method of breathing is nothing more than a series of little panting gasps, and that the small whiffs of air which you take into your lungs fail to accomplish their full mission. Our artificial mode of living today makes it necessary for us to learn to breathe if we value strong, vigorous lungs, pure blood, and a clear, healthy brain.

We have a senseless habit of ignoring the faithful housekeepers whose duty it is to keep the body clean and orderly within, until their complaints can be felt; then we beg their pardon with numerous doses.

The stomach is a favorite, spoiled servant, that we delight to overfeed, while the lungs are too often weak and starving—quite incapable of serving us efficiently or in any other way very long.

Perhaps it is because we are only

vaguely conscious of their constant persistent hunger for air.

The whole body constantly demands new supplies of oxygen, a substance of which healthy people are half composed. The object of breathing is to put it into the blood.

A yawn or a sigh is an evidence of a lack of oxygen in the system. Your languid feeling on waking, accompanied by a dull headache and that depression of mind you call "feeling blue" are all a result of your short breathing during the night, perhaps in a poorly-ventilated room.

There are innumerable little lung-cells, made expressly for air, which never receive their fill of the food they crave, and are most likely in a distressing state of congestion; yet the life-giving supply extends for fortyfive miles above us, and we have only to breathe it in.

Now, while you are thinking of the matter, take a long breath, full and deep; hold it a few seconds, then let it out slowly.

Carry chest and lungs upward and outward. The feeling of buoyancy given by a few such inhalations is genuine and strengthening to the feeble, decaying lungs.

This is the way you should always breathe.

"Do you suppose I can always stop to think how to breathe?" demands the incredulous, contrary individual, who is always opposed to decided statements.

It is not difficult to form a habit of deep breathing. Whenever you think of it, take a long breath. It may be only once or twice a day at first. It will soon be easy to remember it every hour or so, and then two or three times an hour, until the old scant breath is replaced entirely by one which will make your lungs strong and hardy as surely as physical exercise will strengthen your muscles.

Ten breaths a minute at most, ought to be the average number when the body is at rest, and some healthy people quite readily and easily reduce the number to six.



World-Success.

Advice of a Son to a Father.

YOU are now, my dear father, arrived as nearly as you can ever hope to be, to the years of discretion, and are soon to enter upon the active duties of old age. In addressing these words to you, my eye grows dim and my hand trembles; there are few responsibilities more important, than that of a son when he is giving advice to his paternal relative.

I have striven, my dear father, ever since you came under my filial care, to train you aright; to see that you did not lack kind but firm and efficient discipline; to warn you against the mistakes that I was myself constantly making and to see that you became altogether a better man than I was myself. I have watched your manhood steps with tender solicitude; have seen every erring move with the eye of one who knew how it was himself; and often hovered about you when you did not know it if you wandered where you should not go.

Pardon, then, the solicitude of a son, who, having been educated in the schools and society-circles of the present day, may be naturally supposed to be able to give you points.

First, my dear father, be very careful, as you grow older, as to the company you keep. Do not affect the society of wild old men, who would lead you astray. Cultivate good, respectable companions, who will not tempt you to spend your (and subsequently my) substance at the glittering bar or the festive poker-table. Remember that a penny earned is worth a hundred per cent. of its value, if saved; also that a bird in the hand is worth no more than

one in the bush unless you hang on to it; also that a stitch in the side often saves nine or ten dollars, if it keeps you in at night; and other improved proverbs, which were not taught in your school-days, and which I shall take upon myself the duty of giving you from time to time.

In short, my dear father, avoid all the bad things you have seen in me, and imitate the good ones; do not think, because I have erred, that you are licensed to do the same; do not deem because I am, so far as you can generally discover, good, that the fact excuses you from being the same; and conduct yourself generally as I would do, if I knew you were looking at me.

Grammar on Trolley-Cars

SOME of the street-railroad companies have gone somewhat beyond the limits of their charters, and constituted themselves, to a certain extent, schools of English grammar. They have given lessons to their conductors, and it is concerning the words by which they shall address their lady passengers.

For instance, it has been the habit of these guardians of public transportation, to say to a female passenger whose wardrobe took up too much room, "Lady, won't yer please move up there?" Or to a girl who was holding the train while she exchanged farewells, visiting cards, caramels and confidences with some eternal friend, "Step lively, lady, if yer please"; or to a feminine party who insisted on looking at the scenery in spite of an outstretched hand, "Fare, lady!" and so forth, and so forth and so on.

But this is to be changed, and the

English word "lady" must disappear from the conductorial lexicon. Instead, the French term "Madame" is to be used, whenever a girl or woman is addressed.

To be consistent, the companies should go still further, and direct that a distinction be made between married and unmarried ladies—the latter to be called "Mademoiselle." They should also constitute themselves schools of manners, and pursue still more closely the French methods, and instruct each lucre-gatherer to raise his hat every time he addresses a lady; and when she hands him a five dollar bill, to thank her warmly and politely for the five cents which he is allowed to extract from it.

It might also be well to include elocution, and to enjoin conductors, in announcing localities, not to say "yav" instead of "avenue", and to be as particular in mentioning obscure corners as they are department stores.

They should also set other companies a pace in Athletics. They should train each conductor in gymnastic exercises; so that when his car happens to be full of train rowdies, he can take them firmly by the collar and pile them neatly across each other upon the next vacant lot.

Law Advice Should be Free.

LAW-SUITS are proverbially expensive—not only to those taking part in them, but to the county in which they are held. Court-rooms must be constructed and kept in order for them; judges, clerks and other officers are paid to conduct them; and business men are compelled to serve upon juries, often at a loss to their own pockets.

It is reasonable to suppose that not one-tenth of the law-suits that now afflict the country, would occur, if a little good and sound advice could be given the would-be litigants, right at the start. Either one side or the other would most probably see at once that his case was hopeless, and settle the

matter in a quiet and comparatively inexpensive way.

But lawyers' advice is as expensive as other people's is cheap; and the result is that most people when a discussion arises that cannot be settled, first decide themselves to be in the right, and then go to an attorney—not for advice, but for help to make the fight.

There are also many cases, disconnected with litigation, in which a poor man does not know exactly what he ought to do, or what he has a right to do, and cannot afford to pay for the finding-out. In such a case, he is prone sometimes to plunge ahead, not knowing whether he breaks the law or not; and perhaps subjects tax-payers to the expense of prosecuting and punishing him.

In Paris there is a tribunal supported by the public expense, by which legal advice is given gratis during one forenoon and one afternoon of each week.

This is a matter in which we might profitably imitate our sister republic.

Who Owns the Railroads?

NOBODY owns any land or any thing, absolutely: his deeds are in effect leases from the Government, under which he lives: and under some circumstances, they can be revoked, and the property confiscated. If the situation were analyzed, it would be found that Government is really the owner of every thing, and that taxes are the rent which it charges the holder and enjoyer of its effects. Surely, no other conclusion can be reached; for if property belonged absolutely to the individual, he could control it without reference to Government. And it is no more than fair that such should not be the case; for without the protection of Government, property ceases to be such, and becomes merely the prey of thieves and robbers.

Railroads are iron highways that really belong to The People, which means, or should mean, The Government. They are all subject to the laws

of the States through which they pass, and to those of United States. The fact that foreigners "own" a part or all the stock of a railroad, does not make it any less the property of The People.

The time is not very far distant when, without reference to present lines of party, the question will be agitated whether the Government should not take possession of its railroad property, reimburse fairly those who have stock in the same, and conduct it as it now does certain other enterprises.

We are not discussing this question: we are only prophesying that it will arise, be seriously considered, and voted upon; and we advise our readers to be thinking the matter over.

What You'll Have to Stand.

WHEN a man becomes a hero all the world is standing round,

In waiting for a chance to share his glory.

From shore to shore innumerable voices will resound,

All eager to add something to the story.

"We used to know him in his youth!"

"We said he was a wonder!"

"He was a genius; that's the truth.

You couldn't keep him under!"

"He was the catcher on our nine."

"His sharpness beat the weasel's",

"That six-foot oldest boy of mine

From him once caught the measles!"

And the anecdotes come rushing, in bewildering array,

From folk of every station and complexion,

For there's always an ambition, which no wisdom can allay,

To revel in some brilliant man's reflection.

"His family we visited!"

"We were his next-door neighbors!"

"Kind words of hope we've often said To cheer him at his labors!"

"My father told him he might call

On our folks to assist him!"

And (loudest chorus of them all)

"We are the girls who've kissed him."

The Cit's Lament.

THE following breezy lines, by Charles Irwin Junkin, in *Puck*, typify the way that a good many city people have been feeling, in the past few weeks, and for many assemblages of weeks in former years.

But of course, "Skinem and Bitem", "Bleedem and Soakem", "Pickem and Pluckem", and all the rest, can not afford to take care of their city friends at a sweet little nominal price—"the way provisions are." And besides, there are only a very few months in the year when they can emerge from their hibernation and endeavor to make money enough to last them all the rest of the year.

In the stanza where Pluckem and Pickem are expected in the city streets during the winter, there are statements that contain the very quintessence of truth. Most of the money that town people spend, gets back to town, sooner or later—and most of it stays there.

Sometimes a poor fellow comes down from the country, and spends all he has made during the summer, and all he can borrow from his friends.

Down by the Shore, where the breezes will blow,

Fresh from the sea, with its ebb and its flow.
Smelling of oysters and scraps of old fish,
Fragrant with chowder and other salt fish,
Stands the Hotel, and the chief and his crew.
Skinem and Bitem, are waiting for you!

Up in the Mounta'ns, beneath the blue sky,
Rocks, and the Eagles, and everything high.
Stunning old pines, and the hemlock and ash.
Six-by-ten rooms for the ten-by-six cash,
Stands the Bird Inn, and I'm telling you true.
Bleedem and Soakem are waiting for you!

Out on the Farm, where the chickens and ducks

Turn out the eggs with the quacks and the clucks;

Onions and radishes, limas and corn,
Mother's own pie, and, as sure as you're born,
Right up to date and quite ready to "do."
Pickem and Pluckem are waiting for you!

Go where you will, for vacation or sport,
Start away long you will stumble back short,
Pocketbook empty; but listen and learn—
Winter is coming, and tables will turn.
Pluckem and Pickem will turn up in Town,
Then we will get them and do them up brown!



July 18—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson brought Dr. Wiley's reply to the charges against him to the President, who returned it to the Secretary, asking for a speedy report upon it.

In accordance with King George's award, the Chilian Government ordered \$935,000 paid to the Alsop claimants.

Conditions in Mexico decided United States to retain four troops of cavalry on the border at Nogales.

19—A sham naval battle took place off Block Island, R. I., between the Blue or foreign fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Osterhouse, and the Red or home fleet, under Commander Eberle. Each claimed the victory.

Spain apologized to France for the arrest of the latter's consular agent in Morocco by a Spanish patrol.

20—The British House of Lords passed the Veto bill on the third reading, without division.

International negotiations in regard to Liberia resulted in a \$2,000,000 loan to that republic.

21—The most violent scene up to date occurred at the Camorra trial, Viterbo, Italy, the lawyers fleeing from the room.

22—The Reciprocity bill passed the Senate, 53 to 27.

23—Paris reported the most oppressive heat in twentyfive years. In Berlin the mercury rose to 104 degrees.

Stamboul, the Mohammedan part of Constantinople, was devastated by fire.

24—Organized disorder over the Veto bill, in the House of Commons, prevented Premier Asquith from speaking for forty minutes and necessitated the adjournment of the House, for the first time in the history of that body.

Premier Sir Wilfred Laurier of Canada demanded a vote on reciprocity or a new election.

The extreme heat continued in Germany: one hundred soldiers fell out of the ranks during drill at Halle and a factory stopped work for lack of water.

25—Fearing a split of the Tories over the Lords' Veto bill, Mr. Balfour issued an appeal for a united party. The King ap-

proved a list of 250 men to be created peers to carry the measure to the second house if necessary.

Thirtyseven of the eightythree men indicted for participation in the Steel Wire Trust, entered pleas of "nolo contendere", which were accepted, despite the protest of Federal District-Attorney Wise.

The Georgia Senate passed a unanimous resolution calling for an amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting polygamy.

26—President Taft signed the Reciprocity bill. There was a stormy session over the Reciprocity bill in the Canadian Parliament.

European relations were severely strained by the Morocco dispute. The European markets, and the Chicago wheat market, were affected by the outlook.

The whole of Hayti was reported as being in revolt.

André Beaumont (Lieut. de Conneau), won the circuit-of-Great Britain aviation race of 1,010 miles, in 22 hours, 28 minutes.

The trial of the Camorristas at Viterbo was resumed after a week's interruption, occasioned by the withdrawal of the lawyers for the defense.

The Venezuelan Cabinet resigned.

27—Lord Lansdowne secured pledges of 318 Unionist peers to let the Veto bill pass the House of Lords unamended.

Premier Asquith informed Parliament that the Morocco question was so fraught with peril it was imprudent to make public the difficulties barring a peaceable solution. Balfour assured him of the support of the Opposition.

The Canadian Pacific liner, Empress of China, was wrecked off Tokio, but passengers and mails were saved.

28—The Electrical Trust agreed to dissolve without a contest in the courts.

Naoum Pasha, Turkish Ambassador to France, dropped dead in Paris, killed by the extreme heat.

29—The Canadian Parliament was dissolved—the date of new elections to settle the fate of Reciprocity being fixed for September 21.

The Persian Government offered \$100,000 for the head of the ex-Shah.

- 30—The Canadian cruiser Niobe, flagship of the Dominion Navy, struck in a fog off Cape Sable, but all lives were saved.
It was reported that the ex-Shah, Mohammed Ali Mirza, was marching on Teheran with an overwhelming force.
- 31—Two bills were introduced in the National House, fixing royalties and rentals of Alaska coal-lands, as a basis for conservation and to prevent coal-land monopoly. The British Cabinet decided to postpone the reappearance of the Veto bill before the House of Commons, until August 7.
- August 1—The Senate passed the Farmers' Free List bill.
- 2—A general strike in the port of London was declared, after 12,000 dock laborers had struck, because they did not receive a promised increase in wages.
President Simon fled from the capital of Hayti and his daughter was mobbed by women at the wharf. A riot followed.
An ice-famine was reported in London. Cargoes were expected from Norway.
- 3—The Anglo-American and the Franco-American arbitration treaties were signed in the White House.
Admiral Heihachiro Togo, of Japan, arrived in New York, the guest of United States.
- 4—The United States Government brought suit against the Hocking Valley and five other railroads and three mining companies, charging conspiracy in restraint of trade.
Edwin E. Jackson, Jr., who organized the Wire Trust pools, was fined \$45,000 by Judge Archbald.
- 5—President Taft entertained Admiral Togo in the White House, all of official Washington being present.
United States issued its millionth patent.
- 6—General Leconte's troops occupied Port-au-Prince and proclaimed him President of Hayti.
- 7—Balfour's motion to censure the British ministers was voted down in the House of Commons by a majority of 119.
Admiral Togo inspected the Naval Academy at Annapolis.
General Cincinnatus Leconte made a triumphal entry into Port-au-Prince, Hayti.
- 8—London was menaced by a food shortage, due to the dock strike.
John G. A. Leishman, United States Ambassador to Rome, was appointed the successor at Berlin, of Dr. David Jayne Hill, resigned.
- 9—The Emir, a French steamer, foundered off the Spanish coast after collision with a British vessel and ninety-six were drowned.
Fire occurred in the Carleton Hotel, London, causing a panic among the guests.
It was reported that United States had declined the Australian proposal for a reciprocal two-cent postage arrangement.
- 10—The House of Lords passed the Veto bill by a vote of 131 to 113. The House of Commons adopted a resolution to pay members \$2,000 a year each.
The "appeals" of the officers of the Wireless Company were denied.
- 11—The London strike ended, the lightermen winning a shorter workday and more pay.
Speaker Champ Clark and Vice-President Sherman signed the joint resolution admitting New Mexico and Arizona to statehood.
- 12—Growing political unrest was reported in Spain.
The United States Government granted authority to President de la Barra to let Mexican troops cross American territory to put down lawlessness in Lower California.
- 13—Four persons were killed and thirty injured in a wreck of the Pennsylvania eighteen-hour flier, near Ft. Wayne, Ind.
- 14—The Wool bill was passed by the House.
Rioting continued in Liverpool, necessitating the ordering of cavalry there.
General Cincinnatus Leconte was unanimously elected President of Hayti by the Congress.
- 15—President Taft vetoed the joint resolution of Congress, admitting Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood because of the provision for the recall of Judges in the Arizona Constitution.
The National Employment Exchange, a philanthropic help-agency, was opened in New York City.
Two Representatives introduced resolutions to have the House take steps toward securing uniform divorce laws.
- 16—Edmond Rostand, the playwright, was severely injured in an automobile accident.
Sir Henry James Dalziel introduced a bill in the House of Commons calling for home rule in Scotland.
The thirteen convicted members of the Poultry Trust were sentenced to serve three months in the penitentiary and pay fines of \$500 each.
- 17—President Taft vetoed the Wool bill.
The Cotton bill, with steel, iron and other amendments, passed the Senate amid scenes of excitement.
Curtis Guild, Jr., presented to the Czar his credentials as American Ambassador.
- 18—Railway traffic throughout the United Kingdom was demoralized by the strike of 200,000 men.
House Democrats tried to pass the Wool and Free-List bills over the President's vetoes, but failed.
The Senate passed a Statehood resolution with the recall of judges cut out.
André Jager-Schmidt arrived in New York on his "around-the-world-in-forty-days" trip.
The King assented to the Lords' Veto bill.

Some Who Have Gone.

Sympathy.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEN you sit in the house of mourning,
Let the clasp of your tender hand
Be a wordless pledge of comfort,
And your friend will understand
That your heart is aching with her,
Though your words be ever so few,
And the thought of your deep compassion
Shall be sweet as the summer dew.

When you sit in the house of mourning
Where never the light streams in,
Let your love be like a sunbeam,
A conquering way to win;
Let it spell itself out in flowers.
Let it cause no hurt nor jar,
Let it bring a message from heaven
Where the angels of comfort are.

When you play with the little children
Let the child-heart be your own.
Ah, me, that the years of childhood
Are so soon and swiftly flown!
Play with the little children
And learn their wisdom rare;
In their beautiful, brave, sweet morning
They are cumbered not with care.

When you sit with the dear old people
Who have reached the western slope,
Share in their tranquil evening,
Share in their splendid hope.
For just across the river
There is waiting for them, in truth,
The joy of the life immortal,
And the garment of fadeless youth.

When you sit in the house of feasting
There must be a smile on your lips,
Beware of the selfish shadow
That might cast a brief eclipse.
Join in the mirth and laughter,
Join in the merry song,
When you sit in the house of feasting
Be gay with the joyous throng.

When you take the road with a comrade
Whatever the hap may be,
Accept it as part of your fortune,
Let your mood be bold and free.
Care naught for the roughest weather,
Shrink not from the steepest way,
The two who are marching together
Should fare to the end of the day.

DIED:

ABBEY, EDWIN A.—In London, England, August 1, aged fifty-nine years. He was a native of Philadelphia. He began drawing at the age of four. He worked for two years in a wood-engraver's when sixteen years old, and then studied in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He became a famed illustrator in black and white. He went to live in England in 1878, where he developed his rare skill as a colorist in water-colors and oils. He was elected to membership in the Royal Institute of Painters and the Royal Academy, and was a corresponding honorary member of French, German and Spanish societies. Among his most famous works are: "The Quest of the Holy Grail", in the Boston Public Library (fifteen large paintings); "King Lear and his Daughters", and the "Coronation of King Edward", done at invitation of the late King.

FITZGERALD, BISHOP OSCAR PENN—At Monticello, Tennessee, August 5, aged eighty-two years. He was born in North Carolina. In 1854 he was received into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Atlanta, Ga. In 1855 he went to California and became editor there of *The Pacific Methodist and Christian Spectator*. He was superintendent of Public Instruction of the State from 1867 to 1871. In 1878 he returned South and edited *The Nashville Christian Advocate*. In 1890 he was made a Bishop. He wrote several well-known works.

FRYE, SENATOR WILLIAM PIERCE—In Lewiston, Maine, August 8, aged eighty years. Lewiston was his birthplace. He was graduated at Bowdoin College and studied law in the office of Fessenden, the anti-slavery Whig. He served in the State Legislature three terms, was Mayor of Lewiston one year, and Attorney General for the State from 1867 to 1869. For ten years, following 1871, he was a Member of Congress, leaving the House for the Senate in 1881. He was Senior United States Senator and President pro tem. of that body since 1896. During his long career he was an influential member of important committees and was always a fearless, patriotic, devoted servant of the people.

GATES, JOHN W.—In Paris France, August 8, aged fifty-six years. His birthplace was

Turner Junction (now West Chicago), Ill. As a youth he entered the hardware business, and when the great cattle ranges of the Southwest were cut up, he saw the possibility in barbed wire fences, began to manufacture them, and soon became a magnate in the steel and wire markets. At the time of his death he was on the directorate of eight railroads and industrial companies and was a powerful influence in others.

GORDON, GEN. GEORGE W.—In Memphis, Tenn., August 9, aged seventyfive years. He was a native of Giles County, Tennessee, and was educated at the Western Military Institute. He served in the Confederate Army as drill instructor and then as Captain, and finally arose to be Brigadier General. After the war he studied law and practiced in Memphis until 1885, when he was appointed a Commissioner in the Interior Department of United States and served four years in the Territories west of the Rockies. In 1907 he was elected to Congress.

GREENE, COL. W. C.—In Cananea, Mexico, August 5. He was born at Chappaqua, N. Y., and went West in the seventies and later, after some experience as a cow-puncher in Mexico, he bought property there and organized, with T. W. Lawson and Edward Addicks, the Cobre Copper Company. For a while he was a successful, highly picturesque operator in Wall Street, but in 1907 the Amalgamated Copper men brought his operating career to a close, although he still retained great cattle ranches in Mexico.

HUGHES, REV. THOMAS P.—In Kings Park, L. I., August 8, aged seventythree years. Lndlow, England, was his native town. He studied for the ministry both at Oxford and Cambridge and was ordained in 1864. For twenty years he was a missionary in Afghanistan, and was Chaplain at Peshawar, the base of operations, during the Afghan war. In 1885 he became rector of a church in Lebanon Springs, N. Y. For fourteen years he was rector of St. Sepulchre's Church, N. Y. He engaged also in religious journalism, being for six years associate editor of *The Churchman*. He was at times on the staff of *The Literary Digest* and *The Commercial Advertiser*. He wrote books on Mohammedanism and was author of the English Government textbooks in the Afghan language.

MALLALIEU, BISHOP WILLARD FRANCIS—At Auburndale, Massachusetts, August 1, aged eightythree years. His birthplace was Sutton, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Wesleyan University, in 1857, and was one of the foremost figures in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He wrote voluminously on religious and secular subjects and always played an active part at the general conferences. He was Trustee of many denominational institutions.

MILLER, JAHU DE WITT—At Forest Glen, Md., August 6. He was for several years a well-known lecturer, and devoted most of his time to that occupation, together with the accumulation of a large library, in which he took great pride. He was rather a curator than a maker of literature, and the material for his work was mostly the work of others, upon which he commented with notable fluency and facility. He had many rare editions and autographical copies of books in his collection, concerning the safety of which he constantly worried, when from home on his numerous lecturing trips. As a young man, he was noted in the Hudson River region as an eccentric, wearing his hair long and assuming various other peculiarities of appearance. With more mature years, he corrected many of these, and was considered by his acquaintances as a pleasant and genial companion, and by the public generally, as an entertaining and instructive lecturer.

MURPHY, EX-SENATOR EDWARD, JR.—At Long Branch, N. J., August 3 aged seventysix years. Troy, N. Y., was his place of birth. He was a power in State politics during the eighties and nineties. He was a Tilden Democrat, supporting the latter in both the Gubernatorial and Presidential campaigns. In 1893 he was elected to the United States Senate. It was said that it was he who cast the votes in the Convention of 1884, that decided Cleveland's nomination.

SHEPARD, EDWARD M.—At Lake George, N. Y., July 28, aged sixtyone years. Born in New York City, he was brought up in Brooklyn, and educated at Oberlin College and the College of the City of New York. He qualified for the bar, and was long prominent in the political affairs of New York City and State. He was at one time a member of the State Forestry Commission. He was a successful corporation lawyer, and had been general counsel in the city for the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was a man of broad culture and high ideals, and a conscientious worker for the betterment of politics. He was a prolific writer on social, economic and political topics and wrote biographies of Martin Van Buren and Samuel J. Tilden.

WARE, EUGENE F.—At Cascade, Colorado, July 1, aged seventy years. Kansas was his native State. He served through the Civil War and was admitted to the Kansas bar in 1871. He was a member of the Kansas Senate and of the National House, and from 1902 to 1905 was Pension Commissioner under Roosevelt. He gained fame as a newspaper poet under the pseudonym of "Ironquill", his political, narrative and descriptive verses breathing a homely optimism.

Forty Doings and Undoings.

Burglars now steal with gloves on—so as to avoid being detected by finger-prints.

Some progressive city clergymen are proposing church roof-gardens for summer use.

The country still continues to preach against prize-fighting with its mouth and to tolerate it with its hands.

The Connecticut House of Representatives has by vote permitted itself to sit in session with its coats off.

The usual number of little boys have lost their legs stealing rides on railroad trains, during the past month.

"Taking the chances" on crossing turnpikes and railroads, has killed the usual number of people during the past month.

A well-built chimney 100 feet high will sway from three to four inches in a high wind without any danger of falling.

People are now throwing themselves in front of automobiles, as well as railroad-trains, in order to commit suicide.

America has invaded France again this summer, and Yankee-English is talked on the streets almost as much as French.

Consolidation and absorption is extending even to the churches—several having united with each other during the past year.

If "Fifty Years Ago" had known the attention that would be paid to it in the newspapers now, it sure would have strutted.

A hoot-owl pecked out a Pennsylvania man's eye, while he was crossing his own dooryard, and was killed for his pains.

Nearly every "shooting-box" in Scotland has been taken by rich Londoners. "It is a fine day: let's go out and kill something."

A great many journals are following the example of EVERY WHERE, and leaving out the antiquated hyphen in "to-day" and "tomorrow."

If Col. Ingersoll has appeared through all the mediums that have claimed to interpret him since his death, he has been pretty lively on his wings.

Every once in a while, some peculiarly mean person is caught robbing the poor-box of a church. A twelve-year girl at Corona, L. I., is the latest one.

An arrested tramp in Vermont escaped from the courtroom, locked everybody else in, and gave the officers a long chase after they had forced their way out.

A cow and a stallion had a big fight over the latter's hay in the manger, at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. The cow came out ahead, and the horse had to be shot.

Anglo-Saxon thrift is just transforming Cuba into part of United States, and it is thought that after a time its annexation will be only a matter of form.

Some farmers in the country who do not wish their lands invaded by trespassers, save

Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda (Dr. Church-ill's Formula) and Winchester's Specific Pill are the best remedies for Exhausted or Debilitated

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Readers will oblige both the advertiser

the painting of a long sign by simply posting, "Beware of the Bull."

Gambling in the street at "craps" is still not uncommon in some parts of Greater New York. In many cases, the police look placidly on, or stroll indifferently by.

Alpine glaciers are receding and some of them are disappearing entirely. Some attribute this action to the boring of tunnels and building of mountain railways.

Twelve bombs within a month have been exploded in various Chicago conduits—smashing things generally around them. They are attributed to the labor troubles.

A well-dressed middle-aged man was found on the New York streets industriously nursing a doll. He was taken to the hospital and found to be mildly insane.

President Taft tells a story of a fond mother, who, speaking of her children, said, "With the plague of their living, and the fear of their dying, I shall go crazy."

The only perfect copy of the first folio of Shakespeare known to exist, sold for \$8,500. Keep your first editions, young authors! No knowing what may happen to you.

Being at the head of Greater New York is a dangerous occupation. Mayor Gaynor has been shot once, and now another eccentric has been shut up for threatening to "fix him."

So many overheated men and women sleep on the beach some nights at Coney Island, that as many as twenty-five policemen have to be detailed, to prevent their being robbed.

A grass-plot gathered from all over the world has been transported several hundred miles, with 100 wagon-loads of soil, for the amusement of the proprietor and his friends.

"New York forts are invincible, and their great guns could destroy any force that could be brought against them", says Col. Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

Mrs. Harriman, widow of the capitalist, is going West for a rest. She has recently received more than 5,000 letters asking for sums of from \$10 to thousands and it upset her nerves.

The Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor never expected to have aeroplanes gliding and playing about her; but one of them has been doing it, and making new records in high-up navigation.

The forbidding of noise-explosions in several large cities during the 4th of July, has

and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

no doubt saved several lives—notwithstanding a certain percentage of the juvenile population were killed and wounded.

The hot-water bag of winter nights, filled with cold water, as it runs from the faucet, and applied to head or feet, or even used as a pillow, keeps cold for two hours, and cools one off wonderfully on a hot night.

Greeley, Colorado, named after the renowned Horace, has been troubled by automobile-robbers—riding in vehicles the like of which the great editor never saw. They took \$10,000 out of the postoffice, one moonlit night.

A Philadelphia old gentleman, aged 10 years, gave his youngest son, aged 70, a threshing because he got drunk and abused his family. He evidently believes in bringing up his family right, however late in commencing.

"Some cities have a slogan, St. Louis has the goods," is the saucy, catchy phrase selected out of 80,000 submitted in a contest to do duty as an advertising slogan for the thriving metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. It won for the author a prize of \$500 offered by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Geologists are claiming that the greatest underground river in the world flows from the Rocky Mountains underneath New Mexico and Texas, emptying itself in the Gulf of Mexico. This river is thought to be in places several miles wide, and it is believed that it feeds rivers that flow upon the surface.

Few people seem to know how easily a paper cup can be improvised. You need only a piece of stiff note-paper a few inches square, or stiff, clean wrapping-paper will do, but it must not be porous. Roll this up neatly into a little cornucopia, double up the pointed end at the bottom, and turn over the corners at the top to reinforce it; put in a pin if it seems necessary to hold it firm, and you have a cup that can be filled several times and in which water can be carried some distance.

Where several other railroads have shown their employees how five or ten cents a day may be saved, the Fere Marquette presents a table showing the cost of various small articles commonly wasted, in terms of mileage for a ton of freight. This shows that every time a postage stamp is used needlessly, the company must haul a ton of freight three and a half miles. Other similar examples are: Lead pencil, 2 miles; track spike, 2 miles; one lamp chimney, 10½ miles; station broom, 35 miles; lantern, 100 miles; track shovel, 90 miles; 100 pounds of coal, 20 miles; one gallon of engine oil, 50 miles.


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Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

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EVERY WHERE

SEPTEMBER, 1911.

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 13, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

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We receive thousands of literary contributions in the course of a year, but can accept only those peculiarly well adapted to the general trend of our Magazine. They are all carefully examined and returned if not used, when accompanied by a postpaid envelope bearing the author's address.

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THIS IS A FACT

The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, Vol. 1, pages 704 and 490, states: "**Buchu**—The leaves of a shrubby plant at the Cape of Good Hope, extensively used in medicine for various disorders of the Kidney, etc." "**Bearberry**—a trailing evergreen shrub, found throughout the arctic and mountains of the north, and under name of *Uva-Ursi* used in medicine chiefly in affections of the Bladder, etc."



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Marks—My old aunt had not been dead twentyfour hours when her parrot died, too.

Parks—The poor bird died of grief, I suppose.

Marks—No. Poison.

MOTHERLY SOLICITUDE.

Mrs. Nexdore—Why won't you let your Willie play baseball with the other boys?

Mrs. Greene—A part of the game, I understand, is stealing bases, and I'm afraid it might have a bad influence.

A HISTRIONIC RECRUITER.

"I evidently fed that girl too much taffy."

"Wouldn't she marry you?"

"No. I praised her face, her figure, and her charm of manner so assiduously that she has decided to go on the stage."

A LINE ON HER HUSBAND.

"How do you know when your husband forgets to mail the letters you give him?"

"I always put a card addressed to myself among 'em. If I don't get it the next day I know. And it only costs a cent."

HELPING BUSINESS.

Redd—I see it is said that the automobile industry provides a livelihood for 1,000,000 persons.

Green—Gee! Are there as many doctors and helpers in the hospitals as all that?

UNCLE HIRAM'S RAPACITY.

"We have certainly spent a fine time in your beautiful country place, Uncle Hiram, and we feel that we owe you a great deal."

"Yes, sir, you do, and I want it settled before you get a trunk in that wagon, too."

STAGE AMENITIES.

Dolly Footlight—There was a great hunter in the first row last night, and he said nothing would please him more than to claim me as his own.

Tessy Limelight—What, was he a relic-hunter?

THE ACCURATE GROCER.

The Housewife—What do you mean, sir, by circulating the report that I am an idle gossip?

The Grocer—Madam, you do me grave injustice. I said you were the busiest one within ten blocks.

PRACTICAL GRAMMAR.

Teacher—Sammy, in the sentence "I have a book," what is the case of the pronoun I?

Sammy (promptly)—Nominative case.



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Teacher—Next boy, tell me in what case to put the noun "book."

Next Boy (thoughtfully)—The bookcase.

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An inexperienced speaker was asked suddenly to address an audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he vociferated, "not one thing has been said about this to me, until this minute: and here you want me to get up before you and make a fool of myself without any previous preparation."

UNCLE HAD MET DUKES.

A Chicagoan was being shown through a New York picture gallery by his nephew. He paused before a striking portrait.

"That, uncle," the nephew explained, "is the portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte—the man the Duke of Wellington got the best of."

The uncle frowned and said angrily: "Durn them foreign noblemen! How much did he lend him?"

TWO VIEWS OF THE LAST CALAMITY.

"The more I think of death," said a clergyman in the late Philadelphia Presbyterian Synod, "the more gloomy it seems, notwithstanding all the blessed assurances of the Bible."

"I cannot agree with my brother", said a good second. "Death has for many years seemed to me, like going from one country into another and better one—a lovely and pleasant thing."

"I can account for it", rejoined the pessimist. "For several years before he commenced preaching, my brother in Christ was an undertaker."

NOT ILL, BUT WILL BE.

"Silas, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that mouldy cheese today?"

"Mistress Brown, sir," was the youth's reply.

"And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?"

"Mistress Brown, sir."

"Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?"

"Mistress Brown bought it, sir," was the answer.

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?"

"Mistress Brown. Are you ill, sir?" asked Silas, as the grocer turned green and groaned.

"No, no! only I'm going to tea at the Browns' tonight," replied the unhappy man, as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.

EVERY WHERE acknowledges obligations for the above jokes to the following contemporaries: *Boston Transcript, Kansas City Times, Titbits, Toledo Blade, Chicago Tribune, National Monthly, London Punch.*

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OCTOBER, 1911

NUMBER II

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Catania—The Lava City.

*Men live in houses borrowed from the trees,
Or from the quarry—Earth's man-shattered bones,
Or in the cave that sunlight never sees,
Or in a hollowed pile of vagrant stones:
But seldom in a home dwell Eden's sons,
Hurled from the fierce volcano's murderous guns.*



Poems by Will Carleton.

The Boatman's Story.

'T WAS a very curious story that the boatman told to me,
As I lingered in the offing with my eyes upon the sea,
Or upon the full moon climbing up the ladder of the sky,
And the man who rode within it, with his truthful mouth and eye.

"Oh how true is Nature!" mused I, as my gaze ran near and far:
"Not an atom is ambiguous, from the island to the star:
All is steadfast honest going, from the sky-lofts to the sea:
How invariably truthful all these islanders must be!

"Ah, how different from the city!—where the words by people said,
To the hearing may be silver—to the feeling may be lead;
Where Assertion is exploited in a manner bold and high,
But Reality is smothered 'neath the mantle of a lie!"

Then the boatman, whose demeanor was of clerical design,
And whose face had Truth engrafted in each separate look and line,
In a tone of melancholy that immediate credence drew,
Told the quite unusual story that I now repeat to you:

"Good Cap'n Crane had lived his life for seventy year or more,
Where ocean-winds play hide-an' seek around Nantucket's shore;
And he was loved as men is loved who loves their fellow-man,
And pulls their best flag up each day, and sails the best they can.

..

"Good Cap'n Crane was never knowed to sight the bark Distress,
That he wouldn't square away its course to make its cargo less:
And what he had, his neighbors had, whene'er they signalled need,
And though no angel, he knowed how to do an angel deed.

"When sickness sailed to any house, there couldn't soon be found
A tend'rer nuss than he could be, in all the country round;
And when Doc give some med'cine such as accident'llly kills,
Cap often soothed survivors' griefs, by helping pay the bills.

"There seldom was a buryin'day, on old Nantucket shore,
But Cap'n Crane was early-there, a half an hour or more;

For after many sufferings of a patient he appeased,
He al'ays felt a longin' to embellish the deceased.

"And no Nantucket weddin', be't a large or small affair,
But Cap'n trimmed his mainsail so's to manage to be there;
Discreetly kiss the blushing bride, and her charms advertise
Until the bridegroom came to over-estimate his prize;

"For birds and other insects he stowed pity in his breast,
And every ailing quadruped was his compassioned guest;
An' it was said that fishes which he caught, in calm or storm,
Was often dealt an easy death, by means of chloroform.

"When in his pew on Sunday, at the church-bell's soonest ring,
'Twas whispered that the angels flocked around to hear him sing;
And contribution-boxes, when they wandered to him nigh,
Felt the frailty of that sayin' that refers to them as 'dry.'

"On this world-ship of a planet that goes sailin' round an' round,
You'd say 'Could any better man amongst its crew be found?'
But one stowaway got in him, and continually grew:
He was just the biggest liar that Nantucket ever knew.

"If he said that it was Monday, half the week was on its way;
If he said 'I'll come tomorrow', he was sure to come today;
If 'That fish was just a monster', 'twas not big enough to cook:
If 'I caught a baby-minnow', it might bu'st your net or hook.

"If he said 'I'm tackin' landward' you would find him on the sea;
If he said 'I'm for the offin', he upon the shore would be;
If 'I am hearty as a bear', right sickly was his plight:
If 'I am ill nigh unto death', he'd dance around all night.

"The hymns he'd sung at meeting-time, up from his earliest youth,
Writ out by good men, held, of course, the most undoubted truth:
But Cap'n Crane would always try to twist the lines about,
And shut the saints in fearful dooms, and let the sinners out.

"Still, in them serpents of his tongue, you'd signal one good thing—
There wa'n't no p'ison in their make—an' not a trace of sting:
He never told a lie, men said who'd known him from his birth,
That harmed a soul—except himself—on this deceitful earth.

"And when he rose in meeting, his 'experience' for to give,
The worst old sinner he had been, that Heaven allowed to live:
And he had robbed and murdered, and sowed ruin far and wide,
And on the stormy sea of sin, done everything but lied.

"And when the Cap'n's death upon the island cast a gloom,
'Twas found that he had left these words, to tack upon his tomb:
'Here lies a sinner mean and vile from earliest days of youth—
With one exception: which same was, He always told the truth.'"

Then the boatman ceased his story: and no sound there was afloat,
Save the rippings of the waters 'gainst the curvings of our boat,
And a softened wave of clamor that went gliding up and down,
Through the street-lanes quaint and olden, of the lamp-lit island town.

"What a mystery—that quaint Captain!" was my musing, o'er and o'er,
As we joined some wayward breezes, and went fluttering to the shore:
"What a psychologic puzzle! how could Goodness ever meet
And clasp hands in life-long friendship, with the monster called Deceit?"

"I will study up the problem: I perhaps can learn the cause
Of this strange and sad perversion of the simplest moral laws;
I will take it to some college, and amid the world's applause
Have some sage declare the reason of the reason of the cause."

So next day I searched Nantucket for accounts of Captain Crane,
But with all my weary wand'ring, every effort was in vain;
For my honest-featured boatman—so one preacher told me true—
Was himself the biggest liar that Nantucket ever knew.

Converse With The Sea.

WHAT hast thou in thy treasure-house, O Sea?—

A thousand rivers long and deep and wide,

Once rivulets upon the mountain-side,
That wandered through the fields and glens, to me.

So gathered they, as thrifty trav'lers do,
Somewhat of all the lands they journeyed through:

The cavern's roar, the valley's lisping song,

The dripping cliffs with thunder loud and long,

The man-made mills, the clatter and turmoil

Of wheels, that yoked their dancing floods to toil:

They brought me them, and gave me them to keep,

Till sun or gale should rouse them from their sleep.

What hast thou in thy hands, O gentle Sea?—

Refreshing showers that shortly will arise,

Inveigled by the sun, to seek the skies—

Then from his passion-wooing strangely free,

Return unto the eager earth awhile,
To glad the blooms, and bid the forest smile.

For never tree or flower could love or live,

But for the strength my god-like missions give.

Cool zephyrs have I that 'mid summer heat,

Will fan the world, and bless whome'er they meet;

And gales that push their sharp blades everywhere,

And cut the poison from the withered air.

What hast thou in thy shifting tides, O Sea?—

A thousand storms, that peacefully could lie

In their cloud-hammocks 'twixt the earth and sky,

Forgetting that to drift is scarce to be.

And now in slumber, now in seeming mirth,
They floated idly o'er the dappled earth:

Until a messenger of strife there came,
 That gathered all the air in flood and
 flame,
 And brought the floating cannons'
 lordly sound,
 And made the startled sky a battle-
 ground:
 Till, tired of strife, they sought a need-
 ful rest,
 And flung themselves upon my willing
 breast.

What hast thou on thy rugged floors,
 O Sea?—
 A million ships, that ploughed my yield-
 ing spray,
 All bearing hope for many a merry day:
 A hope that had not learned of Fate's
 decree.
 How little, when the shallops leave a
 place,
 Can mind or soul their future moorings
 trace:
 If they shall touch the ocean's edge
 once more,
 Or, sinking, seek my underlying shore,
 That has a myriad fleets that rot away—

Themselves their cumbrous anchors—
 day by day!
 You wonder if their ghosts have
 skimmed the waves?—
 It is not mine to answer:—ask their
 graves.

What hast thou that is firm, O tossing
 Sea?—
 Fair refuge-islands—where you mortals
 find
 A help to soothe the weary heart and
 mind;
 To my protection, all the world may
 flee!
 I toss as feathered toys upon my hands,
 The ocean-birds that brood in all the
 lands,
 But give them homes in many a rocky
 nest,
 Where they in firm tranquillity can rest;
 I nurture in my realms of drowning
 space,
 The island-builders of the coral race:—
 Where find you more of firmness than
 in me?
 For God Himself doth walk upon the
 Sea.

A Contrast.

OCTOBER held a carnival,
 When Summer days had fled;
 His halls were trimmed with blue and
 gold,
 And banners flaming red.
 Now all the world with fowl and fruit
 Were at his table fed;
 The richest wine of bough or vine
 Before his guests was spread.

October held a funeral
 When Summer nights were fled;
 And all the leaves and all the vines
 And all the flowers were dead.
 The richly-colored drapery
 Was burial robes instead,
 And shorn of pride, he lay and died
 Upon a lowly bed.



Most Famous Living Mayor.

BY A SUMMER GIRL.

IT'S worth while to see and talk with the most famous.—But is he?—Let's consider.

Who's the mayor of London?—Who's of Paris?—Birmingham?—St. Louis?—San Francisco?—Philadelphia?—And so forth and so forth and so on. Very few of my readers can name one of them.—But when it comes to New York,—second city in the world for population, and first for a lot of other things—



THE MAN I WENT TO SEE.

then it is, everybody says "Gaynor!"

Admiral Togo knew all about him: he'd heard, in Japan. Gaynor figures in the English, French, and German papers; he is in fact the most picturesque conspicuously-forceful Mayor in the world, and the only one New York

has had, for quite some time, who has really *mayored*, much of any. He has been announced again and again as a Governmental and a Presidential "possibility": and, honest, he is certainly the most famous Mayor in the known world.

An interview, for a summer girl, with that sort of a male biped?—It is not so very hard a "stunt" at a resort-refuge-from-city-broiling, especially if the Biped happens to be there: but in office-hours, at an office, and with a large crowd of resolute males ahead of you—that is about as different as often happens.

Still, I was slated to see Mayor Gaynor, or die with my eyes open looking for him. I had never thus far made a solemn vow to converse with a gentleman worth the effort of articulation, but what the dialogue was sooner or later pulled off: and had dismissed myself from the presence of several quite some celebrities, with a string of questions and answers streaming proudly away from my back-hair.

So, when the golden idea was held dangling before me of a little talk-fest with the Chief of this second-largest camp of citizens in the world, I made up my mind that the chain of success should not be broken.

And I applied for the honor of an interview, until it became a habit: I wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and kept on writing, until—joy!—there came an answer. It was several hundred words shorter than the Mayor's average published letters—it was not as long as the village of St. James, where my intended

victim summered, or as wide as a garage-door: but I was bound that it should serve. It said, "I will see you some day when you call."

Some day when I called, happened quite a number of times, and I was informed on two or three of those times, by two or three gentleman-friends of high position whom I also found waiting in various throngs, that my chances were pronouncedly microscopic. It was almost as bad as if I were trying to see a king. I began to wonder what sort of luck I would have next summer, with George, of England.

But, one day, Presto! the gates of the city—or rather the doors of the inner office—OPENED!—and I was in the presence of New York's most enigmatical and picturesque character—Mayor Gaynor.

A well-groomed and neatly-apparelled man saluted, without rising, gave me a good straight honest look, and then peered past me into the distance—what distance there was in the room—as if he were trying to find out what in the blessed known world a summer-girl wanted of him. (As an "s. g." I had signed my letters.)

His temporary preoccupation gave me a first-class little stare at the most eminent Mayor. He has gray, close-trimmed hair and beard; good-sized forehead, not too high; strong, prominent nose; and straight, firm-shutting mouth. His dark-brown eyes are nearer together than those of most brainy men, but sharper for the fact. He has the general appearance of being one of the care-takers of the world.

It was a year and a day from the time when he had been shot down by a half-crazy nondescript whom he had neglected to give immediate employment: and an elaborate loving-cup was among the trophies of a celebration that had been held the day before, in commemoration of the fact that a live Mayor was loved much more fervently than a dead one could possibly be. He glanced at the flower-entwined article, but said nothing about it; and I felt that he did not at all crave my mentioning it. Sud-

denly came the rather brusque words, "What can I do for you?"

"I wanted you to talk with me concerning yourself", I replied, with meekness.

"I don't care to do that", he murmured, wearily. "The people and the papers are perfectly willing to save me the trouble. And since the—accident—my throat is bad. Somehow, things in there don't—work right. I have to save the vocal organs as much as I can."

Poor Mayor Gaynor! I pitied him away down in the cellarage of my heart; and I felt that he knew it. I had heard him address thousands of people at a time, and trade thunders of oratory for thunders of applause. And now—he had to be economical with every word. That miserable leaden bullet, which doctors say they dare not remove and Nature cannot dissolve, must always be reckoned-with by his vocal organs. A politician or statesman nowadays who has to be constantly heedful of his voice, is handicapped in a way that entitles him to pity.

"Well, if you won't talk about yourself, Mr. Mayor, suppose you give me your idea of woman's rights. Shall we vote?"

"The women do not *want* to vote", he answered, more energetically than he had spoken before. "I know of very few who are really anxious for the ballot, and *they* are not of the most reputable of their sex."

I was very much surprised—one might say thunderstruck. I had thought I knew several quite reputable ladies who wanted to vote. One was a sweet good mother at home, who would go through a November rainstorm or a March blizzard, to demonstrate herself as a real American citizen. One was a lady of wealth, who is anxious to vote as to how her property shall be taxed: and she is also a sweet good reputable woman. One was a woman-preacher, who had picked and plucked many souls out of the muck-beds of sin and temptation. I knew a whole lot more—but dropped the subject: and realized that he was perfectly willing to do the same.

"Fiction?" he inquired, sententiously. I had with me a public-library book with which to improve the time when on city trains, and keep mashers from bothering me. Mashers do not like books—especially of a decent character. There are still such beings in New York. Young women adorned with delicate laces and white slippers have not been, as in some other towns, employed to go out and lure silly dude-flies into the webs of a police-station.

"Yes," I answered: "fiction: and a pretty good novel. Do you like 'em?"

"Haven't time for them," he replied, looking away and beyond me, as if there were some one else off there that he was trying to find. He has this peculiarity in conversation. "I do not object to fiction when it possesses the true ring: but there is reality enough nowadays to keep me busy—and very interestingly so.

"Both in this big city, and my village home at St. James, I am constantly finding that truth is not only stranger than fiction, but more attractive.

"Did you ever study the domestic animals that are among and around us? Nothing can be more interesting and attractive in fiction, than the real truth that displays itself in their lives.

"A fine old matron of the porcine tribes has since last week been very proud of a large family of children that squealed and clustered about her. I don't wonder: they are very pretty little toys of live meat, with their handsome blonde complexions, their little stemless leaves for ears, and their tiny leafless stems for tails. What could be prettier—what more entertaining—than the study of such natural, unspoiled creatures?—I am going to have them taken to the Bronx Park, where thousands of children can see and admire and enjoy them.

"The city children of the day are shown all kinds of foreign animated creatures, over there at the Zoo: why shouldn't they be taught something about our own domestic animals?"

I am sure, as an observant summer girl, and one who is trying hard to be a

useful autumn and winter one, that I should wish Mayor Gaynor much success, in his proposed additions to the Zoo. I hope, for instance, that he will send a very tiny colt, an exceedingly juvenile cow, a flock of recently-incubated chickens, a few long-legged but sweet-faced lambs, three or four miniature ducks, a mule too young and soft-hoofed to be harmful, and other domestic animated minutiae, with mandatory instructions to the Park Commissioner, to keep the tiger away from them. Showing off the youngest wild animals in captivity, has been somewhat overdone, of late years: and it is surely important for them to know something about American infantile Zoölogy.

"Are you satisfied with your life, Mayor Gaynor?" I ventured to ask, next.

Few people are entirely satisfied with their lives, and I expected, of course, a negative answer. When, slowly, deliberately, emphatically, he turned out the word "Yes", there was perhaps an interrogation-point in each one of my eyes. He continued, thoughtfully:

"I have always tried to do what was right, tried to help others. True, I have found very little appreciation: but appreciation, as Daniel Webster said of confidence, is a plant of slow growth. Walk ten miles straight and true, and nobody particularly notices you: make one mis-step, and all the lookers-on laugh, jeer, or scold.

"I made the bridges free for horses and wagons: who of those that were saved big money by it, has thanked me?

"The Bureau of Weights and Measures now means that in this city a quart means a quart, an ounce an ounce, and a pound a pound—something that hasn't happened before for a good long while. Perhaps householders thank their stars for it: but I am not included in the astronomical assemblage.

"I have stopped 'graft' in many ways: I haven't noticed that any one said 'Much obliged!' But—no matter!—the people are benefited, whether they know it or not. 'Work for the right, and not

for others' sight' has always been my motto."

"Is the toil of being Mayor hard upon you?"

"I wouldn't feel natural outside of hard work.

"When I first found myself, up in Oneida County, there were fields all around me—they had to be tilled—and it wasn't very many years before I was at it.

"When I taught school, to earn education-money, I was perhaps the most industrious scholar in the whole little establishment: I worked hard to keep ahead of my pupils.

"In Boston, I worked hard instead of running around to see the sights, or going to concerts and theaters.

"In Brooklyn, I worked hard on the papers, all the while I was studying law.

"From that time on, study the history of our city, and you'll admit that I haven't been a star idler."

"Your work is of course interesting to you?"

"If you sat here where I am, you couldn't help being interested, even if you took an oath against it. The requests that people make, and the opinions they express, are every kind of interesting—from hilarious to pathetic."

"And public opinion—is that also interesting to you, Mr. Mayor?"

"Yes: but not the counterfeit article that is presented by the worse sort of newspapers. Not that supplied by the journals that corrupt the eye with impure pictures, and soil the mind with vile stories.

"I do not pay any attention to what they say: for it is not the opinion of real people, and they cannot make it so. They are lying about me, all the time: but what do I care? I have always been lied about, more or less, and I have always lived the falsehoods down."

Well, the Mayor had talked a good

deal about himself, after all, and notwithstanding his strongly-expressed disinclination to do so.

"Was that a lie when you said that if the people didn't like the fiercely crowded street-cars, they had better walk?—And if not, how would you like one of your lovely daughters, if she were obliged to go to business each day, to walk from Nassau and Beekman Street, to the Bronx, in a good nice little blizzard?"

"When some one complained to you that the frightful noise attending night collection of ashes and garbage murdered sleep for a part of the night, did you say that if any one didn't like it, he could 'move out of the city'?—And how much do you think it would cost most of us, to 'move'?"

"Did you say that the noise only lasted ten minutes, and that was nothing? And did you realize that several people, awakened from a sweet slumber by the rattling of cans, the jerky rumbling of a rude cart, and the yelling of angry drivers to their sleepy horses, required an hour or two to sink into somnolence again?"

These last questions ran through my mind, and out on the very tip of my tongue: I didn't unleash them. But I would like to have heard him say, either that they were newspaper-lies, or were merely grim jokes, which he did not mean literally.

But the day was all the time aging. I had not taken the life of the Most Famous Mayor, as Gallagher tried to do a year ago, but I had taken a part of it—and he needed every minute in more important business than answering a summer-girl's questions—when she knew nothing about politics or much of anything else, and couldn't vote.

But his farewell was as polished and considerate as if I were a millionairess or a full-grown queen.





Two Meetings of the Club.

THE Morris-Hill Reading and Thimble Club had assembled at the home of its president, Mrs. Warren Bennett. The members had done their best to be as progressive as desired, and arrayed in their finest gowns sat in stiff and silent little groups, a bit of embroidery in their hands. They were waiting to feel a "blessed relief from the monotonous daily toil", to learn a new stitch in embroidery, and to have their minds improved, according to Mrs. Bennett's promise.

"Dear me! What is the matter with poor Helen?" whispered a nervous little woman, excitedly, as the younger Miss Bennett stood before them, staring wildly about her with a mournful expression truly alarming.

"Hush! she has studied elocution", explained someone.

It was intended that the afternoon should be delightfully instructive and informal, but for some reason the little company of neighbors looked more and more depressed, and their solemn silence became more noticeable as Mrs. Bennett concluded a reading from Dryden, and begged to know their opinions.

Evidently they had none prepared, and it took much encouragement to elicit even the faintest murmurs of approval. Mrs. Bennett began to fear that a thirst for knowledge would never be awakened among such provoking people.

Miss Ball, the most demure member of the reluctant circle, took care, however, to differ very faintly but positively whenever a certain lady in the corner spoke, and this evidence that the two still cordially hated each other was the only enlivening feature of the afternoon.

A more uncomfortable hour was to follow.

It was undoubtedly a kind thought which prompted Mrs. Bennett to invite the entire company to stay to tea, and then surprise them with a banquet such as no resident of Morris-Hill had ever dreamed of, and she herself had never tried to give before.

The guests looked most unhappy as they ventured timidly to the chairs assigned them.

Decked with a gorgeous new set of flowered china, glittering with plated silver, splendid with fairest white linen, and gay with brilliant paper lampshades, the table gleamed before their amazed eyes in all its newly-acquired glory.

Miss Ball sat directly opposite her enemy, but gazed demurely at the elaborate decorations with more composure than the rest of the company could boast, and wondered if Adeline Bennett meant to feed them on bouquets and new finery.

The "help" in the kitchen positively refused to act as a waitress, saying it was not the Morris-Hill way; but the Misses Bennett showed remarkable agility in popping in and out, from their chairs to the kitchen and back again; so the dinner was served in courses, to their great satisfaction and the company's utter bewilderment.

It would be hard to say who blundered most often; for each one could only guess at the manner in which she was expected to attack the various dishes.

Mrs. Bennett saw that her neighbors had no liking for mysteries, and sighed despairingly as each queer attempt at elegance was carried away.

The little woman whose small son burst into the room with the summons, "Baby's cryin' orful, and nobody can't stop him", was envied by all, as she hurried away.

The marvelous and undreamed-of elegance of the entire feast was so overwhelming, that conversation was an impossibility; and only as they prepared to depart did the ladies begin to talk briskly and forget the somber poetry, the oppressive essays, embarrassing feast, and the idea of improving their minds.

Mrs. Allen was rather amused at the If-I-must expression with which the members hoped the club might soon meet with them; but frightened to see that her own feeble invitation was sure to be accepted in the near future.

"What will you do when it's your turn, mother?" questioned her daughter, thinking of the big dining-room with its rag-carpet and other homely furnishings, the plain stone-ware china, and all the deficiencies which made the old home seem not at all the place to invite a club entertained by so elegant a president in so wonderful a way.

"I don't know what difference I can possibly make at our table", was all Mrs. Allen could say in reply.

Miss Ball made many calls the following week. "How did you enjoy Mrs. Bennett's literary-sewing-meeting?" was her first question, in the demure drawl it was hard to believe hid any sarcasm or spitefulness.

"Adeline Bennett's style is something new. She didn't used to be so awful particular, as I can remember. Her father-'n-mother always ate in the kitchen, and she and her daughters fix things most any way when they ain't expectin' company, for I was there at dinner time only the day before, and saw just how they manage. Land! I was surprised when I saw all the new china and the airs they put on. I must visit my relatives in the city," she would conclude, with a faint suspicion of a laugh, "before the next meeting, and unless I can borrow extra spoons and forks enough to match Mrs. Bennett's

and find gold-band china is comin' into style, I shall have to resign from the club."

With the memory of Mrs. Bennett's style thus kept before them, it was not strange that at each meeting of the new society a great effort was made to provide a feast which should in some way excel all previous attempts.

If Mrs. A. had no silver, she could make delicious cake. Mrs. B. could compete with this by making five kinds; while Mrs. C. spread such a variety of eatables upon her table that there was positively nothing known to the housewives of Morris-Hill, (Mrs. Bennett excepted) which she did *not* have.

There was much talk at this meeting, of resigning. The reading from one of Mrs. Bennett's Dryden-books was as much dreaded by each hostess as the preparation for a dinner; and it is doubtful if the club would have existed many months but for the meeting conducted by Mrs. Allen.

At the family council which preceded this event, Mr. Allen reassured his fearing wife and daughter, with many sensible words.

"Don't you let those foolish women interfere with your usual way, Esther," he urged, "show them that a table can be attractively set with poor dishes, and a simple meal give more pleasure than a nonsensical attempt at elegance."

"I think too many unkind things have been said about Mrs. Bennett," said his wife, gently. "It was surely nice of her to do her best."

"Your best will be to make each one enjoy herself by giving a neighborly welcome, and entertaining them in a way she can understand and appreciate", said her husband, and so it proved.

No members were absent when the time arrived. It was noticeable that many brought very practical little garments in place of the "fancy-work" they had thought it necessary to have for Mrs. Bennett's meeting.

Their cheery hostess made them feel glad at once that they had ventured such a change. They were laughing and chatting with quiet enjoyment when

Mrs. Allen began to read, and with a sigh resigned themselves to the inevitable but difficult task of mind-culture.

But the simple, beautiful tale of common life which was read to them, had an unexpected charm, sewing was forgotten for a time, and they laughed and cried together over a story that stirred their hearts, inspired nobler thoughts, and taught in an unpretentious way a sweet and practical lesson.

There were eager requests for the reading to continue, and the hopeful, wholesome verses which followed were enthusiastically received.

Mrs. A—— never dreamed, she said, *poetry* could be so plain and interesting.

Songs of home, of true affection, fervent patriotism, devoted sacrifice, caused the members of the Reading and Thimble Club to start a brisk discussion—so interesting and so amiably carried on that Miss Ball, in the pleasant excitement of the moment, actually echoed the sentiments of the lady in the corner.

It was a social, light-hearted company that soon filled the big dining-room. Bright faces gave it a more attractive appearance than any other decoration could have done, and although the linen was coarse and the dishes of the most common variety, Mr. Allen was right when he said, "A more daintily arranged table could not be."

Good taste had selected the most effective place for each tempting dish, and the bowl of common wild roses, gathered from the roadside, the ladies marvelled to see, were really beautiful.

"I think I won't resign, after all," whispered a worn and faded housewife to her neighbor. "I haven't felt so rested in a long time."

"I never supposed a few things to eat *could* look and seem so nice," whispered back the other. "I shall invite the club myself next time."

Even Mrs. Bennett remarked that the afternoon was enjoyable and *improving*.

The rest of the company expressed themselves in affectionate good-nights that left their hostess satisfied with her effort to give them helpful pleasure.

Mrs. Bennett long ago moved to the

nearest city, where she belongs to a Browning Club and as many others as she is permitted to join; but Mrs. Allen makes a very acceptable president.

A lively debate occupied the last half hour of a recent meeting, on "Resolved—That the table should be always as attractive for home as for company."

Miss Ball led the affirmative, who won; and though she makes frequent calls just at meal-time, thus far she finds nothing to condemn. Mrs. Allen's club has improved habits of living among her neighbors, as well as their minds.

Love.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEN you sum up the year
With its glory of leaves,
Its seed-time and harvest,
Its buds and its sheaves;—
When you get to December,
You sing the same tune
That 'twas sweet to remember
And carol, in June.

From the day of your youth
To the day of white age,
Through the book of your life
To the very last page,
When comes a great angel
The "Finis" to write,
The same true evangel
Is aye your delight.

There be those who will tell you
Of jewels and gold,
Of investments, a story
Of wonder unfold.
One dividend never
Will fail to impart
The self-same wealth ever,
To dower the heart.

Let the spring zephyrs blow,
Or the winter winds howl,
Let fortune smile blandly
Or sullen fate scowl,
From June to December,
What sky arch above,
To life's very last ember,
Life's crowning is LOVE.



The United States Department of Agriculture, and the Future.

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE.

I.

OUT of curiosity, I once asked a well-informed citizen what the United States Department of Agriculture did. He replied, "I don't know exactly. I suppose it distributes seeds and bulletins to the farmers." This remark is, I believe, fairly indicative of the ignorance on the part of the people of the cities, at any rate, of one of the greatest and most important organizations of the present day. An organization which employs between ten and eleven thousand people; whose receipts run into the millions and whose expenditures are between ten and twelve millions yearly; whose field of action extends from Alaska to the Philippines and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; whose operations effect directly 36,000,000 people (the farmers and their families), and indirectly every man, woman and child subject to the Government of United States, whether within or beyond our Continental borders.

To be sure the Department of Agriculture "distributes seeds and bulletins to the farmers." It does other things besides, and these are some of them: It forecasts the weather; gives warning of floods; estimates the water resources derived from rain and snow, inspects cattle and meat; inspects all domestic animals imported to or exported from this country; seeks to prevent or suppress all contagious diseases among domestic animals; continually increases the efficiency of horses and cows by sci-

entific breeding; constantly explores the surface of the entire globe for new crops for the American farmer; enforces the Food and Drug Act to protect the public against poison and fraud; enforces humane and hygienic regulations about the transportation of live-stock; gives instruction in making fertile barren wastes; improves the quality and quantity of crops by breeding and selection; shows the farmers how to farm by actual demonstrations on their own farms; administers and conserves for the benefit of the whole people over 195,000,000 acres of National Forests; surveys the soils of the country and recommends the best crops for the various soils; wages relentless war against insect pests and imports their parasitic enemies from every part of the world; wages equally constant war against injurious animals and birds, while encouraging and protecting those which are beneficial; sets forth the natural conditions to be met with in every section of the country by life and crop-zone maps; provides the public with constant reports on the quality and quantity of all staple crops; constructs stretches of model roads as object lessons throughout the country; provides practical training for road engineers; collects and makes available information on road construction and administration throughout this country and Europe; assists State and country-road officials in the improvement of the highways under their charge. These are some of the chief concerns of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Farming is a good deal of an art and something of a science. As other arts and sciences, it requires systematic training. Many of our farmers, particularly in the South, lack such training. Until very recent years agricultural schools were few and far between. As a natural result there are many farmers who do not know how to farm,—that is, to the best advantage. Since the adult farmer cannot leave his farm to seek agricultural training, such training, if he is to have it, must seek him.

This it is doing. For just this purpose was organized, under the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Agricultural Department, the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work. It aims to make agriculture an occupation of profit and pleasure, to improve country conditions, to broaden and enrich rural life, and to make the farm and the country attractive and desirable for residence.

This is the way it is done: In October, public meetings are called in every district to be covered. The Director from Washington, or one of his assistants, presides. It is not difficult to persuade the farmers of the desirability of increasing their crop two or four fold. It is difficult to persuade them that it can be done. In this, the leading village bankers, merchants, and editors, are called in to help. The progressive farmers are first won over. They then use their influence with the rank and file. Finally a majority agrees to the experiment. A demonstration farm and farmer are selected in each district. There are enough so that every farmer may see one or more demonstrations during the crop-growing season. The demonstrator agrees to follow directions, while doing all the actual work himself. What he can do, his neighbors will believe they can do.

Every month during the season, instructions are sent to each demonstrator, definitely outlining the plan for managing the crop. In addition, a local agent calls each month and explains anything that may not have been understood in the printed instructions. Be-

sides this, notice is sent to each co-operating farmer of a neighborhood to meet the Government Agent on a certain date at a given farm for a joint discussion of plans, in a "field school."

In these discussions, it is frequently found that the small farmers had never completely fulfilled any of the conditions necessary to successful farming. Believing they knew all there was to know about farming, they had always blamed the weather or the land for their failures or meagre successes. At a public meeting in Alabama, one such man made this manly confession: "I was born in a cotton-field, and have worked cotton on my farm for more than forty years. I thought no one could tell me anything about raising cotton. I had usually raised one-half a bale on my thin soil, and I thought that was all the cotton there was in it in one season. The demonstration-agent came along, and wanted me to try his plan on two acres. Not to be contrary, I agreed, but I did not believe what he told me.

"However, I tried my best to do what he said, and at the end of the year I had a bale and a half to the acre on the two acres worked *his* way, and a little over a third of a bale on the land worked *my* way. You could have knocked me down with a feather. This year, I have a bale and a half to the acre on my whole farm. If you do not believe it, I invite you to go down and see. Yes, sir; as a good cotton-planter, I am just one year old."

During the first season of a demonstration in a neighborhood, usually a few only are sufficiently aroused to break through the inertia of long habit, and try the plan; the second year they try it on more acres, and some of their neighbors follow their example; the third season, perhaps as many as half adopt some of the methods; and so it goes, until concrete results have so moulded local public opinion that the new methods gradually become the customary ones.

One lesson that the Agents drive home is this: In farming, no more than in other kinds of business, can one make money

without spending it. This, too, is shown by actual demonstration. The agent has a farm worked with a full complement of horses, mules, and modern implements. It is shown that the earning capacity of each farm worker is practically proportionate to the number of horses or mules for the use of each. In North Dakota, each farm worker has five horses, cultivates 135 acres, and has an earning capacity of \$755.62 annually; in Iowa each laborer has four horses, tills 80 acres, and earns \$611.11; while in Alabama, where each farm laborer has but three-fifths of a mule (doesn't sound useful, does it?), and works 15 acres, he earns \$143.98 only.

Imagine what this demonstration-work means to the poor and obscure farmer! His name appears in the local paper as having been selected by the United States Department of Agriculture to be the official demonstrator for his neighborhood. He receives instructions direct from Washington, he begins to receive special attention from his neighbors, he takes a personal pride in having the best seed and the best cultivation. As his crop begins to show special excellence, it becomes a chief topic of local discussion. Finally the Demonstration-Agent calls, and a "field school" is held on his farm. He begins to feel not only that he has raised more of a crop, but that he has become more of a man. The mowing-machine and the battered wagon disappear from the front yard, the garden is weeded, the house and barn are painted or white-washed, the dilapidated harness is repaired or replaced by a new one, the old fence is straightened, and the whole place begins to look its new part in the life of the community.

Finally the crop is harvested—the record crop for the county. "Write ups" about it appear in the county papers. The farmer begins to get inquiries. His advice is sought by previously indifferent neighbors. A meeting is called to discuss the new methods, and he is made Chairman. As a climax, he receives an invitation from the County Seat to come and explain his

success before the farmers of the county.

By this time he has grown even faster than his crop. He has achieved something of which to be proud. His neighbors have come to look upon him as a leader. He has a prospect of more money than he ever earned before. To relapse to his former obscurity and poverty, is out of the question. Inevitably he becomes a leader in seeking to improve conditions in the community. He wants telephone service, rural free delivery, a better school for his children, and better public roads. In short, he gets healthfully discontented with unnecessary inconveniences and limitations.

In January, 1907, this Demonstration Work was started in Virginia. It had come to be generally held that farming in Virginia could not be made profitable. Many farmers had moved away. Most of those who remained had given up trying to improve their farms. Many farms had become increasingly unproductive until they were finally thrown upon the market at from \$5 to \$8 an acre. Instead of trying to raise enough hay for their animals, the farmers imported most of it. Corn gave only five to ten bushels an acre.

On the demonstration-farm of the State Agent at Burkeville, Va., in 1907, the crop yield per acre was four to six tons of hay, and 75 bushels of corn. Another demonstrator raised 85 bushels of corn to the acre. The next year the demonstration-farms had increased from 27 to nearly 1,200. Practically all the land in and about Burkeville has doubled in value, and some of it has tripled. The discovery that hay could be grown successfully resulted in the building of a creamery—the local bank advancing the money. Money became more plentiful and the standard of living rose. Of necessity home and community improvements followed. Eleven of the farmers put hot-water heating and sanitary plumbing into their houses. It requires no powerful imagination to picture what the contemplated continuance and extension of this work will mean to the farmers and to the country life of America.



Methods of "Philistine Teachers."

THE public has grown accustomed to the sporadic appearance of infant prodigies possessing musical genius or other specific gifts, but when young Sidis arose on the horizon a few months ago, the entire educational world stood agape.—For here was a boy whose teacher-father claimed that he was no *prodigy* at all—merely the product of intelligent methods of teaching, and yet who had mental power, intellectual capacity and well-stored mind of such grasp that all Harvard ran to see and hear while he gave a lecture on the Fourth Dimension—that imaginary nothing which only the most mathematical minds can pretend that they are able to conceive.

Yes, here was a boy of ten years, who could discourse intelligently on art and mathematics, geography and history; who could speak in several languages, and was well up in literature, and withal was happy-hearted and as fond of boyish sports as the ordinary boy who can neither read, spell, nor remember his yesterday's lesson. And his father insists that his boy possessed no unusual capacity or gifts, but that the difference between him and the boy of the usual, normal type was merely a matter of training.

Admitting this to be the case, we cannot wonder that Professor Sidis should express great dissatisfaction with the modern school methods which afford such meagre results for all the outlay of time, money, thought and nerves expended upon them.

It is a little unsafe to decide as to the merits of Professor Sidis' particular methods until the boy has grown to manhood, and proved their value in the battle of life. But all thinking people

realize that our school systems do fail to produce results commensurate with what they may and should—and will read with interest, and frank, if reluctant endorsement, the pages of penetrating and pungent criticism from Professor Sidis' pen, which we publish herewith. The physician must diagnose the case before the cure can be effected. Once we have decided that something is wrong, we must call in the doctor, listen to his statement of causes and effects, and then proceed to act intelligently upon his advice. If our schools are faulty, it is for the parents and taxpayers to insist on better methods, until the best are arrived at. Too much fine raw boy and girl material goes to waste in our country.

From "Philistine and Genius", a book whose author is the above-mentioned Professor Boris Sidis, and whose publishers are Moffat, Yard & Co., we quote the following:

From time to time the "educational" methods of our philistine teachers are brought to light. A girl is forced by a schoolma'am of one of our large cities to stay in a corner for hours, because she unintentionally transgressed against the barrack-discipline of the school-regulations. When the parents became afraid of the girl's health and naturally took her out of school, the little girl was dragged before the court by the truant officer. Fortunately "the judge turned to the truant officer and asked him how the girl could be a truant, if she had been suspended. He didn't believe in breaking children's wills."

In another city a pupil of genius was excluded from school because "he did not fall in with the system" laid out by

the "very able business-superintendent." A schoolmistress conceives the happy idea of converting two of her refractory pupils into pin-cushions for the edification of her class. An "educational" administrative superintendent of a large, prosperous community told a lady who brought to him her son, an extraordinarily able boy, "I shall not take your boy into my high-school, in spite of his knowledge." When the mother asked him to listen to her, he lost patience and told her with all the force of his school-authority, "Madam, put a rope around his neck, weigh him well down with bricks!"

A principal of a high school in one of the prominent New England towns dismisses a highly talented pupil because, to quote verbatim from the original school document, "He is not amenable to the discipline of the school, as his school life has been too short to establish him in the habit of obedience." "His intellect," the principal's official letter goes on to say, "remains a marvel to us, but we do not feel, and in this I think I speak for all, that he is in the right place." In other words, in the opinion of those remarkable pedagogues, educators and teachers, the school is not the right place for talent and genius!

A superintendent of schools in lecturing before an audience of "subordinate teachers" told them emphatically that *there was no place for genius in our schools*. Dear old fogies, one can well understand your indignation! Here we have worked out some fine methods, clever rules, beautiful systems and then comes genius and upsets the whole structure! It is a shame! Genius cannot fit into the pigeon-holes of the office desk. Choke genius, and things will move smoothly in the school and the office.

Not long ago we were informed by one of those successful college-mandarins, lionized by office-clerks, superintendents and tradesmen, that he could measure education by the foot-rule! Our Regents are supposed to raise the level of education by a vicious system of examination and coaching, a system

which Professor James, in a private conversation with me, has aptly characterized as "idiotic."

Our schools brand their pupils by a system of marks, while our foremost colleges measure the knowledge and education of their students by the number of "points" passed. The student may pass either in Logic or Blacksmithing. It does not matter which, provided he makes up a certain number of "points"!

College-committees refuse admission to young students of genius, because "it is against the policy and the principles of the university." College-professors expel promising students from the lecture-room for "the good of the class as a whole," because the students "happen to handle their hats in the middle of a lecture." This, you see, interferes with class discipline. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus*. Let genius perish, provided the system lives. Why not suppress all genius, as a disturbing element, for "the good of the classes," for the weal of the commonwealth? Education of man and cultivation of genius, indeed! This is not school policy.

We school and drill our children and youth in schoolma'am mannerism, school-master mind-ankylosis, school-superintendent stiff-joint ceremonialism, factory regulations and office-discipline. We give our pupils and students artisan-inspiration and business-spirituality. Originality is suppressed. Individuality is crushed. Mediocrity is at a premium. That is why our country has such clever business men, such cunning artisans, such resourceful politicians, such adroit leaders of new cults, but no scientists, no artists, no philosophers, no statesmen, no genuine talent and no true genius.

School-teachers have in all ages been mediocre in intellect and incompetent. Leibnitz is regarded as a dullard and Newton is considered as a blockhead. Never, however, in the history of mankind have school-teachers fallen to such a low level of mediocrity as in our times and in our country. For it is not

the amount of knowledge that counts in true education, but originality and independence of thought that are of importance in education. But independence and originality of thought are just the very elements that are suppressed by our modern barrack-system of education. No wonder that military men claim that the best "education" is given in military schools.

We are not aware that the incubus of officialdom, and the succubus of bureaucracy have taken possession of our schools. The red tape of officialdom, like a poisonous weed, grows luxuriantly in our schools and chokes the life of our young generation. Instead of growing into a people of great independent thinkers, the nation is in danger of fast becoming a crowd of well-drilled, well-disciplined, commonplace individuals, with strong philistine habits and notions of hopeless mediocrity.

In levelling education to mediocrity we imagine that we uphold the democratic spirit of our institutions. Our American sensibilities are shocked when the president of one of our leading colleges dares to recommend to his college that it should cease catering to the average student. We think it un-American, rank treason to our democratic spirit when a college president has the courage to proclaim the principle that "To form the mind and character of one man of marked talent, not to say genius, would be worth more to the community which he would serve than the routine training of hundreds of undergraduates."

We are optimistic, we believe, in the pernicious superstition that genius needs no help, that talent will take care of itself. Our kitchen clocks and dollar time-pieces need careful handling, but our chronometers and astronomical clocks can run by themselves.

The truth is, however, that the purpose of the school and the college is not to create an intellectual aristocracy, but to educate, to bring out the individ-

uality, the originality, the latent powers of talent and genius present in what we unfortunately regard as "the average student." Follow Mill's advice. Instead of aiming at athletics, social connections, vocations and generally at the professional art of money-making, "Aim at something noble. Make your system such that a great man may be formed by it, and there will be a manhood in your little men, of which you do not dream."

Awaken in early childhood the critical spirit of man; awaken, early in the child's life, love of knowledge, love of truth, of art and literature for their own sake, and you arouse man's genius. We have average mediocre students, because we have mediocre teachers, department-store superintendents, clerkly principals and deans with bookkeepers' souls, because our schools and colleges deliberately aim at mediocrity.

Ribot in describing the degenerated Byzantine Greeks tells us that their leaders were mediocrities and their great men commonplace personalities. Is the American nation drifting in the same direction? It was the system of cultivation of independent thought that awakened the Greek mind to its highest achievements in arts, science and philosophy; it was the deadly Byzantine bureaucratic red tape with its cut-and-dried theological discipline that dried up the sources of Greek genius. We are in danger of building up a Byzantine empire with large institutions and big corporations, but with small minds and dwarfed individualities. Like the Byzantines we begin to value administration above individuality and official, red-tape ceremonialism above originality.

We wish even to turn schools into practical school-shops. We shall in time become a nation of well-trained clerks and clever artisans. The time is at hand when we shall be justified in writing over the gates of our school-shops "mediocrity made here!"





The Banner Song.

THERE was something of a crowd in the large farm kitchen, for Uncle Luke had got home, and he was a very popular though very ignorant man. He was eating his supper, and would not say a word to any one, or make even a gesture beyond a nod and a wink, until he had devoured the very last potato and slice of fried ham, and had given the meal its doxology, as he called it, consisting of a dish of cider-apple sauce. But all the relatives and neighbors were willing to let him go on, for they knew he would make it up when he was through eating. Meanwhile they conversed cheerfully among themselves.

"Uncle Luke looks pr'tty well", said one.

"He went down to New York on a railroad pass", added another.

"Didn't hev to pay a cent", said another. "Eli Hathaway, he tuk him along to help manage a carload of horses. Got him chalked down an' back."

"He seen a heap o' things in New York", continued another.

"No, I didn't see nothin' whatsoever in New York", exclaimed Uncle Luke, giving his lips a loud final smack, and shunting his chair away from the table. "Was so tired when I got in I hed to sleep in the tavern all the while I was there."

"Seen a heap on the way down there I'll bet", said another.

"Didn't see a thing", replied Uncle Luke. "Had to watch the horses half the time."

"Seen a heap comin' back", suggested another.

"Yes, I seen a heap comin' back", replied Uncle Luke, "an' heard more; an'

I'll tell ye what it was. Stopped in Buffalo over night fur to change cars, an' Eli says, 'Le's go to a concert.' 'Concerts ain't any good to me', I replied, 'any more than pictures to a blind man. I never know what piece they're a-playin' or a-singin'. I can't tell the notes apart, excep' that some of 'ems louder than some o' the others.' 'Never mind, come on', says Eli, 'an' see the folks that's there, an' how many different kinds o' women's hats you ken count.' An' I went.

"It was all sorts of a concert in one, an' they was quite a lot of men an' women took an interest in a-makin' of the noise. The first piece was on a pianner, which is re'lly a big dulcimer where you use the fingers fur hammers. It was all 'Fiddledy-diddledy-dink-dink-dink-fiddledy-dink, slam', an' I didn't git much out of it excep' the young woman's hair—an' I wondered whether that was hers or a wig. Then there was singin' an' pieces spoke an' I couldn't seem to git hold an' hang on to any of 'em.

"An' then jus' as I was gittin' comfortable to sleep, a young feller came out an' bowed an' he stood an' looked as much like a gawky as any relative I ever hed."

Everybody laughed good-humoredly at this point, thinking of some other relation that Uncle Luke probably meant.

"'Well,' I says to Eli, 'I'm goin' to keep awake a little while longer, jus' to look at that feller an' thank the Lord I wasn't made quite as humbly as he is.'"

Everybody laughed good-humoredly again; and this time Uncle Luke paid the bill; for he was known as one who

never had dared look a pail of milk in the face, for fear of turning it prematurely sour.

"So he struck in", continued Uncle Luke, "an' by gracious somethin' entirely new happened: I could understand him. He told it all off so's I got the lan' furrow o' the story in a very little while, without consulting Eli a word about it. There was somethin' the matter about his tryin' to see somethin' through the dark in the early mornin'. He looked 'way off so an' seemed so anxious to find it, that firs' I knowed I looked too. But Eli whispered an' says 'It's all made up'; an' I says 'Durn you I know it', an' the singin' never noticed me, but went ahead.

"The young feller went on to explain that the night before everything was all right, but now!—was it all right now? an' then he turned to me an' to Eli an' to all of us, an' says in words better than I kin tell it, 'Say, fellers! is the ol' flag a-wavin' there the same as it was las' night? It was all right then—but how is it at the present writin'?"

"First I knowed I foun' myself sayin' to myself 'He's near-sighted, an' I'll look fur him', but jest then Eli whispers, 'Keep still, Luke, it's only a song', an' I says, 'Durn you, I know it.'

"Then he went on to tell quite a story, an' he hed it all in rhyme, an' a-singing all the while, an' by hokey I don't see how he done it. He was makin' believe that the enemy had been all night a-tryin' to pull the flag down; an' the great question was, hed they managed to do it? All to once he points with his long bony finger, an' then his face lights up, an' he says, 'What's that out yender? Now I kin see it an' now I can't, but I'll know in a minnit—Oh, I'll soon know! Now the sun is a-gettin' a little higher an' is a-shinin' on it someat; now the thing whirls aroun' an' gits the full blaze of it' an' look! there's two of 'em! one atop o' the fort, an' one reflected in the water! It's the flag—it's the old stars an' stripes—it's still there—an' I hope it'll be there a long, long time, to wave over the likeliest set o' people that ever ploughed

a furrow, or mowed a field o' grass!"

"An' then he actu'ly looked han'some, this feller—an' I was all excited an' ready to holler Amen! I got as far as the A, but Eli, he pulled down at me, an' says, 'That feller's singin' it fur pay', an' I says, 'Durn you, I know it', an' stayed still.

"But the young man wasn't half through yit. He kep' gittin' better an' better lookin' all the time, an' a-singin' more an' more earnest. 'The flag's all right—now where's the enemy?' he yells. 'They said they was goin' to whip us out—they was goin' to take our homes away from us—we was sure to be outcasts, without any country of our own, an' must jine them an' take up with what we could git or disappear from the earth! Where are these fellers gone?' 'To the old Harry, I hope', says I, but Eli pulled me by the sleeve like a pickerel on a hook, an' says, 'This is a concert, not a town-meetin' an' they'll put you out ef you ain't keerful', an' I says, 'Durn 'em, I know it.'

"'There ain't a place where they set their foot, but the mark hez be'n wiped out with their own blood!' shouted the young man at this juncture. At this I begun to pity 'em; fur when you talk about a man's blood, it brings you nearer to him, somehow. 'No, I hope it ain't as bad as that', I says. 'We'll just take 'em prisoners, an' send 'em home to their folks on parole, an' tell 'em never to say or do such things ag'in, or we won't ans'er fur the consequences.' But Eli whispers, 'It's too late; it was all done before this song was sung'; an' I says, 'Durn it, I s'pose so.'

"'There ain't any place where a tyrant can hide permanent, excep' in the grave!' said the feller, an' I tell you he wasn't humly now, but looked fierce an' noble an' independent and han'some, all to once! An' then he shouted ag'in to the effect thet the flag was a-goin' to wave, whatever happened! An' he tol' it in such a way that it made my teeth fairly grind together; an' I had all I could do to keep from jumpin' up and hollerin', 'You're right!' But Eli

wouldn't let me; this feller kep' singin' along an' hopin' that it would al'ays be that way;—whenever a free country was a-tryin' to stan' between itself an' destruction, he prayed that the same good Lord that made us up into a nation would keep us all right. An' then he kind a caused one to feel ez ef the whole country was in danger ag'in, an says, 'But we shall come out ahead—an' we've got a motto worth havin'—'In God is our trust—an' the flag is a-goin' to wave over us forever an' forever an' forever!'"

Uncle Luke rose, and brought down his fist with a thump upon the table.

The cider apple-sauce dish fled in dismay, the teapot tumbled to the floor, and thirteen different dishes were fighting with each other at one time—to the utter demolition of some of them, and the delight of all the friends and relatives.

"Theer", said Aunt Patience, "now you've smashed up a dollar's worth of dishes, just a-tellin' a young man's performance, when probably any one of us could have seen the whole thing for a quarter!"

And Uncle Luke cowed back in his chair, and murmured, "Durn him, I know it!"

Aunt Melinda's Journey.

AUNT MELINDA was not handsome; neither was she gifted, save in coaxing tangles out of rebellious curls, and kissing bruised places to make them well; but she was our household saint, and what woman could be other than lovely, with love beaming from her eyes, love reflected in every touch, love thrilling in every tone of her voice, love radiating from her whole being?

And when Helen was recovering from that dreadful siege of scarlet fever, what face was so welcome, so restful to look upon as Aunt Melinda's, as she leaned over the bed or hovered near the fever-racked patient, anticipating every desire, interpreting the wish, even before it had taken tangible shape; and when Tom broke his leg and barely escaped with his neck from riding that dangerous colt, who stood by the doctor and ministered to the sufferer while he was paying for his fun so dearly? And in the long dreary nights that followed, who watched by the bedside and whiled away the wakeful hours with her never failing sympathy?—ah, it is something to have a household saint!

Aunt Melinda never wondered, never queried; she took it for granted that

what came first was to be done, and if the "bread cast upon the waters" was unduly retarded in returning, she gave it no thought. Still, it was little short of wonderful how many things came "first" for Aunt Melinda.

She never suspected that she was the living embodiment of the old English maxim, "Do ye next thyng", for romance and Aunt Melinda were relations infinitely "removed", and it would have been the sheerest folly to have tried to convince her that her brave, helpful life was anything out of the ordinary.

Despite Aunt Melinda's love for home life, there was inborn in her an intense desire to travel, a wish that had never been gratified because, as she jokingly put it, "The sign wasn't always in the feet", and so she could count upon the fingers of one hand all the journeys she had ever taken.

It was characteristic of Aunt Melinda that the plans she contrived for the pleasure of others were invariably carried out to the very letter, but those that in her heart she had so wished for, she suffered to pass by and gave no sign.

She had "lowed" to go to the Philadelphia Centennial, but sister Mary's

little boy was just getting over the measles, and Mary and John had counted so on going, so Aunt Melinda stayed at home with the little invalid; she had "lowed" to go to Chicago, too, and attend the Fair, but Jennie's baby was cutting its teeth and she couldn't bear to think of leaving it, so the Centennial came and went, the World's Fair came and went, and Aunt Melinda came and went, like an angel of light among the grown-up children's homes and aided, petted or abetted as was needed.

The little children had grown so accustomed to Aunt Melinda's ministrations, so used to running to her with little childish worries, knotty curls, torn dresses, petty quarrels and troublesome examples, that it had never occurred to them what life would be without her. But when day by day the sweet pale face grew sweeter and paler, and day by day the light elastic step lost more and more of its elasticity, the eyes of the elders were opened and with aching hearts the old family physician was immediately summoned.

The grave doctor's thoughts, upon arriving, were these: "nervous prostration, no thought for herself, worn out for others",—but what he said was,—"Absolute rest and change of air, more than medicine is what is needed; send her off to the southern part of the state to her brother's for the rest of the year, and she'll come back a different person",—and Aunt Melinda lay and listened, with a new look upon her face, a new light in her eyes, a new joy in her heart.

When the doctor's prescription was made known, there was a general wail; every one would miss her so, what would they do, how could they ever manage to live without her? but the old doctor stood firm, the fiat had gone forth, nothing remained but to obey it and that as speedily as possible.

When it dawned upon the family that in order to keep the loved one with them they must let her go from them for a season, every one stood ready to help, and out of this depth of feeling came gifts in abundance. Pathetically

inappropriate as were some of the gifts of the younger children, Aunt Melinda would refuse none of the love offerings, while nothing could be more opportune than Tom's present of his new alligator grip as a small token of the loving care she showered upon him and his poor splintered limb, and uppermost in Helen's mind as she tendered her offering, a dressing-case, was that fearful fever and the dear patient watcher. One sister adds a silk umbrella, another one a pair of black kid gloves, and Aunt Melinda can travel respectably.

When the children were all asleep that night, Aunt Melinda stole to the nursery, and, laying a trembling hand upon the tangled mops of curls, kissed the flushed foreheads, and the soft cheeks where recent tears had left their mark, and reluctantly turned to go, but a sound stayed her steps and she leaned over the little crib; it was baby Willie, sobbing even in his sleep. That settled it,—she would not, could not go, her tender heart gave way; and hastening to her room she wept for the sorrow of the children, wept for the very joy of being beloved, and calmly made up her mind to let nothing tempt her to start on the morrow—not a sigh for the pleasures just shown and then withdrawn, even though voluntarily.

Her clothes and gifts were all laid out, but she was tired, and would see about putting them away tomorrow; she blew out her light and crept to bed.

The morning dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for a journey. The rising-bell rang, the breakfast-bell rang, still no Aunt Melinda. Then it was that they sought her. They opened the door and went in—her black bombazine dress was laid out carefully on a chair, her shawl, gloves and handkerchief were close by, while upon the floor was her bonnet-box and the new grip and umbrella: all was in readiness, but the peaceful face, bordered by its bands of soft gray hair, lay motionless upon the pillow, and all the years of patient waiting were merged into one happy whole. Aunt Melinda had taken her journey.

GOD-BYE, OLD HORSE

THE pleasant days have gone their ways, the world is getting old,
The wind is in the north again—the air is damp and cold;
They turn their heads and laugh at us—those days we used to win—
And Fortune when we ask for her, sends word she isn't in.
The earth is growing bare and bleak, and clouds are in the sky;
So I must go and find the sun: my dear old horse, good-bye!

You had a speed and I a rein we both knew how to trust:
Oh 'twas a mighty lively rig that gave us any dust!
We made a race-track of the road whene'er we had a mind,
And you had not the faculty of following on behind.
But luck went off another way, and never told us why:—



And so I've got to walk a bit:—my dear old horse, good-bye!

One night we met a robber band with whom we couldn't agree—
And one caressed you by the bit, and one took charge of me.
I knocked mine over with the whip, and yours you trampled down,
And showed the rest a set of heels unrivalled in the town.
I said, "Old man, we'll never part till one of us shall die":



But Ruin sneers at hearts and hands—good-bye, old friend, good-bye!

One merry eve when ruby wine had turned my brain to lead,
Beside the road when half-way home I stopped and went to bed.
But I was watched by chivalry all through my night's disgrace:
For when I woke, your warm sweet nose was cuddling round my face.
You vowed no harm should come to me, with you a-lingering nigh:
I'd stay by you now if I could—Good-bye, old horse, good-bye!

I think and hope I'm leaving you in good and friendly hands—	There'll come first thing across the space, a telegram for you.
I feel as if you'd think of me in distant seas and lands;	I hope that yet some happy days we'll capture, you and I,
And if my fate turns round again, and Effort serves me true,	And golden stables shall be yours in Heaven, bye and bye!

Corals On the Maine.

THE warrior ship had moored beneath the waves,
Its tangled depths were crowded thick with graves:
Each jewelled sword had bent a shattered knee
Before the rusting sabres of the sea.

True patriots could not let their heroes lie
Without one glance of pity from the sky:
So delved among those caverns of despair,
And all the ghosts of ruin slumb'ring there.

No gleaming triumph of the builder's toil,
But one demoniac moment served to spoil;
And hearts long loved and cherished night and day,
Were in a midnight tempest swept away.

It was a lesson to our minds—alas!
That warning: how or when it comes to pass,
This world must heed the universal touch,
And fall in Ruin's ever-waiting clutch.

But lo!—amid that sad and silent place,
Were tiny craftsmen of the coral race!
Those unobtrusive "toilers of the sea"—
Those builders of the islands yet to be.

With placid thrift, they plied their wizard-trade,
Close-clinging to the fragments War had made,
As if those had been summoned to their call:
They knew not that the wrecks were wrecks at all.

It was a lesson to our hearts!—with joy
We felt that Ruin is in God's employ;
And there are builders that we cannot see,
Erecting grander worlds for you and me.

It was a lesson to our souls!—above
The gloomy graves of those we loved and love,
The joys they sought, our martyred lads may know,
On spirit islands, fashioned long ago.



|| Catania's Recent Close Call.

OUR frontispiece this month gives a view of the lava-city, Catania, living by grace of the volcano Ætna, which in that picture is represented as frowning in the distance.

The city (containing 150,000 inhabitants) thrives upon Ætna. The streets are paved with its lava; the mole that protects the harbor is composed of it; the lava-built houses are filled with lava-constructed furniture; the very children play with lava toys. Snow, taken from the huge sides of the burning mountain, is made an article of merchandise, and exported at a profit. Sulphur, another product of great value, is dug from the crevices between the lava-beds.

The cotton, wine, linseed, almonds,

and other valuable products, all come from the rich soil of decayed lava. Many tourists each year leave considerable money in the thrifty little city, before starting for the summit of Ætna.

The close call which the huge mountain in its bad and murderous moods has given the town this year, is not by any means the first one. One of the most dreadful was in March, 1669, when a lava-stream twentyfive feet in width started for the town, which it seemed bent on destroying.

The people bravely went out to meet it, and prayed the Virgin to change its course. It merely grazed the city, and went into the sea: and to this day the inhabitants claim that the escape was due to their prayers.



Plants That Fight.

THERE are some very crafty villains among our silent forest friends; disagreeable but interesting inhabitants of the glimmering green world about us, whose beauty is so grateful to tired eyes, and whose stillness brings such rest that few suspect life to be a struggle with murderous foes for many of its residents.

An ambitious vine will choke and strangle a stalwart tree in determined efforts to reach its topmost leaf; but climbing, weak-stemmed plants, like the familiar ivy and honeysuckle, are more dependent than vicious, and not to be catalogued with the robber parasites, who live on the blood of their victims, and whose attack in some cases is sure death.

It is exceedingly curious to note the varying degrees of parasitism, and trace the causes which led some once very respectable and independent plants to live by making their neighbors suffer.

The conditions which rendered them paupers and then dangerous thieves can only be guessed at; but it is certain that the parasitical habit is gradually formed and advances with succeeding generations.

The mistletoe is a mild fighter who fastens only upon trees strong enough to support it without difficulty; but in Jamaica and other warmer climates it is a particularly dangerous plant, invariably killing the tree it feeds upon; sometimes being quite leafless, and living entirely upon stolen sap.

The English Dodders are small but relentless parasites that creep into clover and oat-fields, or among any plants crowded together, wind wire-like coils about their prey, and proceed to loosen their hold in the earth to drink the

blood of the tiny plants who struggle in vain to resist them.

The army of vegetable barbarians who have always lived by conquering their higher caste companions is a mighty one. To it belong the parasitic fungi, the rusts, mildews, blights and enemies we call diseases; and hosts of plants fall before their ferocious attacks every year.

In tropical forests a state of war is far more apparent. Each plant and tree seems to fight desperately for supremacy, and every growing thing appears possessed with a spirit of selfish restlessness. The huge creepers twist and coil about the monarch trees like huge serpents, and climb persistently until they spread their foliage triumphantly over their summits.

The Sipo Matador, or the "Murderer Liana," is a particularly disagreeable climbing tree of the fig variety. Springing up close to some huge tree, it stretches out arm-like branches, which cling to its trunk, meet, and blend together at quite regular intervals as they rise, until the hapless cylinder of vegetation is clasped by tightening rings, which in time triumphantly hold a dead victim.

The Bamboo-vine is a confirmed strangler. The rope-like lianes hang in loops and stretch from bough to bough in a determined effort to overpower their neighbors.

The success of every species in this crowded wilderness depends on their ability to conquer their fellows; and the tangle of beauty is a great battlefield where each soldier fights for himself.

The dark-leaved Matapolo is a conspicuous old sinner, who in babyhood

sends an air-like root into his victim's stem, and twines and rises relentlessly until his branches are crowned in the sunshine, eighty feet above, and with rich foliage.

Contented little plants nestle here and there, and are described as some of the loveliest, but the majority enter the struggle for light and air, and adopt

belligerent methods, as an absolute necessity.

Such wild forest barbarism is weird and depressing to contemplate, and we view with satisfaction the vegetable world about us, where competition exists of a milder variety, and thieves and murderers are less numerous and powerful.

Eighteen Thoughts.

What we call "trash" may contain treasures.

A woman without tact, is a cat without feelers.

Few travelers stay anywhere long enough to learn anything.

An American horse-trade would generally "make a horse laugh", if he could understand English.

Twice-told tales depend for their entertaining qualities upon who tells them and how they are told.

Strange that the plant of murder should grow from the seeds of love: but it sometimes happens so.

The reason troubles have the reputation of never coming singly, is that one is liable to bring on another.

When you tamper with other people's business, you are liable to put your fingers gratuitously into the fire.

A public whipping on the bare back would do more good to lots of criminals, than any amount of imprisonment.

Perhaps each hemisphere of the world drapes itself in mourning every night, for those who have died during the day.

Most of the subjects have been "cov-

ered", and most of those *merely* covered, and worked to no appreciable depth.

A strike always fails, and never fails: the employees get less than they demand, and the employers give up more than they wish.

Profanity is growing rarer as the world grows more fierce and strenuous: a plain statement of the facts being all that is necessary.

There may be millions of "senses": Nature gives us five, which she considers just the number necessary to do the work required by her.

Small men nestling in among great men in order to make themselves appear greater, frequently achieve the exactly opposite result.

Those who mistakenly suppose that they are the real makers of some particular thing, are very much surprised when they try to make another.

It may interest you to count up how many you have known in various occupations, who called themselves "experts", and were merely expert fools.

If people could once really see the devil as terrible as he has been painted, they never would call anything after him, or play with his name in any way.

Editorial Comment.

EDUCATION SHOULD EDUCATE.

THERE are probably no "doctors" that "will disagree" so frequently or persistently as the educators of children. We need not fear that the human race will become monotonous, so long as it receives its early education in so many different ways.

The notions, methods, and idiosyncrasies of teachers are an interesting study. They often arise in the mind of some strong-willed principal or superintendent, who has brooded over such matters until he is sure his way is the best, and pauses not in his career until he induces or compels scores and perhaps hundreds of teachers to follow him.

Sometimes an author of text-books will experiment upon new methods of instruction; his publishers of course will push the book "for all that it is worth", and sometimes for much more; and the new method is adopted in several schools before its real value or lack of value has been ascertained.

So we have all sorts of things taught in all sorts of ways. One set of youths are given languages by the learning of rules of grammar, which they are expected to remember and apply when needed; another set are instructed by furnishing the words first and letting them learn the grammar afterward. Some children are taught to read by presenting to them the letters one by one; others, a word at a time; still others are expected to grasp a sentence at one glance. Some tots are disciplined from the very start to sit still and mind their books; others are systematically amused, with a certain amount of instruction thrown in.

The question has often been agitated by certain educators, whether, instead of commencing with thought and working on into feeling, the teacher should not commence with feeling and work into thought. For instance, it is proposed to treat children more as nature has treated primitive adults: let them feel a personal interest in the sun, moon, stars, trees, plants, shrubs, flowers, mountains, hills, valleys, groves, forests, etc., etc.; encourage them in talking to these objects of nature, and teach them ancient myths concerning them; and thus stimulate feeling before thought is cultivated.

All of these different theories show more or less merit; but most of them have a tendency to run away from themselves, and from the inexorable fact that true Education is Discipline. It is not a stuffing process, a hot-house growth, a series of juvenile dramas, a group of emotional songs, or a collection of street games brought into the school-room. It is not a series of long-winded lectures given by fossilized professors before students with note-book in hand. It is not alternate pounding and expounding with a poor puzzled child.

It is the systematizing of such knowledge as the youth already possesses, and the furnishing of aid in the gradual and sure acquirement of more. It is the putting of all his present powers into healthful action, and assisting him to acquire new ones. It is not so much to teach him the thoughts of others, as how to observe, think, and decide for himself.

Just so far as education departs from

these purposes and results, it does not educate; and such money and time as are laid out upon it are to a great extent lost.

THE "BOOB" PROBLEM.

THERE are several thousands of the youth of our land, to whom the term "Boob" has been applied, by some one who had a genius for naming. It may be a contraction of "booby", or a corruption of "bub", or a rude adaptation of "baboon": but it serves, and is used more or less throughout the country.

The Boob is a more or less sturdy youth who has just cast off the restraint of youth, and has not yet acquired the natural restraint of manhood and citizenship. Beyond an outward show of obedience to his employer or instructor, he acknowledges no master, and no control whatever. His parents do not count, except in financial difficulties; constables and policemen are merely obstructions to overcome or evade; and people not Boobs, he considers merely as foils for his fun.

If a "student", the Boob gets along with as little study as possible, and is satisfied if by hook or crook he worries through with his examinations so as to make the required class next year. His ambition is to join some college society full of petty villainies, hideous tricks, and idiotic "stunts"—instead of one of the studious, genuinely respectable sort. He tries and affects to look down upon the large number of real students who are striving for real improvement. He is liable and, apparently, even eager, to acquire habits of dissipation which may hang to him and ravage within him, throughout his life. He is a damage and a calamity to himself, to his family, to his college, and to his country. Both to the sociological student, and to the guardian of public morals and safety,

he is a vexing and portentous problem.

If a pure idler, or even if a lad working in an office or shop, the Boob is no less of a nuisance. He often frequents public halls, and tries, in some disagreeable and cowardly manner, to make a disturbance. On excursion-trains or trolley-cars—especially in the city, and at night, he makes the coaches hideous with unnecessary clamor, and insulting actions toward decent people who have bought their right to a placid and uninterrupted trip. He often travels in gangs of Boobs, outnumbering trainmen and car-crews, and defying them to prevent their petty villainies. They insult women, and, in cowardly numbers, attack men who defend those under their care.

It is gratifying to know that several hundred of these animated clods of youthful disgrace, have of late been hauled off the cars by policemen, and, in spite of political considerations, sentenced to terms of varied lengths, in the work-house. It is unfortunate that they could not have been consigned for awhile to state-prison!

The case of young Beattie, recently sentenced to the electric chair, near Richmond, Va., for shooting his wife to death, was that of a Boob. He was furnished with money all through his boyhood; he had his own horses and carriages, his own automobiles, his own circle of disreputable friends in the so-called "lower world" of Richmond. Toward one of these friends, he kept a disreputable attachment, even after having married a respectable girl, this latter so as to not be disinherited by his father, who had become disgusted with his conduct. He thought he would take this wife out into the country and shoot her—laying the crime to a highwayman. His muddled brain, steeped in alcohol, made him think that he could carry this lie safely off—notwithstanding the undoubtable facts of the case: but the jury, not waiting for their foreman to

voice the verdict, all shouted "Guilty!"

The Van Wormer boys, who, some years ago, shot their uncle at his very door one evening, were "Boobs." Like hundreds of their class, they did not realize the many methods by which Law, nowadays, ferrets out its enemies and violators. They did not reflect, that the telephone is a bloodhound, and they would be tracked before daylight came.

There are plenty of problems, in this fast-flying and high-flying age, for straight-meaning people to solve: and that of the Boob is one of the most important. It is due to all classes that he should either be reformed quickly, or banished from reputable society.

It is especially due to the large and attractive class of decent, law-abiding boys, who may thus be protected from frequent and injurious contact with the inferior creatures.

OUR COY NEIGHBOR CANADA.

THE refusal of Canada to make a "reciprocity" deal with United States, need not be looked upon too solemnly or apprehensively. There is simply an attempted bargain fallen-through, and one that can survive its rejection, and be practically renewed at a later date, in this or some other form.

Probably many Canadians voted against it, not because they did not want reciprocity of some sort, but because they did not like something or other in the terms of this particular proposition. The failure of this will be an education in framing future ones.

Doubtless many Canadians voted against it on account of the megaphonic yell that was raised against any proposition coming from United States. This class will perhaps turn the other way, as soon as a louder and longer and more attractive counter-yell is raised.

Doubtless many voted against it because they considered it a stepping-

stone toward the annexation of Canada to this country. No doubt there is some reason in this theory—although it is a very short step on a very long way.

To be sure, President Taft says that his experience teaches him that we have "territory enough without enlarging our borders." But his observation must have taught him, that this nation has been in the enlargement business, ever since it became a nation. It has constantly been turning territories—mere colonies on the start—into states; it has acquired already a goodly part of old-Mexico, an island or two in the West Indies, the Philippines, Alaska, the Sandwich group, and, many think, is in danger of having yet to take over the tempestuous little republic of Cuba. Some of this acquiring, it has done almost in spite of itself.

The Hon. Champ Clark, who is now Speaker of our House of Representatives, said, during discussion of the question: "I am in for reciprocity, because I hope to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North Americas, clear to the North Pole." This remark Mr. Clark is said to have made "jocularly": but a portion of the Canadian press took it in earnest, and exploited it for all it was worth: and it was no doubt of considerable value in the Canadian campaign that followed. The desire for annexation is said to actually exist in Mr. Clark's heart, according to his own personal confession, made outside of public speeches; and there are a good many in both countries, who think as he does.

But this need not be made an issue, on either side of the line. United States is not gunning for new countries. She does not ask England to give up Canada, or Canada to secede from England and join Greater America, any more than she is doing the same with Australia or India. The popular sen-

timent of the countries concerned, and of the world—must decide, when the time for decision comes—if it ever does.

Meanwhile, the fact remains, that our two great countries of the Western Temperate Zone Region, ought to co-operate with each other socially, commercially, and in every other possible way: and if, instead of this, they must oppose each other, then, of course, the weaker must eventually lose out.

THE WRECK OF THE OLYMPIC.

IT could not legitimately be called a "wreck": but it looks well in a title-heading, and the last ends of the two words alliterate so far as sound is concerned. It would have resulted in a sure-enough wreck, in the case of a smaller vessel, to be rammed by a sturdy and powerful war-cruiser.

Every accident is a treatise on accidents, brim-full of lessons: and this is particularly so.

One is, that large vessels have their perils, as well as small ones: and that they who "go down to the sea" in enormous ships, while they escape many of the inconveniences of the deep, had better make their wills as usual before going.

Another is, that big ships ought to keep as far apart as possible, when sailing. If the Hawke had minded her business, and tried how far she could keep away from the Olympic instead of how near her she could safely approach, the accident would not have occurred—whether her suddenly veering around into the side of the larger vessel was the result of imperfect machinery, or of a drunken steersman.

Another is, that an ultra-big craft like the Olympic, holding thousands of

passengers, should not depend entirely upon herself to save those passengers, in case of an accident. She came out all right, this time: but what if she had been in mid-ocean, and sustained a collision with another liner, or a powerful tramp-steamer, or with a leviathan-iceberg that refused to move an inch more than absolutely compelled? A complete wreck, or at least a panic, might result in the loss of many lives.

Every large passenger-steamer should have her convoy—a boat of respectable size, within signal, or at most, wireless, distance, upon which she could depend for immediate assistance when needed. This lesser ship could be a carrier and if necessary a life-boat, all in one: and might, in an extreme exigency, save many lives.

CONCERNING THE FLY.

THERE can be no denying that the little winged house-pest is a nuisance when one wishes to sleep, to read, to eat, or do anything else, and there is no need of having it in the home, if screens are properly and persistently used; but the frenzied campaign just now being conducted against it, will bear a certain amount of analysis.

It may carry a lot of microbes to some place, but it also may take the same number away from some other place. And as to whether this live freight becomes any more harmful in transit, or is deprived of the power of injury—that is a question which may also bear studying.

Some people will continue to think that the house-fly, in spite of its bothersomeness, is a good scavenger, and intended by Nature as such.





The Making of a Hymn.

BY FANNY CROSBY.

TRUE hymns may be said, in one sense, to make themselves; although they must be given human instruments through which to work. No one should ever attempt to write a hymn, unless the ideas flow easily and naturally. But how is this to be brought about?—Some details of personal experience may not be uninteresting to the readers of this journal—nearly all of whom are likely to be more or less interested in the subject.

I have been a writer of hymns for many years, and the number of them which I have produced thus far, extends into the thousands. I say "thus far"—for though I am eighty years old (hymn-writers should never hesitate to give their age, although they be women) I hope for and expect at least twenty years more upon this earth, in which to sing the praises of my Creator and Redeemer!

"Take us into the hymn-workshop or laboratory", friends sometimes say to me. "Let us know your processes of thought, of feeling, of accomplishment. Give us the steps you employ, as nearly as possible, in constructing a hymn."

Well, I will, as accurately as I can. Maybe this article will inspire others to write sacred songs that shall do good in the future.

There is a great deal said nowadays, and I do not know but there always has been, about "moods" in writing. There is much truth in the doctrine. There are some days, or at least hours,

when I could not compose a hymn if the whole world were laid at my feet as a personal recompense. Fancy writing verses when one has that "hell of a' diseases", as Robbie Burns called it, the toothache! The silent cry of the suffering molar would run through it all. Imagine yourself trying to get into sweet accord with Heaven while your nerves were suffering from neuralgia! It could not be done. Sick people have written good poetry, but I fancy it was in their intervals of partial convalescence.

I am not subject to very many unpleasant sensations on account of ill health: the good Lord has given me a sound constitution, and a body which, though not particularly strong in appearance, is fitted to endure. But there are times when I am not in the mood



THE STAR HYMN-WRITER.

to write, and when, as I said above, it would not be possible for me immediately to compose a hymn.

So what would I do, if it were necessary or highly desirable that a hymn be written on a certain day or night: as for some occasion, or some work soon to be published?—If I were not in the mood to write, I would build a mood—or, try to draw one around me.

I should sit alone, as I have done on many a day and night, praying God to give me the thoughts and the feelings wherewith to compose my hymn. After a time—perhaps not unmingled with struggle—the thought would come, and I would soon be happy in my work.

It may seem a little old-fashioned, to always begin one's work with prayer, but I never undertake a hymn without first asking the good Lord to be my inspiration in the work that I am about to do.

Although I cannot read a printed book, having been deprived of sight almost from birth, yet, while composing, I feel happier and more at ease, if I hold a small volume in my hand. This may be a matter of habit: during my many years of teaching at the New York Institute for the Blind, I always kept a small book in my hands; and in reciting my own poems to audiences, I follow the same method.

When at last I have arrived at the right stage of thought and feeling, and am sure that I am in condition to reach the minds and hearts of my constituency, and sing to them something worthy for them to hear, I cast about for **a few minutes** as to the measure, and, possibly, the tune.

Much more depends upon this, than might at first seem to be the case. For if there is a false accent or a mistake in the metre, the hymn cannot stand much chance of proving a success; or at least its possibilities are very much lessened. Among the millions of hymns that have been attempted and forgotten, many contain no doubt deep and pious thought and feeling, but have been crippled and killed by the roughness of some line, or the irregularity of some measure.

Often I take in my mind some tune already well known, as a model, or, perhaps, more accurately speaking, as a guide, and work to it. This, however, does not imply that the tune will ultimately be chosen as the companion of the words: for it has probably already its own true and lawful mate, with which it is happy and useful. Sometimes a tune is furnished me for which to write the words.

"Blessed Assurance" was made in this manner. Mrs. Knapp had com-



FANNY CROSBY WRITING A HYMN.

posed the tune, and it seemed to me one of the sweetest I had heard for a long time. She asked me to write a hymn for it, and it seemed to me, while bringing the words and tones together, that the air and the hymn were intended for each other. In the many hundred times that I have heard it sung, this opinion has been more and more confirmed.

After any particular hymn is done, I let it lie for a few days in the writing-desk of my mind, so to speak, until I have leisure to prune it, to read it through with the eyes of my memory and altogether get it into as presentable shape as possible. I often cut it and trim it and change it.

"How can you remember a hymn?" I am often asked. To this I need only

reply that recollecting is not entirely a lost art, although we live in rushing days of memorandum-tablets and carefully kept journals and ledgers. The books of the mind are just as real and tangible as those of the desk and the library-shelves—if we only will use them enough to keep their binding flexible, and their delicate pages free from dust!

I have no trouble in sorting and arranging my literary and lyric wares within the apartments of my mind. If I were given a little while in which to do it, I could take down from its shelves hundreds if not thousands of hymns, that I have written, during the sixty years in which I have been praising my Redeemer through this medium of song. Do not let go to decay and ruin those vast interior regions of thought and feeling, good brother or sister! Your memory would be much to you if you were ever deprived of some of the organs of sense that now so distract you from deep and continued thought.

After the hymn is finished and transcribed by some friend, it waits for its tune, and steadfastly hopes that it will succeed in making a matrimonial alliance, and a good one. I have generally had the advantage of very sympathetic and talented composers. Among the first of these was the late William B. Bradbury—who was already noted as an author of hymn-music.

After Mr. Bradbury's death, I wrote many hymns for W. H. Doane, who composed much beautiful music. One day he came to me hurriedly, and exclaimed, "Fanny, I have just forty minutes to catch the train for Cincinnati; during that time you must write me a hymn, and give me a few minutes to catch the train."

He hummed the melody to which he wanted the words written; and in fifteen minutes I gave them to him, and he started away. Upon his arrival home he published them; and I have been told upon good authority that the hymn is now sung wherever Christian music is known. It has been translated into



FITTING A HYMN TO A TUNE.

eight or nine different languages, including even Hindu and Chinese. Many of the readers of this paper are familiar with it. It begins as follows:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

I could relate scores of incidents connected with this hastily-written hymn. One old lady in Scotland said to Mr. Sankey: "When ye gang back to America, gi'e Fanny Crosby my love, an' tell her an auld Scot's mither sends her blessin'. The last hymn my daughter sang before she died, puir dear sweet girl, was that one."

Sometimes the thoughts and feelings of many years will concentrate in a few minutes—especially if there exists some pressing necessity; and I suppose Mr. Doane's haste helped me in writing a hymn for which the people evidently were waiting.

I hope no one will think me vain in mentioning these incidents; they are intended just as a part of the description of my varying methods. Perhaps if I had worked longer on the hymn, I might not have done so well.

Mr. Ira B. Sankey has set many of my hymns to music, and I have found in him an acceptable successor to the sainted Bradbury.

A Story-Sermon.

TEXT: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It was a winter night at the residence of Frederick Morgan—richest farmer in town. Supper had been cleared away, and the family basked in their large living-room—all comfortable and happy. Some of them were reading; others playing games; still others gossiping a little; all pleasant and harmonious together.

The open fire-place—a grand old cavern in which many hundred tree-trunks had disappeared forever, now had within it a glistening colony of flames that crept skyward as if they belonged in the regions whence came the sunbeams and the lightning. There was nothing lacking to enhance the comfort outside, except a driving blizzard of a snow-storm; and almost before the want was felt by any one, there came a dash of gale-tortured flakes against the windows.

"Pretty well fixed we all are, in here", remarked Morgan to his wife, who sat at a work-table, with some kind of sewing, in which love-magnetized stitches were put for the benefit of the rest of the family. "Pretty comfortable. I met old Elder Whitlock about the middle of the afternoon, and he wanted me to go over to the prayer-meeting tonight. Funny. 'What do I want of prayer-meetings, such weather as this?' I asked. 'Home is prayer-meeting enough for me. When I get my family all around me, on a cold winter night, with everything nice and comfortable in the room, I don't need any other *meeting*, now I can tell you.'"

The wife sewed on, in silence. She was really of the opinion that a little asking of the divine aid was a good thing, once in a while. But her husband was inclined to skepticism in those matters, and his strong influence had rather inclined her that way. Still, she sewed on in silence.

"I met Doctor Davis, toiling along through the snow, on my way home from the postoffice", continued Farmer

Morgan. "He looked tired, and half sick himself. 'Well, Doctor, who is there out *this* way that thinks he's under the weather?' I asked. 'It's Turner, two miles east of you', he answered. 'I wish you'd go in and see him. He's badly off.'—'It's half imagination, and the other half laziness', says I. 'If he'd take care of himself as he ought to, and quit thinking he *was* sick, he wouldn't be sick at all.'—The Doctor shook his head and drove on.—'Doctor,' I halloed after him, 'when you want to see a real nice, healthy family, that *doesn't* have a hard fit of sickness from one year's end to another, walk into *my* house—provided you won't charge anything for coming.'—He shook his head again and drove on." And the wealthy, prosperous farmer laughed again, more loudly than ever.

The big fireplace blazed brighter than before: it really outdid itself. The children looked rosier and happier than usual. Even the cat purred more loudly than was his wont, and rolled in glee as the prettiest little daughter of the family came past and petted him. The great wailing blizzard outside grew more and more noisy, and added to the comparative comfort within the house. "Nothing like it", laughed the farmer, as he looked about him. "Good sensible straightforward living. Better than all the doctors, and all the meetings, and all the sentiment, and all the religion, in the world."

* * * * *

But just before she went to bed that night, the prettiest daughter of the house—an especial pet of her father—was troubled a little with her breathing. The mother gave her something to relieve it, but it appeared to have no effect. A bright, feverish spot appeared on each cheek—the most of which was pale as death. The little one began to cry: she was suffering terribly—as she had never done before. She looked wonderingly and almost reproachfully at her father, because he did not do something to help her. Alas!—there seemed nothing that he could do!

"Hitch 'Roan' to the cutter as quick

as you can, and bring him around to the front gate", he shouted, to one of the boys. "Throw in plenty of robes. I must have Dr. Davis here as soon as I can bring him!"

That trip was a terrible contrast to the warmth, the comfort, and the general enjoyment of an hour before. The storm was still on; the horse—most powerful in the farmer's ample stable—floundered and plunged through the snow, urged by almost frenzied lashings of the whip. The cold crept through Farmer Morgan's overcoat: he did not try to keep it out. The wind threw great handfuls of snow in his face: he brushed them away and kept on. How different from when the cold was stinging the people on their way to the meeting, and the wind was throwing snow at his shadow through the well-defended windows!

Dr. Davis, tired and half-supperless as he was, jumped into the cutter and rushed home with him. He tried to encourage the anxious father upon hearing the symptoms, but it was easy, for one so intent, to catch a note of uncertainty and anxiety in his voice.

"Roan" went into the stable steaming at every pore: he had earned a good night's rest, if not a still longer one. The farmer rushed into the house and The Room.

The little one was still suffering terribly, and calling for her father. The mother was on her knees by the bed.

Dr. Davis made a careful examination, and looked pityingly at the parents.

"It's an even chance between life and death", he said, solemnly.

The farmer kneeled beside his wife.

* * * * *

It was life: the little one grew better next day. But Farmer Morgan did not forget the lesson he had been taught so suddenly in those few hours of terrible, crushing anxiety. He called on Turner, to that poor fellow's great surprise, and asked him if there was anything he could do for him; he attended meeting next Sunday, and soon became a communicant of the church—an action in which his wife only too gladly joined him; and

was often heard to say, when called upon to speak in the prayer-meeting, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

"Awful" Gardner.

THE great religious revivals of 1858, were marked by the conversion of a prize-fighter whose name was known among sporting men, from one end of the country to the other. This was Orville Gardner, whose fistic prowess had been the means of having his first name changed, in common speech among his associates, from "Orville", to "Awful".

If Jeffries or Fitzsimmons, or Corbett should now desert his old associates, join one of the churches, and work henceforth with might and main for the Gospel, it would produce no more of an excitement than it did when Gardner changed the whole course of his life. If "Kid McCoy" should go back to his father, the Baptist clergyman, and work henceforth heart and soul in the reclaiming of lives from the great gulf of future eternal woe, it would not be mentioned in the papers with more circumstantial detail, than the affair in question.

At the time of his conversion he had three men in training, for forthcoming prize-fights, and was giving them lessons and attending to their physical welfare, each day. In the midst of this work, he was urged one night to attend a religious meeting. He at first declined, saying that he hadn't entered a house of worship for years, and he would feel awkward and queer in such a place.

After more urging, he finally consented, saying it might be amusing and give him a little fun to see how the deluded people behaved.

It proved to be anything but an amusement to him: he saw, as the meeting progressed, what a terrible sinner he was and had been: and before the evening was over, he rose and asked for the prayers of the congregation.

The next night he went to the meeting again, and the next; and each time, he asked for prayers.

But upon the third night, he found peace; and he immediately turned all his energy toward what he now considered as the great work of his life—the reclaiming of those who were in the same deplorable state that he had been.

A messenger called at his lodgings: he was from the men Gardner had had in training for the prize-fight. They wanted to know if he was not coming back to them.

"Yes, I am going back to them," replied the ex-prize-fighter—for such he now was—"but not to give them boxing-lessons. I shall try to get them to reform, and embrace religion."

His success was marvelous, among those with whom he had been one of the most zealous of sinners. He knew how to talk to them, and to make them understand him; and he put the truths of religion into the racy vernacular of the prize-ring. "Give the devil a crack under the ribs, now!" he used to say: "don't let him git you down. But if he *does* git ye on your back, bring up on yer feet ag'in as soon as you can, an' beat him in the next round."

A very staid and rather aristocratic clergyman who was accustomed to calling a spade a longitudinal piece of iron and steel, attached to a handle of wood, and used for making indentations in the earth, once invited him into his pulpit, not realizing, as he afterwards said, that the man's methods were so pronounced. He was somewhat startled to hear the new evangelist say,

"My friends, never put on the gloves, when you are fightin' with sin. Go at it with bare knuckles, an' never stop till you've made a hole in it, as big as both fists. It's got its trainers an' seconds all around it, an' is ready for a big mill with you, every day: but keep on an' you'll knock it out."

There is no estimating the good that this reformed prize-fighter did: they quote him to this day in the Bowery missions, and tell of the things he accomplished.

Some Prayers.

OFTEN the preacher preaches through his prayers. While seeming to instruct the Lord, he is really instructing his congregation. The listener may for the time be more amused than instructed or than soothed into a reverential attitude when he hears his minister giving the Lord a whole lot of information in his prayer. Sometimes this is done because the occasion forbids any other mode of reaching the hearer. Such was the situation of Edward Everett Hale as chaplain of the Senate of United States, when he prayed that the Lord would guard the treasury of the country: for he feared the present Congressmen would not. Harriet Beecher Stowe tells the story of a zealous Whig minister of New Haven who, during the occupation of the town by the British, was ordered to offer public prayers for the king, which he did as follows: "O Lord, bless Thy servant, King George, and grant unto him wisdom; for Thou knowest, O Lord, he needs it." All the patriots present, agreed to the proposition.

Others besides this Whig minister have made their political proclivities felt in prayer. Parson Eaton of Harpswell, Me., in the time of the embargo, training as he did in the opposite party, prayed for the President of these United States, as was more commonly done then than now: "Forasmuch, O Lord, as Thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies, we pray for the President of these United States that his heart may be turned to just counsels," etc. Sometimes no doubt the petitioner may not be fully aware of all the humor that lurks in the situation or if he feels it most intensely may underrate the powers of his listeners to take it in as he does. Campmeeting John Allen, grandfather of the famous Nordica, being one day introduced into the Maine legislature for the purpose of invoking the blessing of Almighty God upon that august assembly, prayed for them most fervently as "sinners far worse than those on whom the tower of Siloam fell."—*Morning Star*. Digitized by Google



Lack of Air Killed Moody.

IT was only a few weeks before he died, that I had my last look at Mr. Moody. He was speaking to a large audience in one of the churches, and commanding their breathless attention. His shrewd common-sense, delicious humor, and deep but good-natured devotion, held the audience as they had seldom been before. When you remembered the good he had done in both hemispheres, and its far-spreading results, and saw him there, still pounding away on the same grand old theological anvil, you could not but feel that, mentally and spiritually, he was the peer of any man that lives on this great green earth.

But—physically!—I know I will be met right here by some who will say: "What matters a man's physique, if his heart and soul are all right?" To this I will answer—In the case of Mr. Moody, ever and ever and ever so much. He would have been sixtythree years old on the 5th of February next. He should have had at least ten to fifteen years of good work before him. With all the accumulations of ability and influence of the past years—with all the Northfield facilities—with all the vantage-ground which he possessed in the principal cities of the world—how much he could have done in those next ten or fifteen years!

Looking at him from a physician's point of view, as he stood on the platform, this is what I saw: a short, thick man, almost startlingly portly; so much so as to inspire at very first glance a feeling of danger and apprehension on

his account. His breathing was short and difficult—not long, easy and natural, as that of an orator should be. His motions, with such large masses of flesh to neutralize the action of the muscles, were difficult and restrained. Almost every move and look showed that the great preacher was suffering for air. Indeed, he once, during the discourse, begged that some of the gaslights under the gallery might be turned out, so there might not be so much of the precious fluid unnecessarily consumed. Upon my word, I would not have been surprised to see the mighty expounder of spiritual life fall in a fit of apoplectic death, before his sermon was through!

Upon inquiry, I found that he could not easily climb a hill on foot, for shortness of breath; that a carriage was required, even at Northfield, to take him from his house to hall or church, on account of a hill in the road; and, in fact, that he was unable to undergo any brisk exercise whatever, that required any exertion.

What would have saved Mr. Moody, you ask? Well, of course, I do not mean to speak *ex cathedra*, for I never examined his case at close hand; but I thoroughly believe that if he had, during the first part of his life, taken more air and exercise, and less food, his sturdy-looking body would not have been so frail as it proved to be, when he was sixtytwo years old. If I could have known him, and inveigled him into spending two or three hours a day in the open air, running, jumping, rolling, or even walking briskly; he would have gathered more strength and less

flesh, and acquired a much better body in which to do his glorious work. With his natural mingled common-sense and enthusiasm, he would have soon become a believer in not only muscular, but something much more important—hygienic Christianity.

I should have had him breathe in large and long draughts of air, before the delivery of each discourse; spending perhaps an hour every time in absorbing the life-sustaining fluid. This of itself would have gone far to prevent that crowding of the organs of the heart that finally eventuated in his death.

When in that western city he was stricken, it was Nature's signal to him—ordering him to cease work and devote himself to the recovery of his health. Here, again, I do not want to give any positive opinion, as I did not see him after that portentous event; but I learned from the papers that after starting for home by train, stricken as he was, he "ate a hearty breakfast" in one of the railroad-station, dining-halls. Mr. Moody should have been put upon very carefully selected sustenance, after the terrible warning which had been given him. People are so apt to think that if those they have in charge can get up a good appetite, and indulge it, to its fullest extent, it is a sign that they are growing better!

I have often known that one "*hearty meal*" to take the heart all out of Nature in trying to repair the system; and to undo in half an hour all that had been accomplished for the good of the patient, in months.

I have no fault to find with his medical treatment after returning home, because I do not know what it was; but have read that his physicians averred there was no structural disease of the heart, and that they believed he would ultimately recover. But I have no hesitancy in saying, that if he had been in my care, I should have used the same methods that have already, to my own certain knowledge, saved so many thousands of people.

I will repeat what I said then—that

I mention public men in this way only in order that their prominence may make the lessons I want to teach, more impressive upon the minds of my countrymen.

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN.

Refusing to Grow Old.

"I NEVER felt such a shock in my life", said a society woman the other day. "I happened while I was South to hear of a couple of old school-mates and intimate friends of my girlhood, who were stopping at the — Hotel, and thought how delightful it would be to be together again. So I engaged my rooms at the same place, and when I arrived found myself in a perfect nest of old friends—people whom I had not seen for years and years. My dear! they were all old women! regular old ladies who wore long trailing skirts in the morning and sat over fancy-work talking gossip in the hotel parlors throughout the day. They drove a little, perhaps, and took what they called constitutionals, short little walks of half an hour or so, and each one with some pet ailment which she discussed *ad nauseam*. I hardly knew at first whether to feel ashamed or proud of myself, I felt so juvenile in comparison—but I ended by being most self-satisfied.

"I laugh now to think how I surprised them! My first appearance was in the evening, and then, of course, the difference was not so marked, although even then they all complimented me upon my looks, and asked how I managed to keep so young. But the next morning when I came down to breakfast in short skirt, shirt-waist and leggings, with my golfbag full of sticks, and announced that I was going to bicycle over to the golf links for a game, their amazement knew no bounds. At first I think they were inclined to be shocked, but after a day or two they began to feel a funny kind of pride in my achievements; it was like being young and Dig-up-to-date vicariously.

When strangers arrived they would endeavor to draw me out about what I had been doing that morning, and then would invariably mention, in a naïf sort of way, that we were at school together. That always made me smile inwardly, as I followed the train of their thoughts, and detected their innocent and personal vanity in my performances.

"But this was not all. After I had been there for a week I began to see quite a change in my old ladies—one of the most venturesome came down in a curtailed skirt, which had evidently been chopped off by her maid, and boldly announced that she was going to take a bicycle lesson. Another borrowed my stock for a pattern, and discussed the cut of skirts, while still another hired a meek-looking nag, and ambled about for an hour or so after breakfast, and talked volubly and extensively of the exhilaration of exercise.

"In short I effected a revolution, and when I departed after a fortnight's visit I left the little community in a state of evolution. To what lengths they will carry their enthusiasm, and how youthful they will become, there is no telling, for the exaggerations of a convert are well known, and in that delicious and stimulating climate eternal youth may well be deemed possible."

Hand-Healers.

THERE is a great deal of magnetism in the air. Some of it evidently seeks storage in individuals, and from these it can be communicated to a few of their fellow-mortals.

There is no doubt that a vigorous current of electricity often breaks through some congestion, and sets the processes of life going again. Even a mechanical battery sometimes does that. And once in a while a human being is naturally constituted so that he can relieve some cases by transmitting to them a part of the magnetism or electricity within him.

After he has performed a few cures,

more or less permanent, an intense hope and faith are excited in the minds of most of the invalids for miles around; and they come in throngs, longing and intending to be cured. This hope and expectation itself goes a great way toward starting the sluggish blood once more upon its course, and inducing the machinery of nature to resume its wonted motion.

Under these circumstances Schlatter no doubt benefited scores and hundreds, at Denver; a laborer in Michigan created similar excitement; and Mr. Newell, a thirty-year-old New England blacksmith, strong, robust, and full of health and magnetic vitality, left the forge, and coined from fifty to a hundred dollars per day, by the laying of his hands upon afflicted persons.

EVERY WHERE once saw, in a small Massachusetts city, a pathetic sight. Scores of people, with all sorts of ailments, from rheumatism to deafness, thronged the hotel corridor, waiting for their turn to come. The "healer" was the above-mentioned unassuming country blacksmith, who did not pretend to extraordinary powers, but was willing to make an effort to cure everybody, by laying his hands upon them for a little while—at two dollars each if they could afford it—free, if they were too poor to pay. He did not pretend certainty of curing them; he merely hoped it would do them good.

Some of them went away evidently feeling better; more hoping that they would feel better; and most feeling no ways different than before. Some afterwards found themselves benefited; more, perhaps, not. In a few cases, EVERY WHERE was told, rheumatic parties had upon receiving the shock dropped their crutches, and walked, ran, danced or capered, according as the sudden relief prompted them to do.

But however any one might be temporarily relieved by this beneficent process, he could be sure that if the same neglect of the laws of hygiene that induced the disease at first, was continued, the malady would sooner or later return.



World-Success.

Daniel Webster's Personal Habits.

HE always wore the Whig "blue-and-buff", while in debate. He is described as having had "a stalwart frame, a dignified manner, and a full sonorous voice; while his open and commanding countenance, full of intellect and passion, mirrored all the glow his eloquence could express."

But early the next morning after one of these wonderful speeches, he would often be seen in the old "Marsh market", followed by a servant carrying a large basket. Upon his arrival, all the mongers pricked up their ears and prepared for an exchange of wit and a traffic of information; for the great orator knew as much about their wares as they did themselves. They never tried to fool him but once on the quality of the many and various provisions he bought.

He was, however, sometimes careless about paying his accounts, in the multiplicity of other matters in which he was engaged. Tradesmen often had to sue him; and then he always "paid up" promptly, evidently considering the costs as a fee paid for being reminded of the debt. Once a butcher sued him, and after that, discontinued sending meat to his house. "What do you mean by withholding my supplies?" complained the statesman, when he met the butcher, one day. "Why, I sued you, and I supposed you wouldn't want to trade with me any more", was the reply. "Well, you got your money at last, with full pay for all your trouble, didn't you?" demanded Webster. "Yes", replied the other. "Well, you will again", said Webster. "Sue me again, if I forget to pay you. Sue me, all

you want to; but, for Heaven's sake, don't *starve* me!"

Once a tradesman, noticing that Webster was careless and forgetful about his accounts, ventured to present a bill for the second time—after the distinguished jurist had already paid it. As it happened, Mr. Webster, in this case, remembered that he had done so; but as the amount was small, he said nothing, and paid it over again, rather than use valuable time in disputing it.

In the course of a few weeks, the tradesman, emboldened by his former success, presented the bill again. This time, Webster fixed on him his piercing eyes, and remarked, pleasantly, but, it must be supposed, rather stingingly, "I knew you kept your books by *double* entry; but when it comes to using the *triple* system, you really must excuse me." The other winced and slunk away; and it is safe to suppose that he went home and marked that account as paid for all time.

Webster personally saw to the putting away of his meats and vegetables. "Come and dine with me today. I have a splendid haunch of venison which I bought two weeks ago, and it has hung just long enough to be good eating", he would say to a friend whom he met on the street, or in the Senate-chamber. "I've just received a fine salmon from the Kennebec: come and help me get away with it": he would say to another.

He used every spring to go down the Potomac with a party of friends to catch shad, which he opened, nailed on oaken boards, and cooked before large wood fires. He could make fine chowder, with the addition of rock cod, crackers and salt pork; and having

piled the kettle full of various ingredients, he would pour in half a gallon of milk, rub his hands, and say, eagerly, "Now for the fire. As Mrs. Macbeth used to say, 'If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.'" His chowders were always pronounced, by the numerous guests who ate them, a great success.

Webster was not much of a game-player. He occasionally indulged in whist, but his partners had to be very indulgent with him, on these occasions, for he played rather badly. He enjoyed best the simple old game of "seven-up." He knew nothing of chess, checkers, backgammon, billiards, or tenpins. He had the reputation of never gambling—although in his time the practice was very open and prevalent in Washington.

When people first saw him, they were generally somewhat disappointed in his height. He was sturdy, but "not near so tall as his reputation", as one country visitor remarked to him frankly. Although pleasant and fascinating in social intercourse, he, of course, appeared at his best when some grand occasion incited him to put forth all his powers. At other times he was often a mere parody upon himself.

There is evidence that some of his grandest flights—apparently impromptu—were the results of long thought and close study. "How did you happen to think of that grand illustration—just at the right time?" asked an enthusiastic friend. "I thought of it a year ago, one day when I was fishing, and stored it up against some time when I might want to use it", was the answer.

The grandest day of his life was probably when he made his celebrated reply to Hayne, in the United States Senate. A remark that he made after that event, is a great object-lesson for the inciting of industry.

"How did you feel while delivering that speech?" some one asked. His reply was:

"I felt as if everything I had ever heard or seen or learned or thought was hanging before me, just within my reach; and I had little to do but reach

up and pluck thunder-bolts to hurl at my antagonist."

It is easy to understand, that the more he had heard and seen and learned and thought, the more thunderbolts there were in his collection; hence all the hard work of the past came to the front in those supreme magnetic hours.

A Hotel Keeper's "Luck."

ONE evening a man and his newly-wedded wife arrived in Philadelphia, and drove to the most expensive hotel. To their surprise, they found it full—some convention being at that particular time holding in the city. So they drove to the next most expensive hostelry. This also was running up to its capacity, and not a room was to be had.

When driving away from the fourth hotel, the man asked the driver if he knew of any of the smaller places where they could perhaps make him comfortable. The jehu said he thought he knew of one—"kept by a German." "Drive us there", said the gentleman.

The German was not used to the sight of such prosperous-looking people in his humble hotel, and did not feel quite equal to the occasion—especially as all the best rooms in his house were engaged. "Sit you down while I go and talk it over with my wife", he replied.

He went and held a board-meeting with his better half—with whom he had not long before conducted a restaurant, which had just blossomed out into the modest little hotel. "They look like people that it would be worth while to please them", he said.

The wife and he talked it over for five minutes, and then decided to give the new-comers, who looked tired and depressed, their own private rooms. The young German landlord went back to the guest and his bride, who still sat in the cozy little parlor, and said: "If that you will wait two hours, I shall have everything ready for you." "I will wait", replied the groom.

The young German had a kind of genius for "fixing things up", and his wife was a worthy second. Before the two hours came round, the guests were informed that their rooms were ready.

For three days they stayed in the miniature hotel—in perfect enjoyment. Every want was anticipated, and every request obeyed before it was cold on the lips.

"What shall we charge them?" was the subject of the next board-meeting.

"Regular rates" proved to be the final decision. "It is better to please such a man as that than to make a lot of money out of him because he gives you the chance."

When the three days were up, and the amount of the bill was asked, the reply was: "Ten dollars."

"Why, I thought it would be at least fifty", exclaimed the rich man. "We've had here what we couldn't get at any

other hotel for that. You must take at least fifty."

But the German insisted on his regular terms; and it was with difficulty that a twenty-dollar bill was at last forced into his hand.

The bridegroom had large business interests in New York, including a hotel. Some time after the occurrence mentioned above, there rose the necessity of procuring for it a new manager. The property-owner happened to think of the young German in Philadelphia. He telegraphed him to come to New York and look over the situation.

He arrived promptly, and the result was, that he managed one, two, and finally several hotels; and a twenty-dollar bill looks very small to him now, for he is worth his millions.

There are thousands of people that would recognize the names of the parties, if we should publish them.



Parson Nimbus' Philosophy.

YO' drap de bucket in de well, but not cl'ar to de watah,
 An' let it hang foh quite a spell, fo'gettin' what yo's a'tah,
 When yo' done win' de win'lass up yo' learns in jes' a minute
 Of watah yo' won't fin' a sup, jes' 'case dar's nuthin' in it.

Or if yo' set de bar'l out when rain is jes' a pourin',
 Den stan' aroun' an' hang about, de mighty sto'm adarin',
 Ef yo' ain't got de bottom in dat kaig when you begin it,
 Yo' labor won't be worf a pin, dar won't be nuthin' in it.

Or jes' suppose yo' place de trap where Mistah Coon goes walkin',
 Yo' t'inks yo' is a lucky chap an' don't s'pect any balkin',
 But if you miss to set de jaw wide open an' den pin it,
 Dat Mistah Coon won't muss his paw, de trap he'll not be in it.

An' so, my frien's, I wants to say, to make my meanin' clearer,
 Half doin' t'ings don't evah pay; mos' dar am nevah nearer;
 So, if yo' wants to get de prize, jes' set yo' sail to win it;
 Dar's heaps o' luck for him dat tries; de boat takes dem dats in it.



August 20—Railway men in Great Britain began to return to work.

A \$1,000,000 fire destroyed the Opel Sewing Machine and Bicycle Works at Russelheim, Germany.

21—The Cotton bill, with the steel, iron and other amendments added by the Senate, passed the House.

Both Houses of Congress voted to adjourn.

22—The Special Session of Congress adjourned sine die without attempting to pass the Cotton bill over the President's veto.

The French Government issued a firm note, stating that French rights must be recognized in Morocco.

Da Vinci's famous painting, Mona Lisa, was found missing from the Louvre.

23—The Postoffice Department ordered that from September 1, second-class mail matter should go by fast freight instead of in mail cars.

Hotel Frontenac, at St. Lawrence Park, on one of the Thousand Islands, was destroyed by fire.

24—The Constituent Assembly of Portugal elected Manuel de Arriaga, (Attorney General in the Provisional Government), President.

25—House Leader Underwood severely criticised President Taft's tariff vetoes.

Aviator H. N. Atwood completed a 1,265-mile trip from St. Louis to New York, landing at Governor's Island after 28 hours and 31 minutes of actual flying time.

More than thirtyfive were killed, and sixty hurt, when the Chicago, Buffalo and New York Express left the rails at Manchester, N. Y.

26—The Rivadavia, biggest of battleships, was launched at Quincy, Mass.

27—Twenty persons were injured by the ditching of a New Haven train at Benvenue, Conn.

A false alarm of fire in a moving-picture show at Canonsburg, Pa., resulted in the death of twentysix people and the injury of many more.

28—It was announced in Colon that the islands of Naos, Flamenco, Culebra and

Perico, at the western end of the Panama Canal, had been acquired by United States.

Demonstrations occurred in France against the high cost of meat and provisions.

Charleston, S. C., was swept by a storm that killed five people and did \$1,000,000 damage.

29—The commission government plan was defeated at a special election in Paterson, N. J.

The Louvre was reopened for the first time since the disappearance, on Aug. 22, of the "Mona Lisa."

30—Marquis Saionji, new Premier of Japan, submitted the names of the new Cabinet ministers to the Mikado.

1,500 weavers sacked eighty stores, where eatables were for sale, at St. Quentin, France.

31—The French Cabinet suspended Théophile Homolle, director of the national museum, in consequence of the disappearance of the "Mona Lisa."

Reports came from Paris and other cities in France of serious expressions of discontent because of the high price of food. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey ceased to exist with the closing of its transfer books.

September 1—President Taft issued an order prohibiting bull-fighting, dog-fighting and cock-fighting on the Panama Canal Zone.

2—The Foot Guards (600 in number) of the Governor of Canada invaded Albany on a three days' visit.

3—Madero partisans stoned and mobbed General Bernardo Reyes, candidate for President of Mexico.

Four liners arrived in New York, carrying 3,359 returning tourists.

Socialists held an anti-war meeting, in Berlin, Germany.

4—Four people were killed and forty injured, in a collision, near Erie, Pa., between an Erie and Pittsburgh train and a West Shore freight.

5—Giuseppe Costabile, a long-suspected Black Hand chief, was arrested in New York with a bomb concealed beneath his

- coat, and five other suspects left the city suddenly.
- 5—A company was formed in New York to operate a freight and passenger service by water from New York to San Francisco, via the Panama Canal, with fifteen steamers.
- Eightyone persons were drowned when the Tucapel, a Chilean steamer, was wrecked off the coast of Peru.
- The Kaiser reviewed at Kiel the German naval fleet of ninety-nine warships.
- 6—Three prisoners, brought from Europe to Boston, revealed the existence of an organized Anarchist crime syndicate ruled by women.
- The forces of the ex-Shah, Mohammed Ali Mirza, sustained a crushing defeat at Imamzadeh-Jafar.
- 7—Lieut. T. G. Ellyson of the U. S. A., successfully launched a hydro-aeroplane by means of cables, to prove that such may be started from warships.
- 8—The floods in China were reported as subsiding.
- Capt. Postnikoff of the Russian General Staff was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude for selling secret documents to agents of three powers.
- 9—An aerial postal service, twenty miles long, was inaugurated in England, between Hendon and Windsor.
- Forty persons were injured at Brest, France, in a "cheaper-food" riot.
- The Zeppelin dirigible, Schwaban, completed a 350-mile journey from Baden-Baden to Berlen with six passengers.
- 10—It was reported that Germany's reply in regard to the Moroccan question was unacceptable to France.
- Mt. Etna was reported very active, two new craters opening 8,000 feet above sea level.
- 11—The Republic of Portugal was formally recognized by Great Britain, Spain, Germany, Italy and Austria.
- 12—The French and German armies pursued their annual manoeuvres close to the common frontier.
- An imperial edict was issued commanding the Viceroy to suppress the rebellion in China.
- Announcement was made that Japan will abandon its naval station at Port Arthur and open it for the use of the merchant marine.
- 13—France despatched to Germany her reply to the proposals of the latter, after consultation with the British and Russian Ambassadors.
- The Conference of Governors at Spring Lake, N. J., declared themselves in favor of compulsory compensation for injured workmen.
- 14—Premier Stolypin was attacked and seriously wounded while attending a theater at Kiev. His assailant was arrested.
- The eruption of Mt. Etna continued with redoubled energy.
- Frost did \$500,000 damage to crops in New England; Central New York also suffered, from temperatures below freezing.
- The British Consul in Chungking, China, ordered all American and British citizens in the upper districts of Szechuan to leave for the nearest place of safety.
- 15—President Taft exonerated Dr. Wiley of all blame for the Rusby affair.
- President Taft began his 13,000-mile tour of twentyfour States.
- 16—A woman suffrage meeting in Cooper Union was addressed by the Governors of the five suffrage States.
- 18—Peter A. Stolypin, Premier of Russia, died, and 150 lawyers and friends of the assassin were arrested.
- A strike was declared on the three principal railways of Ireland.
- Prohibition was lost to Maine by a majority of twentysix votes.
- 19—King Alphonso put Spain under martial law and the General Labor Union ordered a country-wide strike.
- 20—The Olympic, with more than two thousand passengers for New York, was rammed by the British cruiser Hawke. No one was seriously injured.
- Governor Wilson ordered the New Jersey Labor Commissioner to co-operate with the New York State officials in an effort to settle the Lackawanna strike.
- 21—Reciprocity was defeated in a political landslide in Canada.
- 22—Dimitry Bogroff, the assassin of Premier Stolypin, was sentenced to death by court-martial.
- A hurricane and deluge of rain near Mt. Vesuvius killed fifty people.
- 23—It was reported from Berlin that France and Germany had adjusted their differences over the Moroccan situation.
- The Argentine battleship Moreno was launched at Camden, N. J., being equalled only by her sister-ship, the Rivadavia.
- 24—It was reported from Port Said that an Italian steamship had been captured by the Turks at Mersina, the port of Adana, Asia Minor; Paris reported that Italy had landed troops at three points in Tripoli.
- 25—The French battleship Liberté, at Toulon, was destroyed by an explosion and from 350 to 400 officers and men were killed.
- Germany exerted her influence to prevent war between Italy and Turkey over Tripoli.
- Dimitry Bogroff, the assassin of Premier Stolypin, was hanged.
- 26—Arbuckle Brothers cut the price of sugar from \$7.50 to \$6.75.
- It was reported that Italian cruisers left the ports to intercept Turkish transports.
- The Bank of Egypt, in London, failed.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

COLLINGWOOD, FRANCIS—At Avon-by-the-Sea, August 18, aged seventyseven years. He was born in Elmira, N. Y., and was educated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. He entered the Municipal Civil Service Association in 1895, and was associate engineer to the late W. A. Roebling during the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. He received a gold medal from an English engineering society for his report on the Firth of Forth bridge.

COWGILL, PROF. THOMAS W.—In Reno, Nevada, August 13, aged fiftyseven years. He was graduated at Harvard University, and taught and lectured at several colleges in Ohio and Kansas. In 1886 he became Professor of English and History at the State University of Nevada, remaining there until 1899, when he was made Professor Emeritus. His Harvard classmates of 1883 raised a fund to help him struggle against the inroads of tuberculosis.

DEERING, WILLIAM ALLOWAY—In New York City, August 11, aged fiftythree years. He was born in Toronto, Canada. He was a graduate of the University of Coburg. He entered journalism in Canada. He was for twelve years on the editorial staff of *The New York Mail and Express*, becoming city editor and managing editor, and for ten years he was advertising manager of *The Sun*.

DEVINS, REV. DR. JOHN B.—In Brooklyn, August 26, aged fiftyfive years. He was born in the Metropolis and was a graduate of New York University and of the Union Theological Seminary. He was successively pastor of Hope Chapel and of the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York, and for several years was on the staff of *The New York Tribune*. From this journalistic experience he advanced to the editorship of *The New York Observer*, his aim being to cover the religious news as completely as the newspapers do daily happenings. He toured the world in 1903-4, remaining in the Philippines long enough to complete a book of "Observations." He was interested in fresh-air work and summer playgrounds for children.

DIX, EDWIN A.—In New York City, August 24, at the age of fiftyone. New York was his birthplace and he was graduated with first honors from Princeton. Although he

studied law at Columbia University and was admitted to practice in both New York and New Jersey, he devoted himself to literature and travel. He was at one time literary editor of *The Churchman*, and he contributed frequently to magazines, besides writing several books—among them, "Deacon Bradberry" and "Champlain, the Founder of New France."

EVANS, GEN. CLEMENT A.—In Atlanta, Georgia, July 2, aged seventy years. He was born in Georgia and educated at the Augusta Law School. When twentytwo years of age, he was a County Judge, and at twentysix was a member of the State Senate. During the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army, and rose from rank to rank till he commanded his own Brigade. Stonewall Jackson, General Ewell and General Lee were his close friends. After the war he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, serving for twentyfive years. Since 1890 he had worked as an editor and writer. He edited a twelve-volume "Confederate Military History." A few years ago he was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Veterans.

FIRMIN, GENERAL ANTENOR—At St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, Sept. 19. A native of Haiti, he became a revolutionary leader, and in 1902, after President Sam was deposed, he was made President. His term of office was brief, and he was exiled by Nord Alexis. When General Simon succeeded Alexis he appointed Firmin Haitian Minister to Great Britain. Deserting this post to help overthrow Simon, he arrived at Port-au-Prince after Leconte had been proclaimed President and thus lost another opportunity to secure any permanent position. He was a man of considerable education and culture, and wrote a book called "President Roosevelt and Haiti."

GREGORY, RIGHT REVEREND ROBERT, D. D.—In London, England, August 2, aged ninetytwo years. He was born at Nottingham. Since 1891 he had been Dean at St. Paul's, resigning on May 1.

GUNNER, GEN. RUDOLPH EMANUEL—In Dallas, Texas, August 26, aged seventy-eight years. Australia, which was his place of birth, was remote from the scenes of his active life. He accompanied Maximilian to

Mexico in 1864 and became Commander of the Imperial Guard of that unfortunate adventurer. For the last ten years he had been engaged in business in Dallas.

HEREFORD, BARON JAMES OF—At Epsom, England, August 18, aged eighty-three years. He was born in England, and was called to the bar in 1852, rising rapidly. He became a Queen's Counsel in 1869, and the same year was elected to the House of Commons, as a Liberal. In 1873 Gladstone appointed him Solicitor General and two months later Attorney General, when he was knighted. In 1895 he became a peer.

HUTCHINGS, "PROF." WILLIAM S.—In Boston, Mass., August 25, aged eighty years. Although he studied law, he turned to the stage, and in 1880 became connected with P. T. Barnum's "greatest show on earth" as the "Lightning Calculator." For twenty-eight years he was a lecturer at Austin & Stone's Museum, Boston, and it was his boast that he had delivered 30,000 lectures to 80,000,000 people.

ISRAELS, JOSEF—At the Hague, August 12, aged eighty-seven years. He was born at Gronigen, Holland, of Jewish parentage. He studied art in Amsterdam, and at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris. He acquired fame through his interpretations of the life of the fisher folk and homely peasant themes. His canvasses have sold for as much as \$20,000. His etchings are prized for simplicity and sureness of touch. His pictures are found in the best-known art galleries at home and abroad, and he was the recipient of many gold medals and honorary Orders.

LEE, REV. THEODORE STORRS—In New York City, August 24, aged thirty-eight years. Cleveland, Ohio, was his birthplace, and he was educated at the Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., at Amherst, and at the Union Theological Seminary. The missionary field attracted him, and he served seven years at Mahratta Mission, India, as missionary pastor of the Westchester Congregational Church of White Plains, N. Y.

LOUDENSLAGER, REP. HENRY C.—At Paulsboro, N. J., August 12, aged fifty-nine years. He was born in Southern New Jersey. Early in his career he was in the produce commission business in Philadelphia. For ten years he was Clerk of Gloucester County, and for another ten he was a Representative in Congress from the First New Jersey District. While the Republicans held sway he had influential committee assignments, and was a supporter of Speaker Cannon. He devoted much attention to pension legislation.

MANDERSON, GEN. CHARLES FREDERICK—On board the steamer Cedric, September 28, aged seventy-four years. Born in Philadelphia, he studied law in Canton,

Ohio. He enlisted with the Canton Zouaves, and did meritorious service in different campaigns of the Civil War, receiving severe spinal wounds in 1864, when he was brevetted Brigadier General. Moving to Omaha in 1867, he rose quickly in the political world and became State Senator in 1883. He served at Washington, D. C., also, and was President pro tem of the Senate at one time.

PAGET, RIGHT REVEREND FRANCIS, D. D.—In London, England, August 2, aged sixty years. He was born in England, and was educated at St. Marylebone and at Shrewsbury Schools and at Christ Church, Oxford. After some work as tutor and then as parish priest, he became regius professor of pastoral theology and canon of Christ Church. He became its dean in 1892 and in 1901 he was made Bishop. He wrote many ecclesiastical books.

PHIPPS, MAJOR A. W.—In Los Angeles, California, August 2, aged sixty-eight years. In early life he was a reporter. He became a friend and partner of Andrew Carnegie, in the steel business in Pittsburg, and amassed a fortune. He had long been a recluse, living in unwarranted fear of the Black Hand men.

POMEROY, MRS. LAURA SKEEL—In New York City, August 23, aged seventy-eight years. She was born in the metropolis, and spent her early years in Poughkeepsie. Studying art, she became interested especially in sculpture, and the bust of Matthew Vassar, in the College which he founded, was executed by her.

POSCHINGER, HEINRICH VON—In Berlin, August 10, aged sixty-six years. He was born in Muenchen and became a noted political writer and author of many works on the life of Bismarck.

THURSTON, MRS. KATHERINE CECIL—In Cork, Ireland, her native city, September 6. Her father was Alderman Paul Madden, for many years Mayor of Cork, and a friend of Charles Stewart Parnell. She was educated by a governess, and in 1901 married Ernest Temple Thurston, a London journalist and author, who inspired her to write, and collaborated with her in producing the novels, "The Masquerader", "The Gambler", and others. In 1910 she obtained a divorce from her husband.

SECKENDORFF, COUNT MAX G.—At Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, August 28, aged fifty-nine years. His birthplace was Brussels, Belgium, although he was of German parentage. After a private school education in Germany, he entered the German Navy and served through the Franco-Prussian War, when he came to America. After life on a Texas ranch, he entered Journalism, continuing in it until his death.

Various Doings and Undoings.

Spaniards have a great many vices; but it is claimed that drunkenness is not one of them.

Spanish boys become soldiers when 17 years old.

Princeton College owns up to being 104 years old.

Judea is becoming more and more of an orange-country.

A good third of the tourists visiting Egypt consists of Americans.

The most valuable bank-note issued in this country, is the \$10,000 bill.

Some speculators still hold that a sponge-farm in the ocean would be profitable.

An even million of patents have been issued during the past 75 years, at Washington.

Insurance against hail-storms is a new enterprise placed in some Western States.

Bread-bakers suffer more than almost any one else during the severest heats of summer.

If just back from Paris, reflect upon the fact that 30,000 horses per annum are eaten there.

Ready-made iron bridges of different lengths are kept for railroads that get in a hurry.

A small fortune's worth of stuff is dumped into obscurity every year by the rubbish-collectors.

Fog-making machines are now used in some of the orchards and vineyards to fight away the frost.

If you heard all the babies cry that are born in a year, you would know how 37,000,000 of them sound.

Pet dogs in London wear chamois shoes when in the house to protect polished floors from scratches.

A few ticket-speculators have actually been arrested in New York, and the industry is growing disconsolate.

Oleomargarine is sold as soap-grease by some who have been forbidden by law from disposing of it as butter.

The falling elevator and the prematurely folding-bed are still in a race for supremacy as recruiters of the grave.

A man in New York named Tammany, was driven out of business by people's asking him why he did not hire a hall.

The center of United States' population has been found, in Indiana: and nothing was there excepting—one rattlesnake.

Professional marketers are growing more and more common in the cities: and the more honest of them bid fair to stay.

There is such a thing as talking too much—through a telephone: occasionally some one gets killed while at the receiver.

Ether-drinking still exists in some of the

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European regions, and the effect of the stimulus is four times that of alcohol.

News flies swiftly and accurately within the walls of a prison—and, half the time, not one among the keepers knows how it is done.

More and more telephones are being put into churches for the benefit of afflicted people who cannot come and hear the sermon.

The "sea anemone" has no eyes, ears, tongue, teeth, or feet, and still it can see, hear, eat and move itself from one rock to another.

The Philippine Islands contain as much land as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. There are about 1,200 of them.

Two hundred different kinds of horseshoes are represented by models in the patent office: and the old unpatented one is still generally used.

"Jersey justice" once in awhile sits up and takes notice of people when they are swearing—fining them from fifty cents up for each swear.

A new half-cent coin has been half-promised again and again by various United States officials: but has not yet made its appearance.

Woman-smokers to the number of nearly two millions in this country—so tobaccoists claim. If that is true, it is about one-fifth of all of them.

When you ride through a tunnel, pity the scores of men who lost their lives while constructing it. There were nearly 200 in the famous Hoosac one.

An inventor has been languishing over a new steamer which he hoped to produce, the outside of which would roll upon the water, and run 60 miles an hour.

People are never buried with their clothes in Europe; a regular shroud or burial-gown always being used. Some people have theirs ready for years in advance.

America did not monopolize the intense heat of the past summer. France has seldom known such weather and hundreds of her soldiers were sunstruck during drill.

Broadway Alley is not on the maps of New York City, but it exists—connecting Twentysixth and Twentyseventh Streets, between Lexington and Third Avenues.

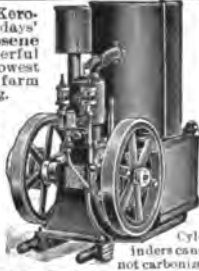
Hard coal was first discovered in this country by Philip Guenther, a native of Holland, at Summit Hill, Pa. For revealing the secret, he was given title to 300 acres, but the title proved defective, and he lost the land, while

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A man in the South is enjoying a fortune made through the selling of a book which he published, containing pictures of the next world, in which all the angels were negroes.

Court rooms on the west sides of buildings are said to be expeditors of legal proceedings, being very warm in summer and cold in winter, thus making lawyers and judges shorter-winded.

Cutting off one ear and branding the forehead crosswise, was the playful little penalty that some Black Hands put upon a fellow Italian because he neglected to leave them some money in a specified place.

Stains showed which way the molasses had been flowing in a certain New York warehouse: bad boys having bored gimlet holes through the barrels, and extracted a lot of stolen sweetness before policemen caught them.

The cathedrals and churches of Spain are richer than any in the world outside of Rome and Moscow. Doubtless the precious metals and gems on the altars of these churches would bring \$250,000,000 if they could be offered to the public.

It is considered by some travelers on the New York and New Haven Railroad an imposition to sell passengers seats in a "parlor car," and then make a restaurant of the same, filling it with every culinary odor imaginable, from apple-pie to onions.

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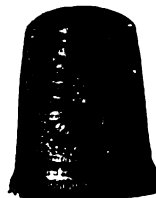
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 "I'm a fidgetarian."

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"God sent Mrs. Smith a new baby," answered her mother.

The child went over to the window and stood watching again. Finally she turned and said:

"They pack babies awfully careful: don't they?"

NARROW ESCAPE OF A MR. JONES.

"My dear," Mrs. Jones said to her considerably lesser half, "I want you to do a little shopping for me this afternoon."

Mr. Jones blinked pathetically. He had arranged to spend a quiet afternoon at the cricket-match.

"I—I was thinking of going to the match, my dove"—he began feebly.

"Indeed!" observed his wife stonily, "well, I've got a better match for you than that. I want to match this piece of material at Mason's"—

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"Perhaps, after all," retorted Mrs. Jones, with a below-zero glare, "I'd better do my own shopping!"

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DESTRUCTIVE LUMBERING.  
(See Article "U. S. Dept. Agr.")

# To the Last Mosquitress.

*Only the female ones bite.—Linnaeus.*

BY WILL CARLETON.

**L**AST wing-vampire of the season!  
Final of uncounted numbers!  
You, for some sufficient reason,  
Sing a requiem to my slumbers.  
All the friends that you have known  
Twined in merriment or pain,  
From your gentle side have flown,  
Or at sanguine feasts were slain.

Are you oldwife, mem'ry-laden,  
Or a matron, blithe and bustling,  
Or some fair insectile-maiden,  
For a placid future hustling?  
Were you watched by winged swains,  
As you fluttered to and fro?  
Are you—with or without brains,  
Handsome, as mosquitoes go?

Have you pedigree to tell?  
Did a grandame boast the process  
Of the sinking of a well  
In proud Caesar's strong proboscis?  
Did fair Cleopatra pause  
In her international cooing,  
To extend bejewelled claws  
For your ancestress' undoing?

Anyhow, you are my guest:  
In the lamplight's faint refulgence,  
Go ahead and do your best,  
At one unrestrained indulgence!  
Take your drop of blood, I say!  
Mine a thousand times could fill  
you:—  
Guiltless vampire, go your way:  
I'd be hanged before I'd kill you!



## A Million Dollars for a Million Children.

“**N**O tags today!”

Seven-year-old Francesca turns slowly away. She has waited longingly all through the hot school hours to gain a glimpse of the wonderful garden where one can make daisies, and lilies, and tulips grow, and where seven crisp vegetables spring up out of the ground as if by magic when one drops into the earth a tiny brown seed. Listening to these oft-repeated tales of the Garden of Wonders, Francesca, wide-eyed with amaze, had ventured to ask how one gained entrance to this fairyland of marvels.

“You go to Jefferson Park, on the East River. Cielo! it is simple to find—that! And it is that you ask for the Signora Parsons. Say as nicely as thou canst, that thou desirest one—how do they say it?—tag. If thou be given one, the gate of the garden will open for thee. If not—” a shrug of the shoulder finished the rest.

So Francesca had come, through the warm, still afternoon to the Jefferson Park on the East River, and timidly made her request for her tag. The Signora Parsons, known to the world as Mrs. Henry Parsons, philanthropist, reader of human nature, and descendant of an old and wealthy New York family, stood on the veranda of the newly constructed shack in Jefferson Park, fanning herself, and calling through a megaphone from time to time, directions to the children who filled the wide spaces of the park beyond. As Francesca turned away, the founder of the most wonderful garden in New York, called after her.

“Come on Friday. Come right after school, and I’ll see what I can do.”

The little Italian flashed back a radiant glance of gratitude as she hurried on, and the Signora Parsons dropped luxuriously full length into a big steamer-chair and sighed.

“That’s the worst of this work. We haven’t room for all, so we have to turn away the laggards, and sometimes—well, being human—it hurts.”

She sent a keen glance out over the brown earth-heaps of Jefferson Park’s two acres. They were filled with at least two hundred children—boys and girls whose ages ranged from six to fourteen, and who were apparently as busy as bees. Even under the hot sun they were digging, spading, and rooting up weeds, all with an eager interest and zeal, which made the picture an attractive one. The fresh, sweet voices, calling back and forth, rose in a medley of confused Italian and English, the words coming plainly through the soft air.

“Ah, basta Martino; thou wilt spoil my radishes!”

“Per Bacco! thou spillest my onion-seed. Thy lettuce is set in too far to the left. The roots will have no room to spread. Look at Marietta; how even are her carrot rows. If thou plantest not better, thou wilt have no beans, nor peas, nor radishes at all in harvest-time.”

Loud wails and sobs greet this announcement, made with vigorous Italian emphasis, and one of Mrs. Parsons’ corps of teachers hurries to the rescue. I turn to the good genius of the garden for explanation. She is sitting up, alert, keenly interested, and ready to give me the story. She gives a dozen quick orders as she begins.



ARRANGING PLOTS.

"These"—she waves a hand toward the two hundred, digging gayly away with sunburned cheeks and dancing eyes—"are all my children. And they aren't *all* of them either. I have mothered about ten thousand, I should think. You see this work has been going on about eleven years"—her voice sinks, and she gazes a little dreamily across the shining stretch of the river to the asylum on Ward's Island, whose improvements and changes were all planned by her father, John Griscom, once State Commissioner of Immigration—"and in all that time I have never left the city for a day unless I had to. The children need me. But when I look around on all this, and think of the first garden I started in De Witt Clinton Park, I don't feel the giving of my time, or labor either, as a sacrifice."

I look at her. Seventythree years old, erect as an arrow; life, free and abundant, speaking from every line of face and figure, one could not but feel the force of her vivid, dominant personality. I knew how she had begun

her labors for the school-children of the East Side, whose inherent love of beauty makes the lack of it in their sordid lives a tragedy of the commonplace, but I wanted to hear her tell it in her own rich, humorous way. Therefore, I remained discreetly silent.

"To start this work was the most daring thing a woman of sixty ever did. I was a coward, as most of us are, but I got over my cowardice in three days. I had to. I was passing down the city streets one day, and my attention was drawn to the various vacant lots and unused parks of the section, and it suddenly occurred to me that here was a waste of perfectly good material. Why should these parks and lots be allowed to lie idle? I hate to see anything—human or inanimate—go to waste; that's my nature. So I began to map out a plan by which those city lots could be made to yield some sort of return. I didn't tell a soul. I wanted to get my plan all worked out before I said anything about it. One day, when the plan was pretty well elaborated, I went to the

Commissioner of Parks to get him to give me some potted plants for the use of a certain school I was interested in, and to him I explained my idea in the rough. The President of the Board of Education happened to be in the room, and got interested in hearing me hold forth. When I finished, he turned to me and said: 'Mrs. Parsons, will you write me out a plan of that garden?' This was just what I wanted, and by two o'clock that morning I had the whole plan as carefully mapped out as if I had spent weeks on it. The next day at ten, I carried it to the President, and told him my idea.

"He was pleased. He was more; he was surprised, delighted; and he thought that with the money in hand, the plan could be carried out that summer. And I, on the point of a trip abroad, was asked to stay a couple of weeks, and work it out.

"My idea was to utilize the vacant lots in the parks as farm gardens, and to use these farms as a means of training, teaching, and giving happiness to the hordes of children who overrun

the alleys of the East Side. Where do the children go after school? To the streets. Where do they play, read, croquet, quarrel, and take care of the babies? In the streets. And I thought that as far as actual knowledge of farm work and gardening went, an ounce of practical observation was worth a ton of theories; and I *knew*," added Mrs. Parsons, her fine face lighting up with warmth and vivacity, "that those very children could be taught to make the best citizens New York ever had, if they could be made to understand some of the national problems—conservation of the forests, the right construction of roads, the need of uplift for the farmer—*how* to garden, *how* to farm, and a dozen other things. So when the Park Department promised to furnish the ground, the soil, a gardener, and part of the equipment, while the Board of Education was to furnish teachers, seeds, and the supervision and influence, I was the most delighted woman in New York, for I realized that I was starting a movement whose influence might be felt all over the world; and that



GETTING TO WORK.



WORKING IN THE SUN.

is precisely what is happening today."

The Signora Parsons heaved a sigh. "Those first days—shall I ever forget them? Just as I thought everything was going smoothly, I received word that the two departments of the Board were not working together, and that my plan was likely to be held in abeyance for months, if it were carried out at all. When I heard that, I shut my teeth hard. Then I went to different people and tried to explain my idea. I couldn't seem to make anyone understand. So without a convert, or aid of any kind, I started my own garden in a vacant space in De Witt Clinton Park—a most depressing-looking place—filled with old cans and rubbish—but after the man I engaged had spaded and leveled the ground and laid it off into about 150 plots, each four by eight, and I had secured some big packages of seed, and my equipment of tools, and the gates were flung open, there were five hundred children simply agog and breathless with curiosity, outside, and they surged through like untamed Arabs, alive with eagerness, and look-

ing to me as the head and front of it all.

"Well, the Paolos, and Enricos, and Guiseppes, and Mariettas, and Beatrices, and Marys, and Maggies, and Annies, and Jimmies and Sammies that poured in! Half the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood had come to look on, and made a fringe of faces over the picket-fence which must have been a mile long. As fast as they appeared before us, each child was registered, and given a tag with a string to tie it around his neck, which made him the rightful owner of a plot for the spring planting-season. The children came right off the streets. It was a matter of first come, first served. I gave out spades and trowels and seeds and wheelbarrows as fast as I could, and the children seized upon them as if they were trophies. From the instant that little lame Henry dropped his first lettuce-seed into his little brown plot, I felt that the idea was bound to be a success. Look at it now!"

I look. It is planting season, and seeds of the seven kinds of vegetables the farm-garden furnishes, are being



distributed to the children by Mrs. Parsons' corps of competent teachers. Each child handles them as carefully as if they were gold. A girl of eight, in the ragged dress of the slums, tries to shield her small packages with her soiled apron, as a sudden breeze threatens to sweep them away, "mothering" them as she might a doll. In the tiny summer-house on the top of a knoll, sits a weak, white-faced mother with her twins, four weeks old, and a little one of three at her side. Her eyes are closed, and she is breathing in deep draughts of the flower-fragrant air. Two little cripples hop merrily along to their plots, rake and spade dragging on the ground behind. Toddlers of all ages, run up and down the path, getting in the way of the "little farmers" in a manner which calls for impatience, but no one seems to feel anyhow but kindly. Courtesy and consideration for comrades displays itself in a fashion largely pathetic to one who can read between the lines. Rough, careless boy fingers become gentle as they handle the delicate things of Nature. In the far corner of the garden a boy is digging industriously with a spade, apparently leveling one of the paths which lead from plot to plot. He is measuring, comparing, evening, cheerfully whistling as he works. He does not seem to be planting seeds like the rest. I am curious, and my eyes ask a mute question. The Signora Parsons smiles.

"There is a future good-roads citizen," she says. "Do you see the principle he is working out? Every time that boy wheels his barrow over a rough place in the path, it causes him extra effort and it also makes him lose time. Now, if he is the right kind of a boy, after he has wheeled his barrow over that bumpy place a few times, he will begin to think. And he is very likely to go down on his hands and knees and study that path a little. That is probably just what that boy has been doing. And he has worked out a plan to better that path. If he is in earnest about it, he may ask questions of a teacher. And she will point out how the bumpy place

may be dug around, and the path made even, and she will also show him that a path made slightly arched is better and stronger than any other. And then he will get to work and do it. When that boy grows up, he will remember that principle, and the good-roads problem will hold a wider meaning for him."

These little farms in a great city hold more happiness to the square inch than any other spot in the world. In them the children know the pure magic of creative joy. While law and order are absolutely maintained within the farm limits, Mrs. Parsons permits no set rules. She teaches kindness, courtesy, thoughtfulness and tolerance. "If a boy gets all these things into his head," she declares, "he is going to make a pretty good citizen." Not only are the children aided toward sound health, good food and a system of ethics, but the plan upon which this farm-garden is conducted has made it possible for nearly five thousand adults and small children to derive both pleasure and profit from the beginning of April to the end of October of each year. Of this number 150 are crippled children for whom the rough playground of the street is prohibitive; four hundred babies and younger sisters and brothers come with the "little farmers", and an equal number of adults enjoy the garden while convalescing from illness or childbirth—a time when the poorly-nourished mother shows a strong tendency toward tuberculosis. In two weeks the garden was used by 2,000 pupils of grammar-schools who came in classes for botanical study, and during the summer and fall, nature material is furnished to 125 schools.

The sequence of work accomplished by Mrs. Parsons in the carrying out of her plan is as follows:

1902—First Children's School Farm founded in De Witt Clinton Park, New York.

1904—City Appropriation obtained.

1906—Children's School Farm Incorporated into the Department of Parks.

1906—Children's Garden Training Class for Teachers established at the

New York University Summer School.  
1907—International Children's School  
Farm League formed.

Recently the Department of Parks has given a tract on the East River, and more than 1,200 children are being trained in relays.

When the crops are harvested, twice a year, they are given to the children, who, in turn, take them home to their parents. During these seasons hundreds of families live solely on vegetables planted and cultivated by their children. In the big kitchen which is maintained as an offshoot of the garden, the girls are taught to cook the vegetables they have raised, and last year a luncheon was given to invited guests at which the entire seven courses had been planted, cultivated, harvested, cooked and served by the "little farmers of the city."

What of the woman who has done it all? "How have you done it?" I ask the Signora Parsons. "Tell me of yourself." Her shrewd, kindly eyes twinkle as she bends them on me, but in an instant they change. She sees one of her young girl teachers coming up, and she challenges her gayly:

"Your table is coming. You're a nuisance with your table, but be happy because it's coming. And more than that, it's got cleats. Now aren't you happy?"

The black-eyed girl looks rather blank. Mrs. Parsons reads her in an instant. "What is a cleat?" she asks her, trying to frown.

The black-eyed girl shakes her head. Mrs. Parsons shakes hers.

"Don't know what a cleat is, and you two years at Cornell! Well, go and find out. Don't let anybody tell you. Find it for yourself." Then she turns back to me.

"I was born in one day," she states in her breezy, succinct fashion. "Didn't grow like Topsy, and they had an awful time bringing me up. I was the most unruly thing ever made, but now that my mother's gone, her portrait hangs at the foot of my bed, and every night I look at it the last thing, and say, 'Well, wherever you are, I hope

you know that Fanny's made good.'

"I've brought up seven children. Nobody but a Peale could have done it. I'm a Peale on my mother's side, and only the versatility of those Peales carried me through. I slept with one eye open for ten years, and ran my house with one toe on the cradle, singing out to the others not to wake the baby. If you want to engage in any large work, all you must do is to bring up seven children. It's a good training for sharpening the senses."

"How did you know so much about gardening?" I ask.

"Went through life with my eyes and ears open. I had my own country-place for years, with several gardeners, and I didn't go to sleep. I watched them. I found out many things too. One of them is that in manual work a child never goes beyond his strength. This garden work is the cure for nervous diseases.

"Well, the social life and strain of city life were killing me. Irish wash-women have their sociabilities over the wash-tub, but they have no nervous prostration. My children were turned over to me by the doctors to live or die, and I had to work out the problem. I saved them, and then, as I was fifty years old, and had a lot of well-seasoned timber in me, I set about seeing what I could do for somebody else. You see my father and grandfather were all insane over the public good, and I suppose I've inherited it. After the garden was fairly started, I knew a book on the subject should be written. I told my son, who is the Secretary of the League, that he was going to do it, and that the book must be out in three weeks. He was horrified, and refused point blank. I said to him, 'Be quiet; you're the coming educator, but you don't know it.' He gave in then, and the book was written. We did get it out in three weeks, but we worked till four in the morning for that time. When you feel weak, you can brace up on a proverb. Mine was, 'Never say die.' Now that I know the work won't stop with me, but will go on, under competent instruction,

I'm the happiest woman alive. We had a model exhibit in London lately, and everybody who saw it was interested. The scope of the farm-gardens is broadening all the time. Before I die, I hope to see three things."

I look at her again. She is tapping a finger on her hand. "And those three things?" I ask curiously.

"The establishment of an all-year

training class to go out to spread the work. As long as we run it by ourselves we are cramping it. The second, a million-dollar endowment for the department, in the New York University, and one hundred thousand dollars for the chair; to be called the University Agricultural School. Third, a million children made happy, healthful and intelligent all over the world."

## Eagle and Aeroplane.

**W**HO are you, speeding along this way  
Above my head?

Why do you come to the clouds today?

The eagle said.

Had you not heard that pathways high  
Only were made for such as I?

Did you not know that from your birth,  
You were appointed to walk the earth?

Do as you long were wont to do:

Stab my mountains and creep them through;

Swim your rivers or bridge them o'er;

Ferry the seas from shore to shore;

Plunge through halls of the starless deep,  
Where the hosts of the tempests sleep

And count their dead;

But you never were made, as I,

On the wings of the winds to fly!

The eagle said.

What in my country do you seek?

What is of wealth on the mountain peak?

Which of the gems has it begot?

Where is its gold, excepting what

The sun has shed,

You who squander the hoards you save—

Haughty slaves of the yellow slave?

The eagle said.

Dig in the earth for earth that buys,

Clutch with your greedy hands and eyes,

What, if it win your poor heart, will

Serve but to make you greedier still—

By food unfed;

What do you care for the sky above,

More than to aid your own self-love?

The eagle said.

Even your daring flight today—

So the gossiping birdlets say,

With gold is wed:

You, a hero of skies, indeed!

Back to your stony dens of greed,

By avarice fed!

Then did the bird, with beak and wing,

Straight at the throat of the air-man spring,

Looking a rage he could not speak,

Tearing away with claws and beak.

But from the bold intruder came

Five sharp volleys of blinding flame,

And piercing lead:

Symbol of heroism, beware!

Doff the emperorship of air!

The echoes said.

Maimed and bleeding, and sick with hate,

Fluttered the bird to his fierce-eyed mate,

Where, on a ragged rock and gray,

She with her callow fledgelings lay.

Do not again such conflict dare,

Screamed this lioness of the air:

Men will yet journey here in crowds:

You are no more the King of Clouds.

Man is the only mortal who

Whate'er he wills to do, will do.

Though he be wayward oft, and wild,  
Still he is God's own well-loved child—

From angels bred:

If he will only do and dare,

He can yet rule Earth, Sea, and Air!

The eagless said.

—Harper's Weekly.



## His Primitive Country Friends.

OLD Mr. Russell greatly enjoyed his summer outings—always spent in the same little green-clad mountain village. He often described them during the winter, in his city home, with great glee; and looked forward, each succeeding season, to those which were still in the future. He called the people he met there, "My primitive country friends", and in speaking of their odd little peculiarities, he always excused them, kindly and humanely. "They *mean* well; they are good, honest, simple folk", he used to say. "And they think a whole lot of *me*! They would do almost anything to make me happy, when I go out there summers. I—am—quite a man of mark among them. In the city, you know, one sort of gets obliterated: his reputation is, as you might say, smothered. He isn't exactly what you'd call 'a nobody', but he isn't so much of 'a somebody' as he really deserves to be.

"Now when I go out there in the beautiful June time, I sort of become one of them, don't you know. I forgather with them. And how they love me!"

The whole proposition so worked within Mr. Russell's mental regions that he decided to run out and see his mountain friends in the winter. "I'll run over and have a nice little visit with 'em when they are at leisure", he said. "When they aren't so busy taking care of us city people. When they have time to express their own ideas, and talk things over in their own way. Yes, I must go up and see them in the winter, for a day or two."

One new idea often begets another, and such was the case in this fine old gentleman's mind. "Why not go up there disguised? Why not enter the little village as a stranger, so to speak,

and forgather with them in *that* way for a few days?" And this was the beginning of Mr. Russell's winter expedition into the mountain country.

With the help of an old actor-friend, he fixed himself up as a farmer who wanted to buy a horse, and put up at one of the little hotels that still remained open in the thrifty little mountain village.

A creditor of ten years' standing would not have known him, when he registered, and his old actor-friend, whom he had invited along with him to share the festivities, helped him to keep up the disguise. When he announced the secondary object of his coming, it was astonishing how many people in the vicinity had horses which they could—reluctantly, of course—spare. The whole mountain village seemed alive with equestrian products.

That evening, he sat down with the rest in the old country store, and talked with the good-natured but blunt-spoken countrymen and villagers that crowded in. Nearly every one of them had a horse or knew of one for sale: but they were wary enough not to put all their conversation upon the subject.

"Your voice sounds a little like a man named Russell, that lives in Boston", said one of the villagers, who kept the postoffice. Mr. Russell knew this villager very well, and had, during the lively summer months, received letters and papers from him.

"But you don't resemble him in appearance", continued the postmaster, in a consoling tone. "He has a kind of a sneakin' look, that Nature has deprived *you* of. Awful particular about his mail: we used to wonder if there wasn't something in it he didn't want his wife

to get hold of. Now this hoss I was tellin' you of"—

"Was you talkin' about old Russell?" broke in another. "I know him: he's b'en here year after year, an' tried to lord it over us fellers as ef he owned us. One of the worst old hypocrites I ever saw. Why! he'll go to church every Sunday, an' set there as ef he was at a pertracted meetin', an' hed jest been convicted of oughriginal sin fer the first time: an' then he's got a class in the Sunday-school, an' makes the child'n think he's an overgrown lamb: an' then he'll go back to the houghtel, an' set there the whole night in one o' the other feller's rooms, a-playin' poker. He makes his wife b'lieve he's got the innersominia, or somethin' like that, an' that he has to walk the streets to save himself from kickin' aroun' in the bed. This 'ere hoss that I've got, that I was tryin' for to tell you about, a few minutes ago"—

"I heerd you a-speakin' about the old man Russell", spoke up another member of the interesting crowd. "I know more about that old feller, than any one else in this town. He's got a sort of ide' that he's good-lookin': mebbly some one told him he was, fifteen or twenty years ago, to make him feel good. He grins on every woman in town—big an' little, young an' old—whenever he meets 'em. My wife says it's lucky his clo'es don't fit his ide's of himself, or there wouldn't be shears 'nough in the country to cut 'em. My oldest daughter says ef turkey gobblers strutted aroun' like he does, they'd wear off all their flesh before Thanksgivin'. This hoss I was tellin' you about, is wuth two hundr'd dollars of he's wuth a cent. I'll show him to ye tomorrow"—

"Was you fellers over there, talkin' about old man Russell?" spoke up still another, who had thus far limited his demonstrations to target-practice at the stove, with sundry tobacco-quids. "Now I think he is consid'ble of a man, an' does as well as he knows how. Of course I don't pertend that he's anything *extra*: he ain't the *smartest* man that ever lived, nor the brightest; he'll

never set Boston afire, ef he lives there a thousan' winters. They say he wouldn't hev never been wuth nothin' nohow, ef his father hadn't knowed more than he did, an' left him a few thousan' plunks. But he's a good, decent feller enough, an' ef ye kin only git the blind side of him, ye kin make him pay double prices fur everything he gits. Them's the sort o' folks we want here, summers. I ain't got no hoss to sell, but I think my neighbors here'll treat ye tol'ble fair, ef you mind yer steps an' look out for 'em."

Mr. Russell did not, on this trip, add to the contents of his stables. He solemnly paid his reckoning at the little hotel, next morning, and, together with his actor-friend, took the first train to Boston. The little station was half-surrounded by horses in various states of preservation—but no sales were reported.

The old actor who accompanied Mr. Russell agreed never to say a word about it again and again: but somehow Mr. Russell did not like the expression on his face when he made the promise. Besides, he did it too often, and too spontaneously.

### A Tame Hedgehog.

IT is surprising, even amongst persons pretending to some fair amount of educated intelligence, how gross is the general ignorance of natural history, extending even to the animals of our household and our domesticated pets.

From some cause, houses are often infested with beetles and cockroaches, generally mice and rats, and not unfrequently spiders in abundance. Now, all your beetle-traps, rat-traps, mouse ditto, poisons, or infallible insect powders, are as nothing compared to the services of a hedgehog, who will clear the kitchens and cellars in a very short space of time.

Many have become aware of the serviceable nature of this creature, but when, in answer to some complaint of a neighbor or acquaintance about being tormented with cockroaches, mice and

rats, we have advised the keeping of a hedgehog, we have generally met with the reply: "But we never can get one to live; they always die in a month."

At first this used to perplex us greatly, and when in our turn we also began to suffer under this beetle grievance, the experience of our neighbors deterred us from trying our own remedy. At length the enemy grew so bold, and increased so greatly in force, that one day in pure desperation we determined to buy a hedgehog.

When we got home we christened him Peter and gave him a mansion beneath a disused kitchen kettle, with plenty of hay, a large supply of water, and a good supper of bread and milk, which we had always been told was amply sufficient to satisfy the creature's appetite.

We soon discovered why our acquaintances could not keep their hedgehogs alive. Belonging to the order *carnivora*, these animals when in a domestic state rarely have any meat given them. Many persons, indeed, have a fixed idea that the vermin they destroy are enough to sustain life, or they vaguely attribute to the hedgehog the fabled chameleon ability of living on air.

One of our family, Miss Gladys, who has a passion for every creature belonging to animal nature, undertook to tame Peter, and ascertain his habits, tastes, and likings. Of course she fed him; that is the first key to animal affection. He soon came to recognize the hand on which he depended for daily food. He makes but one meal per diem, and that about nine o'clock P.M.; and if the hour goes by without his food being placed, he utters a peculiar noise resembling a groan, sneezes frequently, with the force and fervency of a cat, and testifies much uneasiness. He requires meat pretty frequently, and is very partial to a bone with a good deal on it. He unrolls himself at the touch of Gladys, and places his bristles down, so that she can stroke him; he will even play occasionally, stretching out his paws—so like a monkey's—and will sometimes lick the hand of his feeder.

Though it is not to be denied he has his tempers and is sometimes surly, and consequently very prickly.

He was extremely light when he first came into our possession, but after a course of good feeding he became quite fat, and spread considerably in his proportions. In a fortnight he had cleared away every cockroach and beetle on the premises, though previously we had without effect tried every known antidote to destroy these pests; cucumber-parings which they devoured, and which did *not* kill them—as we had been assured they would—pans of beer, with little ladders to give them access to the liquor, which they drank and ran away again; the toppers, instead of, as we fondly hoped, drowning themselves in the strong drink. Peter knocked them all off, and wanted more, judging from the noise he made every night after dark, resembling a cat walking about in walnut shells.

Indeed, our bristly pet at first alarmed us considerably by knocking about the saucepans and kitchen utensils with a force which once or twice convinced us that burglars were on a visit. He made these noises, we found, in researches after rats and mice, with which, in its free state, the hedgehog satisfies his carnivorous instincts. He is, indeed, more valuable in the destruction of rats than either cat or dog.

Descending one morning early into the kitchen inhabited by Peter, we were horrified on seeing the floor soiled with large spots of blood, and marks of claw-like feet in the same sanguine color. We examined the cat, who was suspected of being secretly an enemy to Peter, but Puss was perfectly serene and unwounded. Then the hedgehog was dragged out of his hole, and, to our dismay, we found the poor creature's eyes were closed, one of them being apparently torn out. The carcass of a rat, half-devoured, being discovered, we came to the conclusion that the creatures had been engaged in mortal combat, in which poor Peter had lost his beautiful eyes—eyes of dark-blue, which though not over bright, were nice intelligent

ones. We were sorry to think that, for the rest of his days, he must grope in the dark; but, in a month's time, he had perfectly recovered his eyesight, even the orb where only a vacuum could be seen.

Peter has become a household pet, but truth demands we should not conceal his faults. He is by no means cleanly in his habits; he is untidy in his eating; and is positively addicted to thieving. In winter he never appears to be warm enough, but goes about foraging for bedclothes—stealing all the stray towels, house-flannels, and pieces of cloth or carpet which fall in his way. These are faults intolerable in the sight of tidy

housewives; but somehow the old quill has grown to be a necessary evil, for he keeps the house free from vermin, and therefore is worth the trouble he gives.

It is said that this animal is invulnerable to any poison, and that he can feed with impunity on the most venomous creatures. That he is capable of being tamed, and susceptible to attachment, the writer can vouch for. At the same time, it is suggested to every one who keeps or intends to keep a hedgehog, that he is like a good many human beings: he prefers good eating and drinking to starvation, and that his existence is prolonged or shortened according to the sufficiency of his diet.

## Face To Face With Trouble.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**Y**OU are face to face with trouble,  
And the skies are murk and gray,  
You hardly know which way to turn,  
You are almost dazed, you say.  
And at night you wake to wonder  
What the next day's news will bring;  
Your pillow is brushed by phantom Care  
With a grim and ghastly wing.

You are face to face with trouble;  
A child has gone astray;  
A ship is wrecked on the little sea;  
There's a note you cannot pay;  
Your brave right hand is feeble;  
Your sight is growing blind;  
Perhaps a friend is cold and stern,  
Who was ever warm and kind.

You are face to face with trouble;  
No wonder you cannot sleep;  
But stay, and think of the promise  
The Lord will safely keep,  
And lead you out of the thicket,  
And into the pasture-land;  
You have only to walk straight onward,  
Holding the dear Lord's hand.

Face to face with trouble;  
And did you forget to look,  
As the good old father taught you,  
For help in the dear old Book?  
You have heard the tempter whisper,  
And you've had no heart to pray,  
And God was dropped from your  
scheme of life,  
O! for many a weary day.

Then face to face with trouble;  
It is thus He calls you back  
From the land of dearth and famine  
To the land that has no lack.  
You would not hear in the sunshine;  
You hear in the midnight gloom;  
Behold, His tapers kindle  
Like stars in the quiet room.

O! face to face with trouble,  
Friend, I have often stood;  
To learn that pain hath sweetness,  
To know that God is good.  
Arise and meet the daylight,  
Be strong and do your best!  
With an honest heart, and a childlike  
faith,  
That God will do the rest.



# The United States Department of Agriculture, and the Future.

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE.

## II.

**T**HE greatest administrative task of the Department of Agriculture is the management of the National Forests. These forests cover an area of over 195,000,000 acres—an area greater than that of many countries. They embrace about one-fifth of the forest land of the Nation. They are composed exclusively of regions that are more valuable for the production of timber, than for mining or agriculture. Just as soon as any portion can be shown to be more valuable for farming or mining than for forest products, that portion is transferred to private owners, who agree to develop it satisfactorily along the new lines.

I remember being in the office of the Forest Service in Washington, talking with Mr. Pinchot, then Chief Forester, when a man called who had discovered valuable copper deposits on National Forest land. Mr. Pinchot told him his claim had been investigated, and reported upon favorably, and that he might take over the land as soon as the transfer could be effected. Once a National Forest does not mean always a National Forest, as is commonly supposed.

In spite of the vigorous educational campaign of the Forest Service, the popular fallacy has not yet been completely exorcised that the National Forests are, as it were, under lock and key—their resources hoarded for future generations. To rob the present gen-

eration of one-fifth of the forest resources of the nation for the benefit of future generations, would be indeed quixotic nonsense. On the other hand, so wastefully to use the forests of today as to entail upon posterity a forest famine, is a policy of short-sighted greed. The Government's policy is the mean between these two extremes. It aims at the maximum use of the forests in the present, consistent with their preservation for the future. How vitally necessary is provision for the future, may readily be understood from the fact that we are even now consuming our forest resources three times as rapidly as they are being replenished.

As a result of the work of the Forest Service, many of the leading lumbermen of the country have introduced scientific forestry methods in the management of their timber lands. Naturally they have done this for purely commercial reasons. What lumbermen as a class now think of forestry, may be gathered from the fact that they have begun to endow chairs of lumbering in forestry schools. Ten years ago this great industry, of so vital importance not only to the men engaged in it, but to the entire public, was tobogganing to its own ruin. To-day its leaders are actually co-operating with the Government in the national preservation of the forests. The prevention of waste which may be traced to the work of the Forest Service, has alone added vastly more to the National wealth, than the entire cost of the ser-





BURNED STUMP LAND, MINNESOTA.

vice from its opening to the present time.

The more notable achievements of the Service in decreasing the drain upon our forests by providing for their more effective use, have been along these four lines: the determination of the strength of various kinds of timber, study of methods for making timber more durable, the substitution of economical for wasteful methods of lumbering, and the introduction of better methods of gathering forest products other than lumber. By its timber tests the Service has found that various little-used woods are suitable for structural purposes. By its study of methods of preservation, it has made possible an enormous reduction in the drain upon our forests for railroad ties. Such was the drain originally, that had there been a tree growing at either end of every railroad tie on every mile of track in United States, all the timber thus produced would have been needed for renewal purposes alone. The Forest Service has proved to lumbermen that the high stumps, tops, and logs formerly left to rot, can be utilized without added expense. The wholesale destruction of our Southern forests has been stopped through the discovery of a

new method of extracting turpentine which prevents boxing, and so killing the trees, besides gathering a greater value in the commodity.

As much timber is cut and sold each year on our National Forests, as is consistent with preserving their continuous productivity. In order to encourage the settlement of the country by home-makers, near the National Forests, they are permitted to use a certain amount of timber yearly without charge. They need only secure permits from the local field officers. Curiously enough to the uninitiated, one of the chief uses of the forests is for grazing. Grazing rights are now allowed for very moderate rentals on all National Forests except those whose watersheds furnish water for domestic use. There are strict regulations to prevent harm to young growth, to water-supplies, and to the range itself, by fixing the time of entering and leaving, limiting the number of head to be grazed by each applicant, and the part of the range to be occupied.

Hundreds of thousands of recreation-seekers are beginning to use the National Forests. The Service encourages this new use of the Forests, by

marking camping-sites and distances. The Forest Rangers cheerfully give advice and assistance, mingled with friendly warnings as to carelessness in the use of fire. With the growth of population and the building of roads and trails, the National Forests will more and more become gigantic pleasure-grounds for the people of the West.

When we know that the annual value of the Forest products of United States exceeds that of all the mines of every description, we begin to realize what it means to posterity to hand down unimpaired this National heritage. The Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture has already saved to the future one-fifth of this titanic heritage: while at the same time increasing instead of lessening its present usefulness.

Another branch of the Department of Agriculture, which bears to the future a particularly vital significance, is the Bureau of Entomology. This Bureau seeks to destroy all injurious insects. It constantly approximates more nearly this ideal, the even very partial realiza-

tion of which would mean the saving each year of thousands of lives and millions of dollars, to say nothing of the indirect benefits resulting from the better general health of the whole people. Insects kill yearly more merchantable timber than do forest fires.

It was reported in May, 1907, that the pine timber was dying on an extensive private estate adjoining a National Forest near Idaho Springs, Colorado. The Bureau at once sent an expert to investigate. He reported that 63,000 feet of timber were infested by the Black Hills beetle, and that, unless its ravages were stopped, it would kill all the timber both on the estate and in the adjoining National Forest.

The owner was given detailed instructions how to check the scourge. These he neglected, until the insects had extended their depredations by swarming from the infested to other trees. A re-examination six months later discovered that the scourge had increased four-fold, until 240,000 feet were infested. The owner then decided that



BUILDING A FIRE-LINE IN MONTANA NATIONAL FOREST.

the Government knew more about it than did his manager. He ordered the latter to carry out the Government instructions.

During the next six months, the infested trees were converted into lumber, and the outside slabs, containing the bark, burned. After the instructions had been fulfilled, it was found that the infestation had been stopped, not only without expense to the owner, but at a net profit of \$1,200, resulting from the sale of the 240,000 feet of timber. The economic saving to the Nation, when practically all large timber owners have learned to follow the advice of the Government in controlling insect pests, will be incalculable.

A number of years ago, an expert of the Bureau of Entomology estimated that \$700,000,000 was a very conservative figure at which to place the yearly loss due to insect pests in United States. Each year this National toll is being cut down under the leadership of Director Howard of the Bureau and his assistants, who are generals in the war of the entomologists upon the insects. The arsenic spray for killing the cotton-worm, together with the method for controlling the cotton-boll weevil, have practically stopped an annual tax which threatened to exterminate the entire cotton industry. A knowledge of the methods of controlling the Hessian fly, together with improved cultural methods, have saved wheat values aggregating from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 annually. Through the partial control of the codling moth, the apple-crop has increased in value between \$6,000,000 and \$8,000,000 a year. Thus is the one-time \$700,000,000 annual tribute levied upon the Nation by malignant insect myriads being constantly reduced.

If those roads that led to Rome had been like most of the roads in United States today, Rome would not have been the mighty world centre that she was. There are 2,155,000 miles of public roads in United States. Only a little over seven per cent. of them are improved. The others are bad at their best, and impassable at their worst. We

spend yearly about \$80,000,000 on our 2,155,000 miles of highways. Upon her only 150,000 miles, England spends about \$90,000,000. The average cost of hauling a ton a mile on our roads, is twentyfive cents. The highways of France are such that her average rate is but twelve cents. The length of haul in this country averages 9.4 miles. According to the figures of the Interstate Commerce Commission, about 250,000,000 pounds are hauled yearly over our common roads. Were our highways equal to those of France, with the haulage rate correspondingly lower, the saving to our producers would approximate \$305,000,000 a year.

In an effort to bring our roads up to the standard of England and France, the Department of Agriculture, through its Office of Public Roads, is now engaged in a great advisory and educational road-betterment campaign. As object-lessons this Office has constructed over 200 short stretches of model roads throughout the country. Road-materials from every section of United States are tested at the laboratory, so that everywhere roads of maximum efficiency may be constructed at minimum cost. A systematic and harmonious plan for the improvement of the roads of each State has been worked out.

The Government Road Engineers are provided gratis to supervise State and County road improvements. Each year a number of graduates of technical schools are given an apprenticeship in road-engineering under the Government experts. The two great road-problems of the day—the prevention of dust and the use of waste products in road-building, are approaching satisfactory solution. By acting as a bureau of information and clearing-house, the Office of Public Roads gives the unity and effectiveness of central and authoritative leadership to the great movement for road betterment which is now sweeping over the country.

The future field for usefulness for the Department of Agriculture is being increased by the vast reclamation-projects now being conducted by the Interior

Department. If our enormous national investment in this work is to prove profitable, it is essential that these lands as reclaimed shall be properly cultivated.

Five million acres of arid lands are now being irrigated. Agricultural experts estimate that this area will support 100,000 settlers. Here is a chance for the right kind of immigrants! There are in United States 79,000,000 acres of wet lands which may be made suitable for agriculture by drainage. There are 150,000,000 acres of occupied farm lands whose production might be increased by twenty per cent., without additional labor in management or cultivation, merely by proper drainage. The method of cultivation known as dry farming is making thousands of acres productive where the cost of irrigation would be prohibitive. As a result of the reclamation projects plus dry farming, half a billion of now waste-lands will in the course of time be available for agriculture.

The soil is the one natural resource which, the more it is used, the more productive it becomes: provided only it is used properly. It may be made to feed and clothe generation after generation *ad infinitum*. In spite of the fact that the average yearly value of the products of the soil of United States has now reached \$8,000,000,000, the yield per acre is only one-half to one-third that of European countries. Furthermore, since our country is still so sparsely settled, about one-quarter only of the land nominally under cultivation is actually in use. The Department's Bureau of Soils is now making a soil survey of United States. The results will indicate both the proper use of the soils not now under cultivation, and how to increase to the highest point the productivity of the cultivated soils.

This survey has already covered 150,000 square miles and penetrated every State and Territory excepting Maine and Nevada.

Although this is an area greater than that of the British Isles, it is *less than two-thirds that of the one State of Texas*. The experts estimate that the results of this survey should easily double within the next twenty years the average yearly value of the soil products of the Nation. This would raise their value to \$16,000,000,000.

The passage by Congress about two years ago of the Denatured-alcohol Act opened up such vast possibilities that it is difficult to forecast them without understatement. Every farmer may now set up his own still, and by the use of his farm wastes, produce his own source of light, heat, and motive power. It is now no wild flight of imagination to picture every small farm-house heated and lighted as well as the houses of the rich and every farmer taking his produce to market in his own electric truck. The passage of this bill was the outcome of a long fight, guided by the chemists of the Department of Agriculture, against the blind prejudice of unreasoning fanatics.

One need be no rash prophet to predict that the use of denatured-alcohol in the production of electrical power, the opening up to agricultural development of half a billion acres of waste lands, the doubling or tripling of the fertility of the soils now under cultivation, the controlling of insect and animal pests, and the improvement of the public highways, will in their combined effect turn the now-ominous immigration from country to city, to a healthy emigration from city to country. The prosperity of a nation must follow the prosperity of its rural population as surely as day must follow night.





## "Down In A Coal-Mine."

"Down in a coal-mine, underneath the  
ground,  
Where no ray of sunlight ever can be  
found;  
Digging dusky diamonds, all the season  
round:—  
Down in a coal-mine underneath the  
ground!"

THE lyric of which the above quotation constitutes the chorus, is still a favorite song of the miners; and you will often hear it, when they are in musical mood. One would think, at first, that the regiments that advance daily into these subterranean fields to storm Nature's barricade of rocks, and loot her of her treasures of "dusky diamonds", would hardly care for music; but music is sentiment, and sentiment goes everywhere. Even in these metallic days, when machinery drives away their comrades constantly, year after year, doing the work that was once their own; when more and more wheels and levers and cogs and bolts and live wires become their comrades; they still chant love-ditties, drinking-lyrics, domestic ballads, and local satires. In the last-named, they often improvise, and sing to their foreman in rhyme, what they would not dare to say in plain prose: much to his unavailing discomfiture.

↓ There is, indeed, much that is interesting and romantic on and under this large city that King Coal has made, in these fifty-odd years. In 1845, here was a gloom-strewn valley with a swamp in it; now we see a hundred thousand inhabitants, ten railroads, 141 miles of streets, seventy-five of electric street-car tracks, six public libraries, four colleges, nine banks, 125 incorporated manufacturing establishments, and

no less than seventy churches of different and varying denominations.

— This is doing pretty well, for an inland town; and its success arises from the fact that it has so much *under* the land, as well as above. This great city, although apparently so new, is really the blossom and fruit of seeds planted here by Nature many centuries ago.

It has fuel enough in its vast cellarage to keep hundreds of cities warm, and turn the cranks of thousands of mills. The black jewels that these miser hills laid up for centuries, are glistening in every day's sun; and Scranton is constantly turning her coal-veins into palaces.

To come here for a day or two and not explore one or more of these coal-mines, seems a sin against one's self, and his future stores of knowledge; and so the round sun was not very high in the heavens, before I found myself in the office of one of them, ready to take a pilgrimage among these constantly violated tombs of vegetation.

↓ The superintendent retained my hat, coat, collar, cuffs and necktie in the office, and arrayed me in a costume that would take no harm even if it filched a small car-load of coal-dust; and in a few minutes we were upon the mammoth elevator, ready to sink hundreds of feet toward the fiery center of the earth.

↓ Two immense spools covered with steel threads and turned by steam, let us down in a jiffy, and we were at the entrance of a long road in the rock, which gloomed away into the distance—feebly lighted at intervals with electric bulbs.

↓ Behold! we were not to walk, or to take the conventional mule train: here

was a miniature trolley line, hundreds of feet under the big ones in the city overhead; here was a little motor-car, about as large as a kitchen range; here were empty coal-trucks, ready to go after their loads. The first electric street-car I ever saw in America, was at Scranton; and now the first electric mining-car.

"HEADS DOWN!"

It was a time for humility, if one did not wish the humble lot of being carried out of the establishment on a stretcher. The rocks, as well as the live wire, were just above us; and away we went into the semi-darkness, at twenty miles an hour. How different from the old methods of mining! What does dame Nature think of such inroads among her domains? What will she eventually do to resent this mechanical insolence? Suppose she should take it into her head to give us a little sample of one of her earthquakes just now; or let a part of the great restless city so far above, nestle cozily down upon us! Wouldn't that constitute a fine little railroad accident? It would be a number of deaths in a grave; the killing and burying of a few men all at once. How strange to stay here century after century, entombed in the heart of these mountains! And yet, not so bad as to have one's dust scattered wherever it happened, almost as soon as those who have loved him are also dead.

✓We halt in the gloom at a junction. Here is a stationary engine, working away as contentedly as if it were in the sunshine. We strike into another tunnel, containing a horse-car, or, rather, a mule-car, track, and walk away toward workshops where they are digging out the coal.

✓These long narrow caves in the rock are not stifling, as one might suspect; but full of the most delicious air; for everybody in here is constantly *fanned* by machinery at the top. Into these corridors are thrown gusts of oxygen that reach throughout their length; and other tunnels, running parallel to these, carry the bad air out, to mingle once more with the open.

✓We are borne to a workshop—where men are following up the vein of coal, and taking out great chunks of the glistening anthracite mineral, which are promptly loaded into cars and hauled away.

✓A sturdy miner, "blackened up" as if he were in the burnt-cork line, bores with long augers a hole into the glossy mass; then he pushes in a paper-roll full of powder; then he lights it with a fuse, and gives us all an opportunity to step back where we will not be liable to interfere with any of the pieces of rock or coal that might wish to alight somewhat near where we are now standing. Of course, we wish to be accommodating and not obstruct or interfere with the enterprise; and accompany him a little distance away. The dull explosion is followed by the scrambling sound of falling coal; and crow-bars and pickaxes soon loosen more of it. As fast as it is taken out, a sufficient number of wooden posts are inserted to keep the smoothly-cleaved ceiling that is thus formed, in place.

✓"Would you like to see the barn?" A queer place for stables; but there they were: stalls where tribe after tribe of mules make their home in the darkness. It is always night to them, and darkest night at that, except as fitfully relieved by lanterns or lamp. When these animals once come down here, they bid a permanent farewell to the sun, moon, and stars, and to all outdoor life: their existence henceforth is to be that of gigantic moles. Yet they drift into a sort of content—so far as a mule ever is contented—and, it is said, even seem happy, at times, when they have eaten a relishing meal or effected a peculiarly vicious kick.

They have something besides mankind, upon which to vent their pugnacity. The Asiatic rat, with all his energy and intellect, has become a quadrupedal miner, and infests these places for such provender as he can loot from the cribs and mangers; and he often fights the mule very pretty little battles for a ration of oats. He even becomes so daring as to gnaw the hoofs

of these animals—an heroic thing to do, one would think. Miners trap the rats by hundreds, but never exterminate them, or wholly drive them away: a rat is a rat.

Back again on the impish little trolley train; entrenched once more on the huge elevator that works with the big spools and the steel threads; and in a little more time than it takes a star to twinkle, we are enfranchised from prisoners whose dungeon-roofs were liable at any time to come crashing upon their heads, to free men once more—with power to drink in and enjoy the grand Autumn sunshine—that is trimming the roofs of this coal-town with the choicest gold. The release seems all the more welcome, as we remember stories

told by the miners just seen, of terrible hours they have spent under these heavy blocks of coal, in the companionship of both living and dead comrades.

The boys who attend the apparatus by which coal is sorted, sifted, and chewed into smaller lumps by mammoth sieves and great spiked rollers, are enjoying their noon-hour—recking not that those same rollers sometimes make mistakes, and, alas! chew up a lad. The blackened-faced sturdy little fellows are playing an apology for football—using a rag instead of a sphere—for which they race, struggle, and fight, with almost as much ferocity as if they were college men.

How grand the day is. What a grand thing it seems, to be atop of the earth!



## When We Have Company.

BY H. U. JOHNSON.

SAY, mister, did you ever see  
The sun in an eclipse,  
And then remark how bright it is  
Soon as the shadow skips?  
The shade is picture of our home  
When we're alone, you see;  
The beaming sunshine represents  
When we have company.

When no one's there, papa is cross,  
Mamma is on the scold,  
And just for any little thing  
Will on our ears lay hold;  
But let the Joneses come about,  
They're sweet as they can be;  
Both pa and ma are wreathed in smiles  
When we have company!

Pa ne'er says grace when we're alone,  
Or on the table waits;  
Each fellow then just helps himself,  
No matter for the plates;  
But let the Smiths just visit us,  
He's pious as can be;  
He passes victuals all about,  
When we have company!

To all us children it is then,  
"Some chicken-pie, my dear?"  
You bet our hearts are all aglow  
From such sweet words of cheer,  
And we just wonder why it is  
It ever thus should be,  
That pa ne'er swears and ma doesn't scold,  
When we have company.





## The Blessing of Imperfection.

**I**T can easily be said of Imperfection, as the good old lady did the first time she saw the Atlantic Ocean: "I have at last found something that there is plenty of." There can be no doubt that the world contains enough first-class imperfection, to satisfy the most enthusiastic pessimist. Where do we not encounter it? The earth is covered with it, it is in the air, and the sky is by no means without it. Nature herself seems to love it, and to conspire with it.

The earth is of imperfect figure, flattened at the poles, with marked irregularities of outline. It has never been finished, and never will be, until it becomes necessary to burn it up. All is imperfect—all lacks something that ought to be added.

Nothing is in its right place: everything is in marching order. Not only the rivers, but the lakes, are in motion. Our Superior, our Huron, our Michigan, our Erie, our Ontario, are all marching lakes—or, otherwise speaking, gigantic rivers, now hundreds of miles wide, now a few rods narrow: all making their roads to the sea, with a grand noisy celebration at Niagara, on the way down. Everything is in a state of imperfection and discontent. The ocean itself is a source and well-spring of great rivers constantly flowing into the clouds—restless forever.

Not only air, but ether, is full of imperfection. The moon, they say, has not yet developed an atmosphere: it is a poor imitation of a small planet. The sun evidently has a disease which causes it frequently to break out in spots, and seriously inconvenience us. At one place, among the orbits of the planets, where there ought logically to be one,

there are fragments of a wrecked world, running about the sun as asteroids. Many of the stars have, since the records of astronomers began, made a deathbed of the sky, and disappeared in the graves of illimitable space.

No planet—no star—is in a perfectly satisfactory position—if it were, it could stay there: and nothing stays anywhere. The sun, besides having a whirling motion of its own, hurries through space along with its brother and sister stars—and strikes out a vast orbit of trillions of miles. Everything is on the march: nothing is in its right place.

And when we come back to earth again, and inspect human beings, we are bound to admit that they are most decidedly imperfect. When we see an infant making its triumphal progress along the street, in its own little chariot, adorned with jewels and half smothered with ermine robes, we feel at first as if that was the very perfection of incipient humanity: but the peripatetic nurse can tell you, and the fond mother could tell you if she would, that this little angel has lead in its wings; that there are heavy discounts upon the credit-balances of its divine qualities; and the father could probably make affidavit that the chariot is not the only vehicle with which the little emperor is carried from place to place.

As the babe grows larger and becomes what they call a child, it gets more and more imperfect, if it is to be expected to live. When a child is over-good, it is well to have it examined immediately by the family physician, to ascertain what its disease is. The mother is constantly fighting to keep the absolutely good child out of the sick bed. "Too pure for earth" is an epi-



taph that is almost proverbial. The faults of children make them dear to their parents—often in two senses.

As the child grows to the woman and the man, although it may be on the way toward perfection, it never arrives there while living. If you want a perfect friend, go to the cemetery for him: the people there can be accused of nothing but indolence.

With all these imperfections staring us in the face, what are we to do? To bewail them? To add to them? To conspire with them? To lie down and let them walk over us? Or are we to meet them bravely, and contemplating the strength procured by fighting them, to count them among our blessings?

There is nothing worse than imperfection on its way to imperfection: nothing better, in this world at least, than imperfection on its way toward perfection.

Let us commence life each day, realizing that we have a fight to make against the imperfections that we shall encounter during the next twentyfour hours. Let us take the world as it is, and make it a little nearer as we would like to have it. Let us realize that we have a thousand faults to fight, within ourselves. No warrior need ever lament that he has a lack of worlds to conquer; there are worlds within his own nature, that must be subdued, if he would triumph.

As humanity grows intelligent, it transfers its theater of operation more and more to the mind. It has been found that while improvement of body is not to be despised, improvement of mind is infinitely more important. The Achilles of today is not an armed brute: he is a trained mental athlete. It has been ascertained that a pigmy Japanese can aim a gun as straight as a gigantic Cossack. It is well known that Napoleon, although he looks big in history and as large as any one, in his portraits, was really only a little taller than a dwarf, until you begin to estimate his intellect.

The mind itself is notoriously imperfect, and the psychologist's work is,

largely, to get along with these imperfections. In fact, psychology ought to be largely the Science of Remedying Mental Imperfection.

What are we going to do about this?

Let us consider Imperfection as a blessing; because it is the father of motion, of action, of effort. Our physical limitations throw us on, to the master of all things—mind. When a man finds that he can go no farther with his body, he makes his mind help him out. The hunter could not himself hit the wild bird in the sky: and so he invented the far-reaching and wide-spreading shot-gun. The warrior could not walk into the fort: and so he invented the cannon. The very incompleteness and imperfection of our bodies tends toward the cultivation of our intellects.

The imperfection of our minds, tends toward their own cultivation. The man with an absolutely "contented mind" may have a "continual feast", but it will be a swinish one, and tend to mental indigestion if not mental appendicitis. I will admit that there is a jerky, spasmodic, unreasonable discontent, that should be shunned and cured: but there is a noble discontent, that should be cultivated—a discontent rising from the fact, not of the man's lack of appreciation, but from the lack of perfection.

That is the reason, that out of a great many pupils in the preparatory schools, a few go on and take the college course. It is because they know and feel the imperfection of their knowledge; they know that they cannot afford to go without a single chance of improvement; they know that there are yet millions of things to know. They are not like the young lady who came home from a year at boarding-school, and told her parents, "I'm glad I went: I *did* feel a little ignorant before: but, thank Heaven, I now know all that Plato and the other ancient philosophers did, and a good deal that they didn't."

Even as the body's imperfection sets men to cultivating the mind, so the mind's imperfections set them to cultivating the soul. The soul can see far-

ther than can the mind: by means of faith and those lightning flashes called intuition, it can outstrip the intellect. And no soul will ever feel that it has not imperfections to overcome, when there is the perfection of the great God above it—always calling it on and up.

So let us thank God that we are

not perfect—that our surroundings are not perfect—that our fellow-beings are not perfect—and let us always strive to aim toward perfection, but on no account to repine because we do not possess it: let us rather take and consider it as an incentive to activity, and, as such, a blessing.



## My Guide.

BY SERAPH MALTBY DEAN.

I DO not know whence comes the strange desire,  
 The eager longing, the deep-hidden fire  
 That fills my soul; this only do I know,  
 I follow Love wherever she may go.  
 Drawn by the magnetism of her grace,  
 There is for me no sense of time or place,  
 No future, unless I myself resign  
 Unto Love's service, and her will divine.  
 Forth from that gracious presence Fear swift flies,  
 Since nothing evil dwells beneath Love's eyes.

Following my Guide the rugged way grows smooth—  
 Such power hath Love man's every ill to soothe—  
 And life's sharp thorns lose all their stinging harm  
 When touched by one who bears a secret charm.  
 The birds sing round her path, the blossoms smile,  
 And sunshine with its arch and witching wile  
 Plays midst the grasses where she treads, and weaves  
 Its changing lights upon the fluttering leaves,  
 And the gay brooklet scatters wild and free  
 The shining spray about her in its glee:

Then do you ask why Love I choose for guide?  
 I only know I cannot leave her side;  
 The path she takes is radiant as the star  
 That gleams upon us from the depths afar.  
 They who would follow must forever cast  
 Behind them fear, even from first to last.  
 With her is only joy, and hope, and light,  
 And life which leads to perfect bliss of sight;  
 No sin is in the home where dwells my Guide,  
 But peace eternal, Love the queen, the bride.



## The Rotary Pumpkin-Seed.

[A FAIRY STORY FOR CHILDREN.]

IT is so long since fairies disappeared from United States that most children have forgotten when it was common to see them playing about the "drifts" of the gold mines in California. No child can truthfully say that he ever met one skating on the lake in Prospect Park or bewitching the engineers on the "L" roads so that the trains went down one flight of stairs at the Battery and up on the other side to get to the uptown track. I fancy that the fairies stayed longer in the shadows of the big redwood trees in Calaveras County, California, than in any other place. There were so many fortunes in gold turned out of the Calaveras mines that I am sure the fairies had something to do with it. I have dug there hard enough and long enough with pick and shovel and could not find much gold; so I am sure the fairies must now have gone away. I will tell as a truth that I would just as soon find a complaisant fairy, as to find gold; and it would be more pleasant in the long run. If you had a fairy who would do just as you wished, he would bring you all the gold you needed and would do everything you wanted him to. That would be very nice. But Calaveras County is a long way even from San Francisco; and if there are any fairies left there I could not find them.

I will tell you a fairy story which has its scene in Calaveras. Once there was a miner who was feared by every other miner because he had a rough voice and a forbidding face; but he was never known to hurt anyone. He spoke very little; and when I saw him, with his red shirt, leather strap for a belt, trou-

sers tucked in his heavy boots, black slouch hat, long beard which covered most of his face, and shaggy uncut yellow hair, his blue eyes seemed to me to be full of fun rather than crossness.

In fact, he was just the sort of man a fairy would pick out to have a little fun with. He was called "Dandy Jim" in sport. He seemed to me to be homesick; and when he came into the mining-camp store one day and asked if they had any pumpkin-seed, I was sure of it. Soon after this I went away; but afterwards returned to the camp, and there they told me the story.

It seems that "Dandy Jim" got a package of seeds from the store, and the only package they had there. There was something odd about these seeds. The first time that Jim asked for them none were to be found. The next day he came, and sure enough on the counter was a package which had on it the words, "the seed of the rotary pumpkin." The store men did not know where it came from, and Jim took it with a puzzled little look, paid his account in full with a gold nugget which he had picked up that morning, and went away. Jim had always been poor; and when others made money he had never "struck it rich" until now, and it is my belief that the fairies had something to do with placing the pumpkin-seeds in the store and with the finding of gold by Jim that day. At any rate his luck changed and he found gold every day while the pumpkin-seed was getting ready to send its vine up to the top of the ground. Everyone said that he was getting rich because he spent little money; but away off in Maine the

following notice appeared one day in a country paper:

"James Watson, Esq., a wealthy mine-owner in California, who left here in 1849, has sent the Governor of this State a check for twenty thousand dollars to provide for bringing poor children from New York to the health-giving State of Maine next summer, and he hopes there are fairies in Maine."

Some one sent this paper to Calaveras, and it made certain of the miners, who came from dear old Maine, drop a tear. But one and all agreed that the wish about the fairies showed that Jim's head was not as near right as his heart, and they all said that he had been queer at times.

And a queer thing happened at Jim's place one day. It seems that when he had reached home with his pumpkin-seed, all the seeds had been lost except one. This was queer, because the paper had not been opened; and it looked as if the seeds had all been rolled into one, which was of such great size, being as big as the palm of a baby's hand, that Jim whistled aloud when he saw it.

"Never mind," he said to himself; "if I have one pumpkin I will have seed enough to plant again; and this one will be ready to make a pie of by Thanksgiving Day." Just as soon as he had the seed in the ground he began to send out word that he wanted all the miners to come around and eat pumpkin-pie with him at Thanksgiving, which was some months away. They all laughed and said they would, thinking it a joke.

Well, what happened that was really queer was this: Jim was watering his one pumpkin-seed, one day, when the ground began to move. A green vine pushed up through the soil just beneath his feet, and he was surprised to see that on the end of this vine was already a green pumpkin about the size of a small boy's head. The vine kept pushing up, and so fast that it rolled the pumpkin around a little. The motion increased so that in a few minutes the pumpkin was spinning round and round in a lively way on the smooth ground,

and pulling the pumpkin-vine tight as if it wanted to jerk up roots and all. Very soon the vine came up so fast and the pumpkin gained such speed and force that it swung clear from the ground at the end of a vine ten feet long; and presently reached Jim.

The pumpkin being on the end of the vine, Jim was caught around the legs just as ostriches are in Africa when the natives throw a long cord at them with a ball at each end. These cords wind around the ostriches' legs, and throw them down. Just about the same thing happened to Jim. The pumpkin was now out at the end of fifteen feet of vine, and it was whirling round and round so that it wrapped Jim up completely from his feet to his waist, and would have gone farther had not he whisked out his big knife and cut the vine. At this the pumpkin shot up through the air in a straight line, just like a cannon ball, and struck a tree. The seeds flew from the large fruit like sparks from a Fourth of July pin-wheel; showing that it had turned around very fast in the air after the vine had been cut.

After this happening, our hero gave up all idea of having a Thanksgiving pumpkin-pie, until one day he heard a miner telling about "Jim's big pumpkin-patch." Jim now understood why it was called a rotary pumpkin. It had thrown its seeds with such force that they scattered all over a large space; and I think the fairies covered them up. He found that he had at least half a hundred pumpkins. While he did not know when they would start to fly off into space, one after another, like a flight of wild ducks, the pumpkins seemed like any others, growing ripe in the sun, day after day, and he thought perhaps he had dreamed out his first adventure; and when no one was around, he laughed so long and loud that he was very jolly.

Just before Thanksgiving Day, Jim resolved to make the biggest pumpkin-pie that was ever known. He made a wooden frame for it, fully four feet across and six inches deep. He could

not use fire to bake the pie, because that would burn the frame; so he worked a long while baking it with hot stones which he placed under it. He found it to be good, and so did the miners when they came to eat some of it. Every one was urged to eat his fill, and they did.

But the rotary power had gone from the seed into the pie! The first one to show this was a one-legged miner, who suddenly began to spin around like a top. Before the others had lost their surprise, they began to turn like other tops. There is a force which is called centripetal, which drew the miners together as they whirled; and in a few minutes they were jammed close together around the one-legged miner, and pressed tighter and tighter; he was nearly suffocated.

Now the whole crowd spun as one, being unable to separate, in a solid mass: their many legs kicking up a great cloud of dust. Jim had just enough centripetal force to keep him near the solid circle; and he kept revolving around it just as the moon spins around the earth. There were loud cries, and I think Jim would have been lynched if the miners could have stopped dancing long enough; but the fairies kept them at it. Their course was now through the camp and now up hill and down; and all the afternoon they whirled, and the remains of the pie, carrying the wooden frame, also revolved not far away in circles of its own, so that the revolving mass had two satellites—Jim and the pie-frame.

Just about dusk the whole party fell into a small pit, with the exception of Jim. They were too tired to move.

The next morning they found gold all around them, and so forgave their queer friend; but he and the pie-frame were missing. They may be whirling yet somewhere; but I think that the fairies are looking out for him. Anyway, the pie-frame was just the size of the ring around which fairies dance, and so that may be useful in their Land.

### The Lady and the Desk.

SOME one has evidently suffered the invasion of his work-room by the good lady who presides over his destinies, and upon his return found things set to most calamitous rights. He seems to have retaliated by looking through the loved one's own desk, and evolving the satire which follows:

What a woman's desk should contain:—

Well-sharpened pencils.  
Pens that will write.  
Well-filled ink bottles.  
A paper-knife or letter-opener.  
Stamps and stationery.  
Calendars up to date.  
An eraser or penknife.  
Blotters fit to use.  
Envelopes and paper-wrappers.  
Rubber bands and sealing-wax.  
Penwiper and postal cards.

What one woman's desk does contain:—

Unanswered letters.  
Note-books by the dozen.  
Souvenir spoons.  
Pencils with broken points.  
Several new books.  
Late fashion plates.  
Newspaper clippings by the score.  
A tray of pins.  
A useless fountain pen.  
A pair of pointless scissors.  
Two thimbles.  
A card of hooks and eyes.  
One tape-measure.  
A broken ruler.  
Envelopes of all sorts and kinds.  
Headache powders.  
Indelible ink.  
Several miniature encyclopedias.  
Many poems, original and otherwise.  
Empty boxes.  
Valuable stamps.  
A wax taper from the catacombs in Rome.  
Two ink bottles.  
Dust and confusion.





## Up and Down the World.

"Hello, Popsie!"

**A**N old man, with long gray hair and white beard, walked into a police station carrying a sweet-faced two-year-old girl, with blond hair and light blue eyes. The little one was all smiles.

"Sergeant," said the man, "I found this pretty little baby at a street-corner. She was crying for her mamma."

The sergeant, who was very fond of children, asked baby her name.

"Edna," said the tot. "I want to go to bed."

"Where do you live, Edna?" asked the sergeant.

"With my mamma", lisped the little girl.

She was carried to the back room. She soon got tired of playing with the policemen's clubs and big Tom, the station-cat; the sergeant made a little bed for her on one of the benches, and a few moments later she was sound asleep.

At 9 P. M. Policeman Michael Casey walked into the station-house.

"Are you on house duty?" asked Sergeant Walsh.

"I am," replied Casey, saluting his sergeant. "Anything to do, Sergeant?"

"There's a lost child sleeping in the back room", said the sergeant. "As soon as she wakes up, you had better take her down to Headquarters and turn her over to the matron."

"All right", replied Casey, and then he walked back into the rear room.

The policeman just glanced at the baby. He picked up a newspaper and began to read.

Half an hour later the little one woke up.

"Hello, popsie", she called.

"All right, little one," said Casey, "I'll be with you in a minute," and he buried his face in his newspaper again.

"Say," called the baby, "why don't you kiss me?"

Casey dropped his paper and walked over to where the child was lying. He picked up the little girl and started with her to the front room.

"Hello!" said the sergeant. "Why, she takes to you as though you were her father. I guess you had better carry her to Headquarters, now."

"I guess I'll take her home", said Casey.

"Home?" exclaimed the Sergeant. "Do you know where she lives?"

"Why, she's my own baby!" replied Casey.

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### Graveyard-Literature.

**I**N an old country cemetery, one can always find some quaint and amusing epitaph. In many cases interesting bits of family history completely cover the stone's grim, weather-beaten face, and we read first where the "dearly beloved" wives, noble sons, and "lovely and amiable" daughters were born, of all the dangers through which they safely passed, and the causes which led to their final departure.

In the following little account of Elijah, we learn the pathetic ending of his noble resolve to "put down" the rebellion:

"Elijah went away from home  
The great rebellion to put down,  
To fight hard battles was his lot

He was not hurt by shell or shot.  
 The rebel weapons all did fail  
 Typhoid fever did prevail.  
 At last Diphtheria that dread pest,  
 Took him from earth to heaven we  
 trust."

Another, with a better idea of rhyme,  
 which makes a little explanation neces-  
 sary, records:

"Beneath this crumbling pile of stones  
 Lie the remains of Henry Jones.  
 His name was Hicks, it was not Jones;  
 But Jones was put to rhyme with  
 stones."

### The Scientific Way of Getting Home.

**T**HERE is a scientific way of getting home; and many of our readers, returning from a summer of pleasure or health-seeking, will be in a position to avail themselves of it.

It is well for the most active and able member of the family, or some one in its employ, to act as advance agent for the rest, go ahead, and make the house ready. It should be clean, well-aired, and in good living shape, before the rank and file of the family go into it.

The old places in which things were put before the leaving, should be made ready to have the putting done again. The sooner a family gets back to the old-time orderly ways (if there is any such thing in it as order) the happier it will be.

Do not go home too precipitately, rushing along as if you had received a telegram that the house was on fire, and you hoped to arrive by train and carriage in time to put it out. Unless there is some imperative reason for making the journey as soon as possible, tour a little on your way home—leisurely and restfully; and when you get there you will not be too tired to enjoy the familiar environments.

Try to reach home rather early in the day, if possible, so that you will not have to pass half the night in getting

yourself adjusted to the new-old conditions, and wake in the morning feeling as if you had been dragged from one end of the house to the other and back again.

Have the "advance agent" lay in a week of supplies before you and the family arrive, so you will not be in a hurry, and pay starvation-prices and secure wasteful essentials because of your startlingly unexpected needs.

Go home, not only in fancy, but in good healthy imagination, a week or two before you start. Have everything well arranged in your mind, and you will see that it is much more easily regulated in the tangible form.

Giving the kitchen "a regular tearing-out, and feeling that it is clean once more", is a very common performance, and one that is a good deal better than nothing; but there is something much superior: viz., *keeping* it clean. Everyday, systematic attention will do more for it than all the periodical dirt-hunts you can organize.

But this constant vigilance, which is the price of cleanliness, must be done systematically and constantly; and it can thus be made wonderfully easy.

If by bad management or careless cooking, any substance remains attached to a utensil, do not go to scouring and scratching it, but take the fire into partnership with you in your cleansing. Put water into the dish and place it on the stove or range, and the adhesive matter will soon be willing to come off without much urging.

Copper, like friendship, is one of the easiest things in the world to keep bright, if you do not neglect it. Clean it each time you use it, and it will smile back at you every time you look at it. Procrastination is the thief of cleanliness, as well as of time. A mixture of bran, salt, and vinegar is excellent for brightening copper.

Many housewives take excellent care of the sides and interiors of their cooking-vessels, but neglect the *bottoms* of the same, thinking it is of no use to keep them clean, as the fire so soon undoes all the work of it. This is a great

mistake. In allowing the black fire-rust to gather on the bottom of the utensil, you are encouraging an extra barrier between what you cook and the fire with which you cook it. It is a non-conductor of heat. As soon as the beautiful aluminum is cheap enough to bring it within the reach of all, it will make it much easier for you to keep your utensils bright.

Bird-shot used to be extensively used for cleaning glasses; but the delicate adornments of today will not stand such warlike measures, and often get broken with it. Coarse, heavy glasses will stand it, but nothing delicate should be subjected to it.

Gather a pail-full of ordinary sand from any wash-out on the roadway, pass it through a common sieve, and put it away for reference. Then when you are cleaning a bottle pour half a cup-full into it and shake it about—but not

too long; as you might scratch the glass.

But for the very finest glasses, the honest old potato is one of the best cleansing-agents in the world. Cut it into chunks about the size of the smaller dice, and shake them around in the bottles. It will take longer to achieve the result sought, but all danger of scratching is obviated.

It is a good idea to manufacture, so to speak, very fine sand, for very fine polishing. To do this, take ordinary sand, such as you can find almost anywhere, put it into a tub, and stir it till all the muddy substances come out of it and join the water, while the sand stays at the bottom. Do this again and again, till the water remains clear after stirring: then run the sand through the finest sieve you can get, and you have a scouring-preparation that will do the most delicate and thorough work.

## Twelve Thoughts.

If God does not love poor people, why does he make so many of them?

Before you decide to live by your wits, be sure that wits of your kind are in demand.

The greater part of a loss, is the loss of time, nerve, and energy, caused by worrying about it.

Never buy goods at an indefinite price, unless you wish to get them at double their value.

When you "start off to meet the sunrise", do not let its brilliance blind you to the obstacles in the road.

Beware of an eloquent auctioneer, unless you are a very good judge indeed of the goods he is selling.

White crape at the door and flowers at the funeral, do not go very far toward relieving the darkness of death.

Be sure you love your intended wife, (or husband), well enough to stand the objectionable portion of your new relatives.

It is intended that we should be critical when it is just for us to be so, or we would not be enabled to see spots on the sun.

We sometimes over-pity animals, through forgetting that they do not see, feel, or suffer from the same standpoint as ourselves.

Learn how to be both dignified and familiar with your friends at the same time, and you need never have any trouble with them.

You can be a powerful king and a contented subject—as soon as you know how to rule yourself, and thoroughly use the knowledge.



## Editorial Comment.

### NEWSPAPER INACCURACY.

**P**ROBABLY there are few people in the world, but have noticed that newspapers do not always tell the truth. In fact, they cannot invariably get things accurate, for they have to "come out" promptly on time, with such information as they have been able to procure up to the hour they are going to press. So, when you are reading the "morning news" over the coffee, rolls, and oatmeal, you do not know whether the fat head-lines and the emphasized paragraphs and all the rest of it, are really the truth, or something wrought out mostly by the creative skill of some reporter or night-editor.

Thus, the late lamentable accident of the dam's breaking at Austin, Pa., was the cause, in the papers, the first morning after it occurred, of the loss of 1,200 lives. Next day, there were at least 800 or 1,000; next day after that, 500; then 100; and now it is thought that there may have been seventyfive drowned, or consumed by fire, or killed in some other way.

The New York *World* is utterly out of patience with this sort of thing, although it has often itself to participate in the same kind of mistakes: and in a recent issue voices its discontent as follows:

"The outbreak of war between Italy and Turkey has promptly shown how much the readers of war news are indebted to improved modern methods of collecting and disseminating misinformation.

"We have seen, in the vivid imagination of the wires, Tripoli thrice bombarded when it was not bombarded, the Governor's house blown up before a shot

was fired, and troops that were not present sent ashore to complete the destruction. Italians have landed in force at Prevesa, though a mainland invasion is the last thing Italy desires. Two destroyers were sunk there and four ran away; that is more destroyers than Turkey possessed in the beginning, but other destroyers, or the same ones, are being sunk elsewhere daily, or scattering to deceive their pursuers, or still hiding in the harbor at Prevesa. Turkey has no battleships, at least of a modern type; yet one division of the fleet lost three imaginary battleships in a great naval engagement that did not take place outside the Dardanelles, where later all the fleet arrived in safety without even knowing as an equally veracious despatch had it, that war had been declared.

"Tame would be the struggle where one side suffered all the disasters. Italy also has shed the blood of heroes. Two barge-loads of invaders were sunk by mythical Turkish guns with impalpable shells while making the unmade landing in Tripoli. Italians have been massacred in heaps in Tripoli and Bengazi, where quiet is said to prevail, and from the arid interior of the country tribes of Ghazis that never heard of the war are marching to the coast to cut off the fleeing Giaours who have not yet been too often killed.

"The patient press feels obliged to print every ridiculous bit of rumor or gossip European editors can put into type and the Associated Press waste its time in transmitting. There will be in fact no war. Turkey will yield to the great powers as she has yielded before, and lose Tripoli as she has lost Roumania, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia,

Herzegovina, Egypt, Tunis. She cannot fight in Tripoli. She has neither ships to transport men thither nor money, without which war cannot be carried on."

However the "war" turns out, the foregoing words are true, in spirit, and the same facts are apparent in the narration of matters much nearer home. A journal's motto ought to be, not only "All the news that's fit to print", but "All the news that is really news, and not downright silly fiction."

#### THE PERPETUAL-MOTION FALLACY.

**F**OR a good many years in different regions a certain percentage of the available ingenuity of this world has been expended upon the problem of "perpetual motion."

There is such a thing—but man cannot make it. The whole universe is, evidently, a perpetual motion—and we can do nothing better than hitch to it—if we are in pursuit of movement and mechanical power. The lad who puts a tiny water-wheel in the brook on his father's farm, is as near the achievement as any one ever can be: for the stream "runs on forever", and the machine with it. If he should construct a windmill delicate enough to feel every breath of air, he would have another machine of constant revolution—attended with more or less power. A tide-mill is a piece of perpetual motion, for it is always running—whether the tide goes in or out. Whatever method can be used to harness Nature, is as near the desired boon as mankind can ever get.

The Staten Island man who has just sailed across the ferry to New York bringing what he calls a perpetual motion, has worked upon this same principle. His machine is in the form of a clock, and, perhaps, will, as long as it lasts, never require winding. The back of this time-indicator is formed of a coil of 3,000 feet of zinc wire. Every

change of temperature—however slight—induces the metal to contract or expand—and every change in the condition of the wires causes a leaden ball to tumble into a wheel, which, it is asserted, furnishes enough power to run the clock for eight hours, and restore the ball to its former position, ready to be dropped again. There are sixty of the balls—adapted to various changes of temperature. "It is impossible," the inventor says, "that there should not be enough change of temperature within eight hours to make at least one of them drop."

This seems all true, and very ingenious: but it is the same old story. The constant restlessness of the elements necessitates continual changes of temperature, and really moves the machinery: just as the never-ceasing motion of the water or the air runs the water-wheel or the windmill.

Perpetual motion already exists, and has done so for ages—but not as the work of man.

#### BANISHED HOME.

**A** YOUNG burglar from Norway was recently arrested in Brooklyn. He had raided not far from a dozen houses, by his own confession; and no one knows how many that were not included in his more-or-less candid statement before the judge—made after being detected "with the goods on him."

He had a rich father in Norway, and he, averse to letting his son go into the New York state-prison for a term of years, cabled, and made an offer, if the State of New York would send him home, to keep him thereafter in his house, and see that he did not commit any more burglaries, and that he never on any account would be allowed to come back again to America.

EVERY WHERE has not been able to find what particular statute of New York prescribes this penalty: but sup-

poses that there must be one—written or unwritten, or the judge would not have imposed it—or, if there were none, he would have been criticised or condemned for going beyond his powers. It is a very interesting precedent, and we shall look with interest to know how many confessed or convicted burglars and other disturbers of the public peace, will be deported home to the care of their parents.

It will also wonder and perhaps ascertain who will take the task of keeping the young man from breaking out of the family residence, in case the father is called to the far-off land where no burglaries occur.

#### TIMBY AT REST.

**H**OW far can a nation afford to be ungrateful, to those who have saved it?—This is a question that, soon or late, must be answered in every case. Why should the man to whose genius and patriotism the republic owes its very existence, be allowed to die in poverty and obscurity?

This question was asked, over and over again, in the city of New York, on the 12th of October last. Columbus, who bravely but accidentally discovered this country, supposing that he had reached the East Indies from a new direction, was honored in every possible way. Theodore Ruggles Timby, who saved our country from dissolution by the greatest naval invention ever known, was rescued from a receiving-vault in one of the Brooklyn cemeteries, where his dead body had lain for two years, and was quietly taken to Jersey City, whence it was dispatched by rail to Washington—there to be buried at last in the bosom of the great inventor's family.

It had been demanded, at a mass-meeting held in the historic Plymouth Church, that the body of this man who

devised the turret of our victorious "Monitor", should at least be given equal honors with that of Ericsson, who superintended the building of the little boat that carried the mighty and portentous engine of war—as any good and ingenious mechanic might have done. It was believed that a war-ship would be detailed to carry the inventor to our nation's capital, amid the echoes of artillery fired from one of his own matchless and unprecedented turrets.

Men went to Washington, with a view of having this plan carried out. It would have been a magnificent tribute, and one that was worthy of this great country.

There was no hesitancy on the part of "the powers that be", in acknowledging Timby's just claims, but this curious point was raised, by one of the richest nations on the face of the earth: "It will not do to give too much prominence to the Timby matter, for his descendants may use the fact to demand a royalty on all the turrets that this country has made and used during the past fifty years—thus infringing upon his patent, and paying him no royalty whatever."

And this is the gratitude of a nation!—To cheat a man out of the honors he deserves for saving it, in order to prevent rendering his loved ones the compensation to which he was entitled.

The grand old inventor received such honors as those faithful to his memory were able to give him. The casket containing his body was brought to Battery Park, New York, and in a spacious pavilion there, was placed where it could lie in state for the whole day. Thousands of people were thus given an opportunity to view the remains of the greatest inventor of the nineteenth century.

The casket was opened. Though two years had passed since he had been laid away, the face of the dead man was in-

tact, and firm as if in life; and to the more imaginative ones who viewed it, seemed to be giving his countrymen a mild reproach for the way they had treated him.

The pagoda in which he lay, was within a few yards of the statue to Ericsson, the inscriptions upon which gave that distinguished Swede all the credit of the victory over the Merrimac. The small but distinguished party who surrounded Timby, insisted that they were conducting no war against Ericsson: that there was glory enough for all, as it might be proven that they deserved it: and that it was not that they loved Ericsson the less, but Timby many times more.

After the ceremonies, consisting of prayer, music, and speeches, were over, the body of Dr. Timby, accompanied by a huge representation of a Monitor formed of flowers, was put on board a launch, and, accompanied by a party of friends, it made the circuit of Governor's Island. Upon this, still stands the famous Castle Williams, the rounded structure which first flashed to Timby the first idea of the revolving turret. The rays of the western sun fell lovingly upon it, as did the eyes of those who stayed by the honored remains, until they arrived where they were to be transferred to one of the railroad-trains that vibrate between the metropolis and the capital.

Next day, the journey was continued, and it is a notable fact that it was upon a train which three days before had been equipped with an appliance which completely removes the old trouble of the heating of car-axles—heretofore a difficult and dangerous problem. This invention was also made by the distin-

guished man who invented the turret, and lay dead in the fast-moving hearse of the baggage-car.

At Washington, impressive ceremonies were held, and the tired body of the man who at ninety years of age died, poor and disappointed, was laid at rest.

It will some day be told as a strange happening, that all this honor paid Timby, was done, not by officers of the Government, but by private individuals; that neither navy nor army were represented; that no mayor, Congressman, or member of the Administration, was present; and that had it not been for the determined efforts of one brave woman and one brave man, the body of Theodore Ruggles Timby might now be moldering in the potter's field of one of the smaller cemeteries.

#### SEEING MEN DIE.

THE people of our country are developing an appetite if not a mania, for "thrills": and those of a tragic kind. They perhaps will not admit that they like to see a real tragedy—but many of them do. "Hair-breadth Escapes", "Dips of Death", etc., etc., are very popular at public shows.

When Eugene Ely was killed from his aeroplane, at Macon, Georgia, the crowd rushed after him, despoiled his machine and tore it to pieces for souvenirs, and, it is asserted, did not leave even the dead body inviolate, but took portions of the clothing away. The same thing has happened in other localities and upon this, and other sorts of occasions.

Let us have some respect for the dead—if we cannot for the living.





### Doric Beginnings of a Church.

**T**HE United Brethren, of whom Rev. Milton Wright, father of the celebrated aeroplane-inventors, Wilbur and Orville Wright, is one of the Bishops, originated in Ohio and Michigan, and from humble beginnings, has grown to a strong body of Christians. Some idea of the methods of its beginning, may be gathered in the following article from the *Watchword*, its official organ, published at Dayton, Ohio:

One cold day in November, 1857, Mr. Barnaby was at his home in Gratiot County, Michigan, braiding a whip-lash. Two men on horseback rode up to his place and one dismounted. Horses were an unusual sight in that time; their horses had horns, oxen being the common beasts of burden and travel.

One of the men on horseback dismounted and came to the door. "We are United Brethren," he said, "sent by the annual conference as missionaries to this country. At Dewit we heard of you, and have come to hunt you up." Mr. Barnaby was a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, and for three years had been preaching in private houses and in the woods of that country, being the only minister thereabouts. The United Brethren preachers were cordially welcome, and spent the night with Mr. Barnaby, when he learned much about the United Brethren Church, and after reading its Discipline, came to love it.

Mr. Barnaby had first heard about the United Brethren people some time before this. He had been out to buy a couple of cows, and on his way home passed a team of "movers" in a covered wagon,

the people having stopped at the roadside to make some repairs. Mr. Barnaby put up at the North Star House, a tavern along the way, where he told the tavern-keeper that he soon would have other guests, as he had passed them near his place. The tavern-keeper inquired as to the kind of team the movers were driving, and when told that it was a pair of black oxen he said, "They will not stop here; they are United Brethren, and don't stay much in taverns; they stay with one another."

The United Brethren missionaries held a meeting in a schoolhouse at the corner of Mr. Barnaby's farm, and a class was formed there. "Class" was the name given to groups of people organized as United Brethren churches. Mr. Barnaby and his wife, and another man and wife joined. The following year the other man moved away. The presiding elder came to hold a quarterly conference, and Mr. Barnaby was present, being class leader, class steward, and local preacher. The presiding elder asked him, "Do you hold prayer-meetings?"

"Yes, twice a day," replied the class leader.

"Do the members turn out?" the presiding elder asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, the whole class is present every time."

This caused still greater surprise, but when he learned that the membership of the class consisted of Mr. Barnaby and his wife, he could understand how all were present twice a day at prayer-meeting, the meeting being held in his own home.

In the early days the quarterly conference meetings were occasions of great

interest. Mr. Barnaby lived close to the church, and was depended upon to find homes for the people who would come to the quarterly conference. The meetings usually began on Saturday morning and lasted throughout Sunday and sometimes a very precious meeting would be held on Monday morning.

On one occasion the preacher in charge said to Mr. Barnaby, "I will depend on you to find homes for the people." He went around to find out how many each family in the neighborhood would entertain. After he had secured homes in this way for as many as possible, he announced that all the rest should come to his house. When they got to his home and were counted, he found there were thirty-two people to be entertained, besides six ox-teams. They filled the bedrooms, and the rest slept on the floor. They had a "hallelujah time" until midnight.

Those occasions were of great spiritual profit. There was no caste. The log-house and the ox-team represented the situation of all the settlers.

### Burdette's Temperance Speech.

THE former humorist of the Burlington, Ia., *Hawkeye*, is now a clergyman, and delivers some very good discourses in his church, concerning sobriety—a quality in which, for several years, as he himself confesses, he was woefully lacking. Following is his opinion concerning beer:

"Men have fought, bled and died, but not for beer.

"Arnold Winkelried did not throw himself upon the Austrian spear because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock.

"William Tell did not hide his arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free-born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday.

"Freedom did not shriek over a whisky barrel as Kosciusko fell.

"Warren did not die that beer might flow as the brooks do, seven days a week.

"Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whisky be free.

"No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday-concert garden, with five brass horns and one hundred kegs of beer, is the inalienable right of a free people and the corner-stone of a good government.

"Tea—mild, harmless, innocent tea, the much-sneered-at temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women—tea holds a brighter, more glorious page, and is a grander figure in the history of this United States, than beer.

"Men liked tea, but they hurled it into the sea in the name of liberty, and they died rather than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best of men have done so.

"The history of United States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill, as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

"The battles of this world have been fought for grander things than free whisky. The heroes who fall in the struggles for rum fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by the haunting phantoms of the jimjams.

"Whisky makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens. Glory does not wear a red nose, and fame blows a horn, but never takes one."

### Beecher's Playfulness.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, when on his vacations, was peculiarly playful and undignified. At the Twin Mountain House, where he stopped for so many summers, it was one of his delights to worry the life half out of the clerical force in the office of the hotel, by various antics. Once the large broad-shouldered proprietor, Oscar Barron, threatened to put him out of the office if he did not subside.

"It isn't in your size to do it", said Beecher, laughingly. Whereat the boniface grasped the world-famed divine in his arms, carried him up stairs in spite of his kicking and struggling, opened the door of his room, and deposited him in a heap on the floor. It was not very long before Beecher followed mine host down to the office again, bearing with him all sorts of mock complaints and protestations; but he managed to keep at a most respectful distance from Barron all the rest of the day.

### Hymn by Fanny Crosby.

THERE ARE MOMENTS.

*Tune, "Shall We Know Each Other There?"*

**T**HERE are moments—blessed moments—

That in spirit we recall;  
There are seasons of refreshing—  
Oh how precious to us all!  
When we feel the sacred presence  
Of our great High Priest and King,  
And as if by inspiration  
Of His wondrous love we sing!

There are moments—blessed moments—  
When a radiance from the skies  
Seems to burst in all its glory  
On our faith-illuminated eyes;  
And we hear a voice proclaiming,  
While in song our voices blend,  
"I am Alpha and Omega,  
The beginning and the end."

There are moments—blessed moments—  
When such perfect joy we see,  
That we stand upon the threshold  
Of a life that soon shall be;  
And again the Master speaketh  
While in silent prayer we blend:  
He again confirms the promise,  
"I am with you to the end!"

### Bound to Be Helpful.

**"I** AM troubled greatly by insomnia," said the parishioner.

"Possibly I ought to preach at night," suggested the pastor, quietly, but nevertheless pointedly.

### The Blind Girl's Vision.

**F**ANNY CROSBY, in her famous book, "Fanny Crosby's Life-Story", gives an account of what she considered a vision, which is so sane, and so faithfully told, that we reproduce it. After she had commenced in earnest the writing of hymns, she says, it seemed to her as if the great work of her life had really begun: and she commenced the delicious toil which, with an occasional pause for rest, she has continued ever since. She says:

"If at any time I have been tempted to leave this work, and turn my poetical efforts in other directions, I have invariably been brought back and spurred to fresh vigor, by the memory of a dream that I had, not long before my taking of this, what seemed to me a sacred, trust.

"It was really more than a dream—more even than a vision: it was a kind of reality—with my senses all at their fullest—though the body was asleep.

"I was in an immense observatory, and before me the largest telescope I had ever imagined. I could see everything plainly (for, in my most vivid dreams, the sense of sight appears fully restored). Looking in the direction pointed out by my friend, I saw a very bright and captivating star, and was gradually carried toward it—past other stars, and any amount of celestial scenery that I have not strength even to describe.

"At last we came to a river, and paused there. 'May I not go on?' I asked of my guide. 'Not now, Fanny', was the reply 'You must return to the earth and do your work there, before you enter those sacred bounds; but ere you go, I will have the gates opened a little way, so you can hear one burst of the eternal music.'

"Soon there came chords of melody such as I never had supposed could exist anywhere; the very recollection of it thrills me. And in the writing of my hymns, the memory of that journey toward the star, always cheers and inspires me."



## Mouth-Breathing and Nose-Breathing.

**A** PERSON need be very unobservant and ignorant indeed who does not note the constantly increasing number of people, old and young, who have contracted the most undeniable and hurtful habit of breathing through the mouth. The writer has counted at least a dozen in the course of one day of observation; and feels that it is high time parents, nurses, and others, should consider the matter seriously.

It may be that what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said about "calling the Doctor" has been given in this magazine, but it will bear repetition.

"Doctor—"The patient may almost always be saved if the Doctor is called in time."—Anxious Mother—"How soon should that be?"—Doctor—"At least one hundred years before the child is born, Madam'."

So with mouth-breathing. The mother—yes, and grandmother—should know before the child is born, that it is of the greatest importance that the new-born baby should not even discover the possibility of any but the right way of breathing, i. e., through the nostrils.

Instead of that, however, mother and nurse, often finding that a child sleeps longer when head and face are muffled, so effectually shut away fresh air that a special effort to breathe has to be made by the child, and the mouth is called in for assistance. It should, however, be known that the reason a child sleeps longer when face and head are covered is because the carbonic acid gas sent out of its own lungs acts as an anaesthetic, putting the child into an unnat-

ural sleep. If ignorant mothers only, suffered for the many mistakes of which they are guilty! When we think of the frightful mortality among children (more than one-third dying before the age of five), it certainly seems that there should be schools or classes where mothers could be trained for the responsibility accepted with marriage.

"The Profession of Motherhood" should surely be as natural and orderly a matter of selection as that of nurse or doctor, and preparation for the same as much a matter for consideration by women about to marry as for nurse or doctor to receive the training demanded. It has been claimed that as cat and dog mothers care for their young from instinct, mothers of the human race in some mysterious way are fitted for their work; but that is far from being true, and in proof may be mentioned the hundreds of times when the writer has suggested to mothers and nurses in parks and on the sidewalks, that the winking, clinging babies would be made more comfortable and their eyesight improved by turning them away from the glare of strong light, and as should be added, lining carriage-parasols with some soft shade of green or blue instead of the white glare so often seen.

Every year very young children are compelled more and more to wear glasses, doomed and hampered for life, and often if not always as the result of careless neglect, when they were "helpless dwellers on the shores of time."

Even with the well-born, normal baby, the wonderful intricate mechanism of the body could not possibly be expected to bear all the abuses to which it is often ignorantly subjected; not from inten-



tion, but from ignorance. For instance, there are obstructions in the nostrils: from cold very often caused by lack of oxygen, which plenty of fresh unbreathed air should supply day and night. Such obstructions in the nostrils compel opening of the mouth, a habit often persisted in even when the first cause is removed.

Catarrh and "throat troubles" are sure to follow the long-continued habit of breathing through the mouth, and particles of dust find entrance to the lungs, that would be screened out, was the breathing done, as Nature intended, through the hairy-lined nostrils, so constructed as to keep out foreign matter.

Not only should a desperate effort be made to teach correct methods of breathing, but the importance of diaphragmatic *intentional* breathing should be impressed on all. In New York City alone, nearly 10,000 persons die annually of consumption, and as vital statistics do not lie, what is said of the importance of deep, constant correct breathing cannot be overestimated. They are not theories or guesses: they are facts.

People go to the mountains and seaside, and remaining so much out of doors are benefited; but on returning to the city they persistently shut out of homes, office, or shop the air which would keep them immune to disease did they remember to make use of nature's best gift—oxygen, every time and all the time.

### Self-Treating Osteopaths.

**M**ANY people are prejudiced against Osteopathy. Especially is this the case with physicians who obtain their livelihood in another department of medicine: and this is of course no great wonder.

And that same spirit of "fakeism" that competes with and sometimes discredits the honest old-school physician, is sure to follow Osteopathy: and among the reliable and efficient honest practitioners in the art of manual relief,

there are and will arise many who "magnify their office" as many times as they can get lenses of credulity with which to do it.

But as in every department of life, we should aid the specialist whom we employ.

We are accustomed, when our watches give out, to hand them over to some trusted jeweler: but that need not prevent us from doing what we can to take care of them while in our own hands. Naturally we do not feel like dropping them, or twirling them about on the chain, or leaving them exposed so that dust will get into them. If our automobiles get out of order, a skilled repairer is called into requisition: but that should not prevent our watching out for the machines ourselves, in any case possible. If a valuable horse is sick, we are prone to call in a veterinary surgeon: but that does not prevent our doing everything we can for him before the equine physician arrives.

There are a hundred things we can do for ourselves, without consulting any physician. For instance, if a slight itching occurs on the face, or other part of the body, we do not have to send for a doctor, to remove it: a slight rubbing with one of the fingers, without cost or overmuch trouble, suffices.

This itching was caused, no doubt, by some little congestion in the veins through which the blood had difficulty in making its passage. The aid that you gave, started the blood going again; the itching ceased: the congestion was removed—at least for the time being—perhaps permanently. If not, Nature will again and again incite you to the treatment.

If, instead of a slight itching, a pain comes in some portion of the body, it is also, probably, due to congestion, and can be gradually removed by gentle rubbings with the hand. "I have never had an attack of rheumatism, that I could not rub away in half an hour's time", said Rev. Edward Beecher, brother of the distinguished pastor of Plymouth Church.

No doubt he did this rubbing largely by instinct: following the natural impulse in regard to the motions he made. But the process was, virtually, one of Osteopathy: although Dr. Still's school of medicine—or rather lack of medicine—had not as yet come to the fore.

It is really strange, how much a body can do for itself, if the intellect that is within it will remain passive, and give the instincts that are stowed in the subconscious mind a chance to use the knowledge and skill that are stored within it.

### "Something in My Eye."

**A** LADY was traveling on one of the many railroad lines that stretch up and down through our country. Like many other tourists of the parallel irons, she was suddenly afflicted with being struck by a cinder.

It was not the first one, by any means, that had come her way during that journey, but it was the first one that struck her, fully and unmistakably, in the eye.

It was almost like a heavy blow; and the after-smart was of course terrible—destroying most of the pleasure of the trip for several miles.

Of course, everybody did something for her: sympathy is always to the fore, on such occasions, and it is wonderful what bits of knowledge are called out of fellow-mortals, by the magnet of suffering.

One of her fellow-passengers told her to blow her Grecian nose smartly, from the nostril opposite the afflicted eye. She did this, several times, till her head rang again; and you could actually see those around her inclining their faces at about the same angle as hers, in sympathy.

Then an ancient father in Israel appeared, with a huge silk handkerchief, which he applied tenderly to the under lid of the eye, having first turned that attachment of the smarting organ wrong side out. "Sometimes the cinder will attach itself to the handkerchief and come away with it", he said. "Now

wink. Doesn't your eye feel just a little better?"

The lady winked, but was obliged to admit that in spite of all expedients tried thus far, including the last-named one, she felt rather worse than ever.

Quite a number of other methods were tried, but to no particular purpose. The train stopped at a way-station, and while they were "changing the baggage", the window was raised for fresh air. Additional efforts were still being made, constantly and strenuously, to remove the cinder.

A gentleman happened to be standing on the station-platform directly opposite the window by which the lady sat, and saw what was going on. He raised his hat politely.

"I beg your pardon, Madame," he said, "but I see your trouble, and would like to prescribe for you. I know what has happened: you have caught a cinder in your eye, and have been submitting to all sorts of barbarous old-fashioned methods for removing it. Now let *me* propose one, which I never knew to fail."

The lady assented, languidly and unexpectedly. She was getting tired of methods, and began to think that the cinder would have to undergo a slow and systematic process of decay in there, before it left her unclogged by its hateful presence.

"Turn the eyelid back as well as you can," continued the gentleman, "and shake it up and down. Shake it! shake it, I say! Do you call *that* shaking, if I may be so bold as to ask?—Again! bravely!—That's more like it!"

The train started off; but before it was many feet away, there was a head thrust through an open window, and a voice calling back to the impromptu advisory surgeon.

"It's out! it's out! it's out! Thank you, sir, thank you, thank you!"

"Welcome", muttered the gentleman, turning away, with a smile upon his face. "Am glad she had the pluck to stick to it. I never knew the process to fail, when properly applied."

## World-Success.

### Platform Self-Possession.

“**H**OW do you feel when facing an audience?” is sometimes asked. The best answer is, “Try it, and you will know.” Indeed, almost everybody does try it, nowadays. It is an age when people address people by the quantity, more than ever before, and the sensation of trying to speak when a number are listening to you, is one that can be experienced by all.

The great test is, Self-possession. Anybody with a fair amount of sense, can say things good enough to hold an audience for a while, on any subject he understands. He can hold their attention, taken one by one, or by twos or threes; why not all of them together?

The answer is: When talking with a few, he maintains self-possession, and has command of all his facts and faculties; but when he finds himself hoisted a few feet or inches above the rest, and sees them looking at him, and knows they are all waiting for him, then his presence of mind fails, something gets between him and his facts, and he “has nothing to say.”

Which assertion is a mistake. He has plenty to say; it is all in there, but he can't get to it. The stock is all on the shelves, perhaps “all wool and a yard wide”, but he cannot clear away the rubbish soon enough to reach it. There is too much wool-in-the-raw there. The floor is, to use an old-fashioned Yankee expression, “cluttered” with it.

If he have something he wishes to recite—something that he could speak so nicely in the seclusion of his little room—it will not come at his bidding. It is off on a tour somewhere; he “for-

gets”; and perhaps fails. If he intended to speak extemporaneously, the ideas refuse to show up; he knows what he wants to say, but he can't say it; that sea or lake or pond of faces out there confuses and abashes him; he is not himself, or any considerable part of himself; and there his body is, withstanding a terrible failure, caused by the absence of his good-enough mind.

Your remedy or preventive for this is to resolve that whatever may happen—however large the crowd may be—you will keep your self-possession. Decide that the crowd do not own you; you either own them, or it is at least a partnership affair. At all events, you own yourself. Crowd back this something-or-other in the brain that wants to get in the way. If three or four urchins, or a drunken man, shouldered themselves between you and your hearers, you would hustle them out. Do so with this misty something-made-of-nothing that gets between you and your ideas even now. Keep the brain as clear as a bell; then reach back into the storehouse and get the ideas as you want them. Webster, when he made his celebrated reply to Hayne, felt as if he had everything he had ever read, heard, or thought, waiting for him to reach up and get it when he wanted it. “I had little to do but to pluck thunderbolts and fling at him,” he remarked.

Do not be distracted by what takes place in the audience. You are not to be at the mercy of any one who happens to make a movement in the space in front of you. Some speakers are thrown off their balance if a dog comes into the room. A harmless, unintellectual cat, purring and rubbing his way along the

stage, has broken up many a good train of thought. One orator stopped and chided an innocent member of the audience for disagreeing with him too apparently, when it turned out that the offending listener was only shaking a fly off his nose. Another was so angry at the noise made by a pair of "squeaky" boots, that he showed his rage, and lost all the sympathy of his hearers, some of whom themselves had the same kind of foot-wear.

Remember that for a certain length of time, the room, the platform, the audience, the occasion—are all yours. They have been given you by the chairman, or by the audience, and you are really protected in them by law. Nobody has a right to interrupt you until you are through, to use a Hibernicism. So go ahead and possess the land; say what you got up to say, as nearly as possible, and as much more as occurs to you, on the same lines; do not utter anything without your judgment back of it; and sit down feeling that you have done just what you rose for the purpose of doing, and have not made a donkey of yourself.

"But ought not the excitement, the fervor, of an occasion, to help any one?" is asked. Certainly it ought; you can make it assist you, if you keep your self-possession. So does a goodly amount of steam help the limited express-train, as long as it keeps on the track, and the throttle-valve and air-brake are within the driver's control. You may speak faster or slower—with more or less nerve—with more or less freedom—according to the subject—to the occasion—to the inspiration you get from the audience: but keep always your self-possession, whatever may happen.

It has been said that a perfectly-balanced speaker can not control an audience: but whoever originated this remark, failed to consider the difference between balance and inertia. Some of the swiftest motions in the world are perfectly well-balanced. The reason that a certain little two-wheeled vehicle called the bicycle is a graceful, swift-

gliding chariot instead of an awkward wreck, is that the rider soon learns to posture himself perfectly, from the beginning to the end of his journey. The best speakers are usually the best-balanced.

### A New Departure for Children.

IN "A Language Book", by James Douglas Williams, the author endeavors to help the child give correct expression to the relation of words in a sentence, the relation of sentences in a paragraph, and the relation of paragraphs in a theme. "Thus," he claims, "through observation and practice, his mind will become trained to habits of orderly thinking, and he will acquire such facility in expression and knowledge of the form side of language, as will enable him to exercise, in an intelligent and interesting manner, his gift of speech."

The author's greeting to his young constituency, is as follows:

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

Wherever you live and whatever your parentage this little book has a message for all of you.

If you are at home in this universe of truth and beauty, then, instinctively, you will be doing beautiful and true things, thinking beautiful and true thoughts, speaking beautiful and true words. If you are not doing these things, then, that means you are an exile.

Every race and every locality has something strange and wonderful to tell about nature and her ways. The most interesting thing about it all is that nature's laws are the same for all of us: although her methods of expression are various.

If you live in the city you are becoming acquainted with many nationalities. You may be fortunate enough to number among yourselves a little German, a little Italian, a little Scandinavian, a little Russian, and a young voice from each of the other great nations of the earth. Remember you are all Americans, and that your ways of seeing and thinking

are the richer because you are sharing them with one another.

If you live in the country you have the advantage of companionship with those who work with the land, making things grow; you are living among birds, the animals of the farm, and the wild things of the woods; every one of these creatures is a revelation of nature.

Each of you, too, is one of nature's voices. When you walk, or gesture, or feel, or speak, you are expressing yourself—a part of nature. It is for you to choose whether you shall speak clearly and sincerely through your various languages. This can be done by forming right habits of self-expression, and that means right habits of life.

### Discover from Where You Are.

**T**HE wandering mass of luminous matter rightly named "Brooks' Comet", is now visible in the sky, not very far from the "Big Dipper." There are twentyfive other ones somewhere in the universe, that may justly bear his name.

He was a photographer in the little town of Phelps, New York, when his first efforts at discovering comets were made. He constructed his own telescope, and spent night after night searching for comets. His "observatory" was not an expensive structure, towering toward the sky: but a humble little platform, in the back-yard of his residence, where, well wrapped up, he spent night after night detecting the bright-hued but elusive hoboos of the sky.

When he became too much chilled to stand it any longer without temporary shelter from the cold night-air, he

would go into the house, and his faithful wife would carefully tuck him up in bed, where he would not only get warm again, but, perhaps, take a short nap. Still, he realized that the earth was constantly revolving beneath additional skies, and what he might not discover at one hour, he might at another: and if the night continued clear was soon again at his post.

The distinguished Indianologist, Rev. J. W. Sanborn, once told the writer of this article, that when he was deputed personally to take Mr. Brooks one of the many certificates of titles and degrees that have been bestowed upon him, he failed to find him at his residence—he being out of town. His wife was home, however, received the visitor with graceful courtesy, and accepted the honor for her husband. Before going, Mr. Sanborn asked if he might see the distinguished astronomer's observatory. "Certainly", replied Mrs. Brooks, with a smile: and forthwith conducted him to the above-mentioned platform in the above-mentioned back-yard.

An old neighbor of Mr. Brooks informed the above-mentioned writer of this article, that he used many times to see him on his way to the telegraph-office, in the early morning hours. "What's up, Brooks?" he would inquire. "Nothing," would be the reply, "except that I have bagged another comet." This news from that little platform in the back-yard of a village, was, in an hour or two, interesting the whole civilized world.

Prof. Brooks has for over twenty years been superintendent of the Smith observatory at Geneva, New York, and Professor of Astronomy at Hobart College, and has medals and degrees of honor from all over the world.





- September 28—A town in Costa Rica was partly destroyed by an earthquake, which also dried up temporarily the Cano Grande River.
- 29—Italy declared war against Turkey, sank a Turkish destroyer, occupied Tripoli and blockaded the Tripolitan Coast.
- 30—Many people were killed and much property destroyed by the bursting at Austin, Pa., of the dam of the Bayless Pulp and Paper Mill.
- October 1—Turkey made a fresh appeal to the powers against Italy's action. King Peter called his Cabinet to consider the situation.
- 1—A bronze statue of Parnell was unveiled in Dublin.
  - 2—Germany actively undertook to mediate between Italy and Turkey. Bombardment of Tripoli was postponed.
- Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt was thrown by her horse and considerably injured at Oyster Bay.
- The returns from Mexico's elections indicated that Gen. Madero had received a practically unanimous vote for the Presidency.
- 3—Solicitor McCabe was relieved from duty on the Pure Food and Drug Board, leaving Chief Chemist Wiley in command of the situation.
- There were renewed reports that Tripoli had been bombarded by the Italian fleet.
- A fierce engagement took place between troops and monarchist conspirators in Oporto, Portugal.
- One hundred and forty-five fishing vessels and other craft were wrecked off the coast of Holland in a storm.
- 4—Tripoli was shelled, the Turks replying feebly, but doing no damage; efforts to form a Turkish ministry were unavailing.
- The Irish railroad men's strike was settled, both sides making concessions.
- Dr. Poeras, Panama minister to United States, was recalled by his government.
- 5—The Turkish fleet moved from the Dardanelles to the Bosphorus.
- Italian landing parties occupied the Sultanea fort in Tripoli.
- The funeral of Rear Admiral Schley took place with full military honors in Washington.
- 6—The collapse of a dam in the Black River, Wisconsin, caused great loss of property at the Dells and at Hatfield, Wisconsin.
- The Laurier Ministry resigned and Premier-elect R. L. Borden accepted the call to form a new Canadian Cabinet.
- Turkey issued another appeal to the Powers to stop the war waged by Italy. Ten thousand persons were killed during fighting between Chinese government troops and insurgents.
- 7—Italy shelled an Albanian town. Rome warned the public against intervening till Tripoli was in the hands of her army.
- A \$300,000 fire destroyed the plant of the International Harvester Company in Richmond, Va.
- 8—An Italian squadron captured a town in Bomba Bay.
- A 60-foot sperm whale stranded on a shoal off Ocean City, N. J.
- \$150,000 worth of tea was destroyed in a \$350,000 fire in New York City.
- 9—Portugal put several hundred monarchist suspects in prison and called the Cortes to constitute a high court for immediate trial.
- Spaniards suffered heavy losses in driving tribesmen into the interior of Morocco.
- Turkey recalled her decision to expel all Italians and to place cereals as contraband of war, upon the representations of the German Ambassador.
- 10—Turkish troops made an unavailing night attack in an attempt to recapture Tripoli. The first of the Italian army of occupation landed 600 miles east of the city of Tripoli and the rest sailed.
- 11—The trial of James B. McNamara for murder growing out of the Los Angeles *Times* explosion and fire, on October 1, 1910, was begun at Los Angeles.
- Chinese rebels captured Wuchang and threatened Hankow.
- The Portuguese Government recalled all its warships and assembled the entire fleet in the Tagus, steam up.
- 12—The Italian Commander-in-Chief, Caneva,

- ordered an advance against all the Turkish positions in Tripoli.
- The Chinese rebels continued to capture important cities; the Minister of War and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army were ordered to the Yangtse Valley.
- Latest returns in the California elections gave a small majority for woman suffrage.
- 13—The Duke of Connaught was installed as Governor-General of Canada.
- The revolution in China was reported as spreading.
- 14—President Taft broke ground at San Francisco for the site of the Panama Exposition.
- General Li Yuan Heng demanded recognition of his authority by the foreign Consuls and promised protection if they remained neutral.
- 15—Yuan Shi Kai, China's great reformer, refused to return to power without imperial pledges of immediate effective reforms and observance of the Constitution.
- The Porte maintained its irreconcilable attitude with respect to Italy and Tripoli. Several Neapolitan fishing-boats were seized near Smyrna.
- The Italian battleship *Giulio Cesare* was launched at Genoa.
- 16—Thirtysix sticks of dynamite, with a fuse, were found on a bridge near Santa Barbara, Cal., four hours before President Taft's train was due.
- 17—Chinese officials predicted the early suppression of the revolt.
- The Canadian steamer *Emperor* sunk at the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, blocking navigation.
- 18—All-day fighting at Hankow, China, left the situation practically unchanged.
- Cistern-ships were ordered made ready to convey drinking-water from Italy to Tripoli, owing to the appearance of cholera among the troops.
- 19—Nelson W. Aldrich submitted a revised plan for monetary legislation, retaining the basic ideas of the original proposition.
- Two Japanese torpedo boat-destroyers sailed for Hankow, China.
- 20—The steamship *George W. Clyde* was reported by wireless as disabled thirtyone miles off the Cape Charles Lightship. A revenue cutter went to her assistance.
- Three tentative jurors were passed in the McNamara trial in Los Angeles.
- Pekin was profoundly stirred by the news that the government had concealed for more than twentyfour hours a rebel victory at Hankow.
- 21—Vital parts of the machinery of the French battleship *Mirabeau* having been tampered with, three of the crew were put in irons.
- The Portuguese cruiser, *San Rafael*, was stranded, north of Oporto, with a total loss.
- 22—City Attorney J. R. Beavers was killed and two white men wounded, by negroes at Coweta, Oklahoma.
- The Admirals commanding the Chinese fleet about Hankow wired at Peking that they lacked coal and rice, and asked that the commander of the land forces be sent to their aid.
- 23—Judge Bordwell refused to disqualify a talesman in the McNamara case because he believed the Los Angeles explosion was caused by dynamite.
- President Taft signed the proclamation of United States' neutrality in the Turko-Italian war.
- 24—Sian, an imperial stronghold, and Kiu-kiang, a large town, were captured by the Chinese rebels.
- Fourteen battleships anchored in the Hudson River, off Manhattan Island.
- 25—China's National Assembly impeached Cabinet Minister Sheng, demanding his dismissal.
- Fung Sen, a Tartar General, and new military Governor of Canton, was assassinated by a bomb which killed twentyone other persons and wounded eighteen.
- Two hundred Mexican troops were slain in a battle with rebels near Milpa Alpa.
- 26—The Chinese Government deposed Sheng-Hsuan-Huai, Minister of Posts and Communications.
- Fire broke out on the French battleship, *Justice*, at Toulon.
- A new ministry was formed at Nicaragua.
- United States brought suit in Trenton, N. J., against the Steel Trust.



## Some Who Have Gone.

### DIED:

**BLISS, CORNELIUS N.**—In New York City, October 9, aged seventy-eight years. Fall River, Mass., was his birthplace. He had a strong influence in the political, banking and commercial circles of New York City and was Secretary of the Interior under President McKinley.

**BOGGS, GEN. WILLIAM R.**—At Winston-Salem, N. C., September 15, aged eighty-three years. He was one of the few remaining Confederate generals. Augusta, Georgia, was his birthplace and he was a graduate of West Point in 1853. Entering the Confederate service in 1861, he attained the rank of Brigadier General. After the war he became an architect and civil engineer, and for five years was Professor of Mechanics at the Virginia Mechanical College.

**BROOKS, BYRON ALDEN**—In Brooklyn, N. Y., September 28, at the age of sixty-six years. His birthplace was Theresa, N. Y. He was graduated from Wesleyan College and became a patent expert for the Union Typewriter Company, and the inventor of a well-known machine, devoting his life to the improvement of writing machines. He was interested in various educational and philanthropic enterprises in Brooklyn.

**CURTIS, WILLIAM E.**—In Philadelphia, Pa., October 5, aged sixty-one years. His native town was Akron, Ohio. He was on the staff of the Chicago Inter-Ocean and the Chicago Record-Herald for many years, accomplishing many journalistic feats, and was widely known for his travel-letters in those papers. Under President Arthur and J. G. Blaine he did notable service in the Pan-American movement.

**DONAHUE, TIMOTHY J.**—In Brooklyn, September 25. He was born in County Kerry, Ireland, sixty-five years ago. He came to America when eighteen years of age and for forty-three years was an Inspector at the New York Custom House. He was the most dreaded sleuth in the Department because of his skill in discovering concealed dutiable articles.

**FLAMENG, LEOPOLD**—In Paris, September 5, aged eighty years. He was born of French parents, at Brussels, going to France in 1853, where he became noted as an engraver. His works have been exhibited at the Salon since 1859, and he was decorated

with the Legion of Honor in 1870. He had engraved or etched many of the best pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Murillo, Gainsborough and others.

**FRANCHETTI, BARONESS ALICE**—In Leysin, Switzerland, October 22, at the age of thirty-seven years. She was the daughter of Adolph Hallgarten, of New York, and in 1899 married the Baron Leopoldo Franchetti of Rome. She devoted herself to philanthropic and educational work in Italy, and was held in high esteem in that country.

**HARLAN, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE JOHN M.**—In Washington, D. C., October 14, in his seventyninth year. He was the oldest member of the United States Supreme Court and a famous constitutional authority. He was a native of Boyle County, Kentucky, and educated at Centre College and at Transylvania University. He served in the Civil War, was appointed one of the Louisiana Commission, and in 1877 accepted a seat on the Supreme Bench. Fearless and independent, he was a consistent upholder of the Constitution.

**HOUSSAYE, HENRY**—In Paris, France, September 24, at the age of sixty-three years. In Paris, his native city, he studied art, and then turned to literature, publishing a "History of Apelles", when but nineteen years old. Sojourning long in Greece, he wrote a work on Alcibiades and the Athenian Republic that won the Academy's prize of 20,000 francs. The early history of Gaul next claimed his attention, and a brilliant work on Napoleon gave him the coveted seat in the Academy. He won the Legion of Honor decoration while fighting as an officer of Mobiles during the siege of 1870, and was personally very popular in Paris.

**ISRAEL, MORRIS**—In New York City, October 20, aged seventy-five years. He was, until recently, President of the Charleston, S. C., Savings Institution. He was well known all through the South and was identified with every important commercial and philanthropic movement in the South Atlantic States.

**JENKINSON, ISAAC**—In Richmond, Indiana, October 25, at the age of eighty-six years. His native town was Piqua, Ohio. He was admitted to the bar when twenty-five years old, and edited several Ohio papers in succession. He was one of the organizers of the Republican Party in In-



diana and the last of the Indiana electors for Abraham Lincoln. For five years he was United States Consul at Glasgow, Scotland.

**KING, THOMAS M.**—At Irvington-on-the-Hudson, September 13, aged sixtyseven years. His birthplace was Freeport, Pa. He became a clerk in the employ of the Alleghany Valley Railroad while a youth, but resigned to enlist in the Civil War, and was appointed finally to railroad service in the East. In 1867 he returned to his original railroad, becoming in time general superintendent of a division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. In 1885 he was advanced to be second vice-president. He secured the entrance of the Baltimore & Ohio into Philadelphia and the projection and construction of the terminals at New York, and extensions and terminals elsewhere.

**LEWIS, IDA M.**—In Lime Rock Lighthouse, off Newport, R. I., October 24, at the age of seventythree years. She was official keeper of the light for thirty years, Congress confirming the appointment by Special Act. Numerous medals and a pension were awarded her in recognition of the eighteen lives saved through her heroism.

**LOOMIS, CHARLES BATTELL**—In Hartford, Conn., September 23, aged fifty years. The well-known humorist, author and lecturer was born in Brooklyn and was educated at the Polytechnical Institute, but entered business before he was graduated. He began writing for magazines while still very young and has contributed prose and verse to all of the standard periodicals. He was the author of "Just Rhymes", "The Two-Masted Catboat", and many collected series of short stories. His humor was always clean and wholesome.

**MCCULLOUGH, MRS. MYRTLE REED**—In Chicago, August 17, aged thirtyseven years. She was born in Chicago and was one of the city's best-known authors. She wrote "Lavender and Old Lace", "Love Letters of a Musician", and a clever parody of the sentimental nature-writers, called "Studies in Unnatural History."

**PATRICK, REV. WILLIAM**—At Kirkintilloch, Scotland, September 28. He was born in 1852, at Glasgow, and was educated at Glasgow University and at Heidelberg. In 1900 he went to Canada, and since that time had been Principal of Manitoba Presbyterian College, Winnipeg, Canada.

**SANBORN, DR. EUGENE B.**—In Machias, Maine, September 24. He was born in that State in 1838, going to New York when a boy, and studying there at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He served as a surgeon through the Civil War and was discharged with honors. After the war he obtained a place on the New York Board of Health and in 1879 was appointed Deputy

Health Officer of the Port, serving through three cholera sieges.

**SMITH, GEORGE S.**—In London, England, July 27, aged fifty-nine years. He was born in England. When fifteen years of age he originated the system of circular advertising through the mails, beginning by addressing envelopes with his own hand. He amassed a large fortune.

**SQUIERS, HERBERT G.**—In London, England, October 19, aged fifty-two years. His birthplace was Madoc, Canada. He was educated in the States, being graduated at the United States Artillery School. He entered the diplomatic service in 1895 and became First Secretary of the American Legation at Peking in 1897. He was honored by the American and British Governments for his work during the Boxer uprising. President Roosevelt appointed him Minister to Cuba in 1902, and to Panama in 1905.

**STEELE, ALONZO**—At Thornton, Texas, July 8, aged ninety-four years. He was born in Texas and served in the Mexican war, doing gallant service under General Sam Houston at San Jacinto, where he was seriously wounded.

**SWEENEY, PETER B.**—At Lake Mahopac, N. Y., August 30, at the age of eighty-six. His father had been a hotel keeper in Hoboken. The boy, after studying law, entered the office of the distinguished James T. Brady. He became Public Administrator of New York in 1852, and five years later became District Attorney. Going abroad for his health, he studied the municipal improvements of Paris, which he later employed when he became Commissioner of Parks under the Tweed regime. He was credited with being one of the "Big Four" of that faction. He was twice indicted for defrauding the city, but escaped on a nolle prosequi.

**WALKER, RT. HONORABLE SAMUEL**—In Dublin, Ireland, August 13, aged seventy-nine years. He was born in Ireland, County Westmeath, and became a barrister in 1855. He filled many high offices in Ireland, being Solicitor General, Attorney General, Lord Justice of Appeals and M. P. for Londonderry. He was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1892 to 1895, and began a second term in 1902. He was made a Baron in 1906.

**WORDSWORTH, RIGHT REV. JOHN, BISHOP OF SALISBURY**—In London, England, August 16, aged sixty-eight years. He was born in Harrow. In 1867 he was ordained as Prebendary of Lincoln, Select Preacher and Professor of Theology at Oxford. He served for eighteen years, and was then, in 1885, created Bishop of Salisbury. He was well known as an educator and writer on religious subjects. A year ago he attended the forty-third convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Cincinnati.

## Various Doings and Undoings.

Russia occupies nearly one-sixth of the globe.

New York has more inhabitants to the acre than Paris.

There are 514 miles of tunnel in the world, if they were all placed end to end.

London hair-dealers sell about five tons of the natural-artificial ornament every year.

A frankfurter and roll killed a hungry New York boy who ate too much of them at a time.

Very few kings reign a comfortably long period, without being shot-at an uncomfortable number of times.

Threatened with the tuberculosis, at twenty-five years of age, Don Alfonso of Spain is advised to try Switzerland air.

Hawaiian servants think their employers are putting on airs if they are not allowed to address them by their Christian names.

Inventing or inventing at new kinds of aeroplanes is said to be the steady occupation of 10,000 men and boys in this country.

Indians are still not uncommon on Long Island. One of them, at Sea Cliff, is 91 years old, and bids fair to outdo a hundred.

The work of abolishing bull-fights in Cuba is meeting with some success; and meanwhile the prize-fights in our own country go merrily on.

There are still white slaves in some parts of Hungary—compelled to work gratis fifty days

per annum—for the profit of the lord of the manor.

Out of all the ex-soldiers that still live, not one in ten thousand will say that he ever was "bayoneted."

Your name or portrait cannot be used for advertising by any concern without your consent: so the Supreme Court at Washington decides.

Save the old coins. One was found not long ago in a Pennsylvania potato-patch, which is 1,111 years old, and worth a good many dollars.

George B. McClellan, son of the Civil War General, and formerly Mayor of New York, is now professor of Public Affairs at Princeton College.

There are thirteen millions of Mohammedans in Europe—many in Turkey, more in Russia, and thousands scattered in other parts of the continent.

It is said that some insect-eating plants first intoxicate their victims by a liquor which they exude—thus furnishing a vegetable parallel to certain venders of drinks.

It is rumored that the tailors of the world intend to erect a monument over the grave of Adam—as to his little mistake in eating the apple they owe their prosperity.

Clawing hair out of the beards of aged Issachites forms part of the sport of certain bad New York boys—some of whom have been fined and imprisoned for their fun.

**WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA (Dr. Churchill's Formula) and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL ARE THE BEST REMEDIES FOR**

**Exhausted  
or  
Debilitated**

# NERVE FORCE

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine.]

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of the kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price, ONE DOLLAR per Box,  
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**No Humbug, C. O. D., or Treatment Scheme**

**PERSONAL OPINIONS:**

Dear Sirs: I have prescribed Winchester's Hypophosphites in Cases of consumption, chlorosis, dyspepsia, marasmus, etc., with the happiest results, having found them superior to all others.—S. H. TEWSBURY, M. D., Portland, Me.

I have used Winchester's Hypophosphites in several very severe cases of consumption, with the best possible results.—F. CRANG, M. D., Centerville, N. Y.

Winchester's Hypophosphites not only acts as absorbents but repair and retard the waste of tissue.—H. P. DEWEES, M. D., New York.

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRÉ, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free treatise  
securely sealed

**Winchester & Co., 620 Beekman Bldg., N. Y.**

**Est. 52 years**

## Re-Seat Your Chairs

with genuine *hand-buffed* leather, at a fraction of the usual cost.

Send paper pattern or measurement of chair seat to be covered, and \$1. We will send you, prepaid, chair seat of hand-grained

### "DURALUXE" Leather

cut from choicest hides—more *durable* and *beautiful* than your upholsterer would furnish, at one-third the cost.

Price \$1 is for seats averaging not over 1½ feet square (large sizes slightly higher). State color desired—dark green, red, tan or maroon. Pin a dollar bill in your letter, or send money order, to

Richard E. Peck Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

## LADIES KID GLOVES



SAVE  
MONEY  
BUYING  
DIRECT

No. G 65a. 16 Button length Mousquetaire Glove, with 3 clasp or 3 buttons (at wrist). Glove goes above elbow. In White, Black and all newest shades—sizes 5 1/2 to 7 1/2 quarter sizes. Price per pair \$2.50 usually retailed at \$3.50.

No. G 65b. 2 clasp Imported Kid Glove excellent quality made with the new raised embroidery in white, black and all newest shades. Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 (quarter sizes). Price per pair \$2.50. Usually retailed at \$3.50.

**FREE** Send for descriptive booklet about all styles of Kid, Suede Cape, Cashmere, and Golf Gloves.

## Use KEROSENE Engine FREE!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing.

### Gasoline Going Up!

Automobile owners are burning up so much gasoline that the world's supply is running short. Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.



## Amazing "DETROIT"

The "DETROIT" is the only engine that handles coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Basic patent—only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 30 h.p., in stock ready to ship. Complete engine tested just before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric-lighting plant. **Price (stripped), \$29.50 up.** Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate amazing, money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT". Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, we will allow you Special Extra-Low Introductory price. Write: Detroit Engine Works, 450 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Readers will oblige both the advertiser and us by referring to EVERY WHERE.

Scorn not the toad. He captures and devours wasps, yellow-jackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars and moths.

An insurance association entirely composed of women is one of the growing institutions of the country. Thus, the old man is getting a chance to have something left him, after all.

Sings a Kentucky paper:

"And now the family goes away,

To dance and to sing:

While father lives, from day to day,

On any old thing"

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel the Atlantic from New York to London.

United States uses in its different department-offices 10,000 type-writing machines per annum—which sounds strange in view of the fact that thirty years ago it had not one, and they were very rarely found anywhere.

Turkeys shipped from one part of the country to another frequently contain notes from some would-be lovesick young man or woman looking to a correspondence with some eligible party who may happen to receive them.

New York City has 15,000 licensed saloons, and there are said to be 5,000 places where liquor is sold "illegally". What kind of an effect is the metropolis having upon the rest of the country, and on the world at large?

The American Indians smoked many kinds of plants, such as sumac, red willow bark, and the leaves of the kinnikinnick or bear-berry; and tobacco, doubtless, was a discovery resulting from a selection of the most seductive.

A western man says that one year, shortly after he went to Kansas, crops failed, and the only support he and his family had was a flock of hens. The hens paid the grocery bills, clothed the family, and paid a mortgage on the land.

"As things are now, we have a 'trust' to float anything, from rotten eggs to a steel rail", asserts a correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. "They kill off all who dare to compete, then extort from the public the highest figure the traffic will bear."

It is natural for a rooster to crow, but in order to do so he must raise his head. A simple device to stop the bird from crowing, it is said, is to nail a board twelve inches above the perch in the chicken-coop. This will prevent the rooster from raising its head

to the proper angle for crowing, thereby suppressing the clarion notes.

The 40,000 elephants annually destroyed for manufacturing purposes have their lives sacrificed mainly in the service of billiard-players. This is quite unnecessary, as celluloid billiard balls are now made as truly and are as pleasant to play with as those of ivory.

Tremendous exertions to abolish foot-binding in China have been made, but with no considerable result. One Chinese maiden is said to have put the case to Her Ladyship in these words: "We squeeze foot; you squeeze waist; same object—both getee husband."

A German in Philadelphia, when being examined to see whether he was entitled to naturalization papers, got along very well till asked the question, "What does the President do with the bills sent him?" "Pays 'em, of course", he replied, without hesitation.

"I have stopped ballooning," says Dr. Julian Thomas, who was once a master of the profession, "for aeroplaning overshadows it. I dare not go into that, for sometimes, nowadays, I lose consciousness for a few seconds: and that might cause a fatal tumble."

Certain butterflies produce sounds during certain movements. The "whip" butterfly, when surprised, makes a noise like the snap of a lash, by opening and shutting its wings in quick succession. Some hibernating butterflies, when disturbed, make a faint hissing sound, by slowly depressing and raising their wings. The noise thus produced resembles that made by blowing slowly through closed teeth. Other sounds resemble the friction of sandpaper.

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#### THE TOWN SMARTY.

Manager of County Fair—Does the aviator for tomorrow put on any airs?

Smarty—Oh, no: but when he gets up a little ways, the airs will put it all over him.

#### LACK OF ECONOMY.

Sheriff (on way to chair)—Now, honest: did you really kill him?

Hardened Convict—No, but I'm sorry I didn't. This is too much trouble to be wasted.

#### DOUBLE DUTY.

Landlord—Are you playing in comedy or tragedy?

Actor—Both: comedy when the manager promises our pay, and tragedy when he is asked to keep his word.

#### DIFFICULTIES ACCUMULATE.

Jennie—The worst thing about hobble skirts is—

Hennie—What?

Jennie—When your shoestring comes untied, they make it so apparent.

#### A FLING AT PENN'S BAILIWICK.

New Yorker—You seem to like snails.

Philadelphian—Yes, I do; very much.

New Yorker—You have them there, don't you?

Philadelphian—Yes: but we can't catch them.

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### TABLE MANNERS.

Teacher—Do they eat the flesh of whales, Joseph?

Joseph—Yes, sir.

Teacher—What do they do with the bones?

Joseph (hesitating)—They lay them by the plate, sir.

### CELESTIAL AMENITIES.

The Man in the Moon was grumbling. "I wish I could turn my head, so the people on the earth could see my back hair", he muttered. "Oh, that's all affectation", replied one of the stars. "Everybody knows that you're bald as an egg."

### CHARLES GETTING READY.

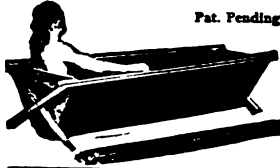
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THE LOVE-MADONNA:—SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.

SONG—THE CHRISTMAS TREE

BY WILL CARLETON



THE Spring around us shining,
Has treasures fair to see;
No trouble 'tis, divining
Why birds discourse in glee.
Delights awake unnumbered,
That many moons have slumbered,
And, all the world perfuming,
The zephyrs wander free;
A-many boughs are blooming—
But not the Christmas Tree!



The Summer morn around us
Is softly bright to see;
But when the noon has found us,
To shadows cold we flee.
We gain the forest cover,
And leaves about us hover,
The sun's domain disputing;
In treasure land are we—
For many blooms are fruiting;
But not the Christmas Tree.

The Autumn woods a-glowing,
Are proudly fair to see;
Though homesick winds be blowing,
In Sorrow's saddest key.
The color-waves have risen,
Like ghosts of fire in prison;
Their lives, both strong and tender,
With beauty's voice agree;

But ne'er in all their splendor,
Can match the Christmas Tree!

When Winter clouds are pouring
With snow-drifts chill to see,
And lusty fires are roaring
In festive jubilee,
And youngsters' voices calling,
Upon the ear are falling,
With balmy touch caressing
The hearts of you and me;
Then, on a night of blessing,
Appears the Christmas Tree!





Block Reconstruction.

BY BERNARD J. NEWMAN.

IN any comprehensive plan for the betterment of the city, the character of the homes of the people must be given careful consideration. The only excuse a city has for being is that it may serve the convenience of man. All schemes for beautifying its streets, parks or buildings, or plans for rapid transit of the people, or of goods, are for the benefit of its residents.

The aim of city planning is that a more habitable place of living may be made for the multitudes that crowd together; but the best-developed scheme within the vision of the city planner would fail if it did not include the homes of the people. Here the health of a city centers, and, without health or healthful conditions, naught else avails much; for where is the gain if a city has the most beautiful parks and boulevards while her people, to the number of several hundred thousands, live in or in the neighborhood of hovels, rear dwellings, poorly-constructed or dilapidated buildings, dead-end alleys, or amid bad sanitation, with foul cesspools, surface drainage and stagnant puddles, with an inadequate water supply, six, eight and ten houses to one hydrant, or drawing water for washing, cooking and drinking from hydrants a half mile distant? Where is the gain in radial streets if the death rate is high—twentyfour, twentyfive and twentyeight per thousand people, in congested wards—and the sick list outstrips it beyond accurate reckoning? City planning, to be comprehensive, must take in the congested areas and transform them so that they cannot start waves of conta-

gious diseases and cannot weaken the vitality or lower the morality of the people.

The Philadelphia Housing Commission, interested in a better Philadelphia, where every family shall have a wholesome home, advocates block reconstruction as an essential feature of all city planning, and one that should receive first consideration whenever money for comprehensive city improvement is to be appropriated.

To demonstrate the need and its feasibility, the Commission has taken an average block in the congested area as an example. The particular block selected is not the worst one nor is it the best that could be found, there are many blocks infinitely worse and many much better. It is an average congested block similar to one hundred and fifty others in the city that is exacting its price in ill health, bad morals and unhappiness from its people.

Several investigators, familiar with the technicalities of a housing investigation, took a census of the block; an expert plumber was assigned to the drainage system, cesspools, water-closets and sewer connections; the work was carefully and accurately done, and the results obtained are thoroughly reliable. Numerous photographs were taken and a model was made representing the conditions as they appear on the surface. In all, one hundred and fifty-five houses were visited. Only two of these are licensed tenements; two others, not licensed, have three families doing their own cooking in their own kitchens. Twentytwo houses have two



A DEAD END ALLEY—FIVE HOUSES, ONE HYDRANT.

families each. The remaining one hundred and twentynine are in one-family dwellings.

Fourteen of these dwellings are owned by the people living in them. Of the one hundred and fiftyfive used, sixtyfive are rear buildings, some built in the back yards, others on tiny alleys three, five and eight feet wide, entrance to which, in the majority of cases, is through a narrow passageway beneath the front building but on a level with the sidewalk. There are eleven dead-end alleys in the block and one dead-end street fourteen feet

wide. These rear houses are by some called "band-box" houses and by others "horizontal tenements." They are two and one-half and three stories high, one room to a floor, and built in rows of three to ten houses. They present many of the worst features of the actual tenement in that there is no yard, and no privacy, while the water and toilet facilities are used in common. In addition to these buildings there are five stables and lofts and one hundred and sixtysix out-buildings including toilet compartments, sheds, coops, and similar shanties. The result is very little land remains not built upon and there is no place for the children to play or for the parents to sit out of doors in the summer save the walks or doorsteps.

Twentythree of the buildings, including stables, are



REAR HOUSES WITH PASSAGEWAY THREE FEET WIDE,
LEADING TO A LARGER COURT.

constructed of wood; sixtythree are in bad structural condition; one is so far gone that the walls are bulging and the beams between the basement and first floor are crumbling from dry rot. To reach the first floor in this house, the tenant must pass through a basement filled with old bedding and other truck belonging to the landlord and make his way to the rear, scale a ladder, push up a trap door and climb

ate but costly price of \$1.50 per month.

Another dwelling is built above three water-closets and is reached by an outside, wooden and rickety stairway to a platform, across the alley, and thence to the door. The house has one room and is so dilapidated that there are wide cracks in the walls to the open air. The tenant complains of difficulty in heating the place in the winter. He pays \$2.50 per month for his "home."



A FURNISHED-ROOM HOUSE DILAPIDATED AND UNSAFE, ADJOINING A PRIVY WELL.

into his room which is a kitchen, living room and sleeping room in one. Two small windows, on one side only, two feet square, furnish ventilation and light. The house itself is twelve feet square and the roof is ten feet above the level of the alley. Only in one part of the room can an adult stand up straight. This is rented as a furnished house to a colored family, at the moder-

A few of the rear houses rent for \$5.50 per month; in one such, two and one-half stories high, the top floor is used as a sleeping room. The roof slants from the south side, where it is five feet above the floor, to the north side, where it touches the floor. Several rear houses, renting for \$9.00 per month, have four men occupying the top floors; here the roofs also slant,



EIGHT COMPARTMENTS ABOVE ONE FOUL VAULT. A DILAPIDATED PRIVY HOUSE EIGHTEEN INCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

are half the time out of order; either the doors or seats are broken or the flush will not work. Some toilets leak into the trap box and from there through the walls into the cellars of the adjoining houses. Many are foul. Where yard toilets are not provided privy-wells or cess-pools serve the people. There are eighteen such in the block with fortyseven compartments above them.

One well has eight compartments above it. It is built in a court

though not so badly. These top rooms have 1059 cubic feet of air space; the minimum the law allows in tenement buildings is 400 cubic feet for each man, or 1600 cubic feet for four. Such rooms have small windows with from six to ten square feet of surface. Many of the houses, as well as the rooms, are overcrowded. The rentals vary, though the average for the rear houses is about \$8.00 per month—the colored families pay from \$1.00 to \$2.00 more per month for the same conveniences than their Italian and Irish neighbors.

The sanitary condition of the block is bad. Only the new law tenements have toilet facilities inside the buildings, the other houses have yard water-closets which



A HOUSE ABOVE THREE HOPPER WATER CLOSETS WHICH ARE DEFECTIVE.

close to eight dwellings and serves eight families.

The children play about it in the narrow court. The odors and flies rise from it to the windows of the houses above. Another privy well is in an alley eight feet wide and serves ten dwellings. Four other vaults are covered by four compartments each; one is twenty-five

feet deep and contains from fifteen to twenty-five loads of filth. The doors of the compartments above the latter are off their hinges and all privacy is abandoned. A room above these compartments, formerly occupied, is now without a tenant. Ten vaults have two compartments each above them while only three are covered by a single compartment. Many of these are full and foul, stagnant water collects about them and in some instances about the yard water-closets. The odor is offensive and the possibility for the spread of contagion by common usage and the millions of flies that gather there is exceedingly great. Although the streets around the block are underdrained, these hot-beds of disease, still remain.



UNSAFE PRIVY COMPARTMENTS ABOVE A WELL TWENTY-FIVE FEET DEEP AND FULL.

feet deep and contains from fifteen to twenty-five loads of filth. The doors of the compartments above the latter are off their hinges and all privacy is abandoned. A room above these compartments, formerly occupied, is now without a tenant. Ten vaults have two compartments each above them while only three are covered by a single compartment. Many of these are full and foul,

(Concluded in next issue.)

Few of the houses have sinks and plumbing. Where there are sinks, they often drain through the wall to the yard or to the rain-leader. In one case, the tenant, wishing to save his wife the numerous steps to the yard hydrant, personally met the expense of putting in running water and a sink and then ran the drain, untrapped, into the rain-leader.



Two Villages.

BY LOUISA BRANNAN.

NEWCASTLE.

IT was a quaint old-fashioned place with one business street. The town hall, built of red brick, was alone, modern, substantial, imposing. There stood the general store, long, low, rambling, weatherbeaten; the blacksmith shop, the restaurant.

Just back a little way, and across from the hall, stood the church—white, green-shuttered, sleeping among the elm-trees. Quite far up on the hillside, lay the city of the dead, silent, lonely, sacred.

When I recall the village and its people, I feel thankful for the lessons they have taught me—lessons of life, of love, of human sympathy, of helpfulness, of trust.

I.—THE MINISTER.

The Rev. Asa Adams was a tall, stalwart, broad-shouldered, magnetic man. Although past forty, he had a boyish face, and the heart of a child. Seven winsome children graced his home. His sermons, while they contained the essential elements of theology, were heart-searching, sympathetic. He felt the spiritual and moral pulse of his congregation. He understood the people, for he had lived their lives with them and held heart-to-heart communion with each man, woman and child in the congregation. This energetic, keen-eyed, soulful man went about among the people of Newcastle.

The minister was a natural nurse. Morning after morning found him returning after a night's vigil with a sick man, or an ailing child. He coaxed the children to take the doctor's bitter draughts, for the children all loved him. The pastor buried the dead and mourned

with his congregation. In the few social events he was in their midst, boyish, mirthful. He was a friend, true and loyal, fearless of speech in the cause of friendship and right. The Rev. Asa Adams was a friend who brought out the best in every one he met. It seemed quite impossible for one to be mean or low in his presence, yet he neither preached or scolded. He simply lived as a man should live, and thought as a man should think.

II.—THE DOCTOR.

The doctor was just coming from the store, where he had purchased some smoking tobacco, some raisins, and two pounds of bacon, for one of his patients on the Millsborough road.

He was about to untie his tall, yellow horse, when he was interrupted by Van Auld, the storekeeper.

"I say, Doc, could you go a little out of your way, a mile or so, to deliver this message? You get twenty cents for it."

"Twenty cents be hanged," said Dr. Styles. No, I don't go."

"You've got to. I can't get a man, woman or child in Newcastle to go. It is to old Squire Dugall, and his daughter is dying."

"All right, Van Auld; I guess I can go, but I'll be hanged if I stir an inch until I get the twenty cents. Hurry up, Cinnamon! We'll have to hurry up, old girl. I don't see why I've got to be bothered with old Squire Dugall's daughter. I've nothing to do with her dying. Poor Squire! the last one, the last one! He's buried six. Get up, Cinnamon! We must be there in time. The Squire will have to take the train at Galion, poor man."

The doctor delivered his message and

rode on. Then he stopped at a little tumbledown house. The good man sighed as he entered without knocking, but his face brightened at the cheery aspect of the room. "Ah, good-morning, Mrs. Good. I'm glad to see you looking so fresh. Who's been here to see you, fairies, eh?"

"Yes, Doctor, if you call Miss Amy Beech a fairy. She rode out with the

worked and be so confounded beautiful. Why, many a princess would give her kingdom for her face and figure.

"If it wasn't for her and the minister, I don't know what I would do. They do most of the nursing about these parts. However, there is one thing they can't help me do, and that is to pull teeth.

"Now, I don't mind sawing off a



"MOURNED WITH HIS CONGREGATION."

milkman this morning, and tidied and cheered me up. She had to go back early to finish some sewing. It does seem strange that such a busy woman would find so much time to spend on others."

"Yes, and what beats me," said the doctor, "is how a woman can be so hard

man's arm, not a bit; but as to extracting teeth, that is one of a country doctor's trials. You just ask any of them."

"I suppose you know, doctor, that Granny Stone is dead?"

"Shu, now, I didn't know it."

"Yes, Miss Amy laid her out yesterday."

"Well, well; I'm glad Miss Amy was there. She beats a good many undertakers I know. Queer now, isn't it, that we always associate Miss Amy Beech with dead people, and she so jolly-like, isn't it? Well, I must be going! I've got to call at Epsom's; I hate such places. I never know whether the pigs have gotten into the house, or the family strayed into the hog-pen."

The doctor's calls were soon over. He talked much and fast, this busy little man. He was a small, short, round man, with a round face, rosy cheeks and smiling lips. He had little sunshine in his life. He had to have it in his heart. Riding homeward he mused: "I'm tired of this life. Sometimes I want to break away from it all. They say I'm a fool for wasting my talents here. Maybe I am, but I can't leave. I love them so. The old people, the young people who welcomed me when I first came here, the young people now, and the little children that I helped rob the stork's nest for—I love them all. And Miss Amy! Well, I'm a lonely bachelor; never wanted any bride but my profession. And she's more like a saint than a woman. Somehow it would be a sacrilege for just a common man to love her."

III.—THE MERCHANT.

The only store at Newcastle was a great wooden structure, with four large glass front windows. A partition ran through the center almost the length of the building. The two sides were connected at the back by a wide passageway. In this space were stored the groceries, with just a little corner devoted to drugs. In one side of the building were arranged the drygoods and notions, with one window reserved for the public library—small, but exceedingly well selected—yet a little place was stacked with shoes and men's clothing. In the other side of the building were stored hardware, large bins of coal, and merchandise of various kinds. Even the meat-market was not forgotten.

The great cellar was filled with all

kinds of vegetables, and in the attic a small printing-press was set in motion.

Van Auld, the proprietor of this concern, was a small, dark man, energetic, enterprising, resourceful. Here was a genius as great as any that ever ruled the oil market, or schemed his way to victory in the wheat pit. Rockefeller might have failed in Newcastle; Van Auld would in all probability have failed in the oil world. The Chicago financier dealt with corporations. Van Auld controlled individuals and moulded their careers to his own financial welfare. This man, handsome of face, kind in manner, suave in disposition, was the despot of Newcastle. He fed, clothed and warmed the people. He was their banker as well as their grocer.

From time to time his large iron safe held the savings of scores of his customers. They came to him with their difficulties, for he was justice of the peace. Never was a learned judge more wise and politic than he. He tempered his justice with mercy, and no one ever came to him in trouble, but he could tell them a way to avoid it. He was the guardian of the people. Without his support they would have been like little children. As it was, in spite of their ignorance and love of ease, they were in the main a self-supporting people. Van Auld was a true Democrat. No soul coming to him in ignorance or distress ever found him false, but woe to the corporation with which he was dealing! Numerous were the ways in which he outwitted them—cheated them—with methods wily, versatile, smooth as oil and hard of detection. He was never found out, but day by day grew richer, sleeker and more idolized by the people of Newcastle.

Although a married man, he was childless; but all the children of the village loved him like a father. He played with them, settled their childish quarrels, and gave them their first lessons in finance.

It was in the debating-society that he showed especial ability. There was not a boy in the village but wished him for a colleague, and every one feared him

as an opponent. In hard and knotty questions—in those rare instances when Elphaz, the wise man, pitted his intellectual strength against his—did the merchant in any measure find his equal.

IV.—THE DRESSMAKER.

"Can you have my dress done by Friday, Miss Beech?" said Mrs. Darnsbrough.

You have enough to do without."

"They are my recreation, you know."

"Don't you ever read any, Miss Beech? You should try to cultivate your mind. You owe that much to society."

"Well, really, Mrs. Darnsbrough, I haven't any mind to cultivate any more. It has been taken up with dollars and



"CAN YOU HAVE MY DRESS DONE BY FRIDAY?"

brough, the stylish woman of the village.

"Yes, I guess so, I have only one dress to finish; but you know, old Mrs. Moss is sick, and she takes quite a bit of my time. I never sew much in the evening any more. The children come in once in a while to get help on their doll-clothes."

"Amy, why do you bother with them?

cents and the latest styles so long. I really think a dressmaker gets very frivolous."

"Well, Miss Beech, good dressing tends to self-respect. Somehow I feel I amount to nothing unless well dressed. I know they say I'm vain, Miss Beech, but you know ever since Alice died I've just had to dress. You know how vain and foolish I am, Miss Beech."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Darnsbrough, I know all about it. I don't care anything about dress, although I used to, but I never could afford it, so I got over wanting to dress. You know, mother died when I was seventeen, and the younger children had so many wants, I couldn't then. When Matilda grew up a little, I learned dressmaking, and I thought things would be better. One by one they all had consumption and died. There was just Matilda and I left. Father had gone first, after that the other three. Then there were the funeral expenses. Matilda soon followed the others. I've paid her funeral expenses and this little house will pay mine. Oh, Mrs. Darnsbrough, I've never told any one before, but I shall go like the rest. That little cough of mine frightens me. Oh, my beauty, it is all I ever had in the world that I wanted. Work or sorrow does not spoil it, but sickness will."

"Were you ever in love, Miss Beech? I know you must have a great many admirers. Why don't you marry, now? You are only thirtyeight."

"Oh, love! that is not for me. I never had any time to love, and I have a very cold heart anyway. Good-by. Yes, I'll have your dress done."

"Oh, Amy Beech, never had any time to love? How could you tell her that? You talk about being cold-hearted, even while love consumes your heart. You know, Amy Beech, you've been in love these ten years with Dr. Styles. Oh, well! it has never killed me yet, and I guess I can go on living just the same."

That evening Dr. Styles was aroused from a fireside nap by neighbors, who had found Miss Amy asleep in her chair. The warm heart had stopped beating. They could not awaken her. Death had not robbed her of her charms. They laid her away. So many missed her—the sick she had nursed, the down-hearted she had cheered, the lonely little children she had loved—all missed her; but none so much as one who in anguish of heart spoke to the minister.

"Oh, Adams! to think she never knew it. It would comfort me now if I had

told her that I loved her. She and you were the only perfect ones."

"Perfect, Styles! don't call me perfect. There are times when I forget my God. It is such a temptation to me—there is none like unto it—to stir the emotions of the human heart, to make my audience laugh or weep at will. It is at times like these, when the minister is lost in the actor, that I forget my God and my sacred calling."

"I've seen you when you were like this, Adams."

"And Styles, whom did you see? The Christ?"

"No, no, I saw the Rev. Asa Adams."

"You are a wise man, doctor, and I guess you understand everybody but yourself."

V.—THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

"A beautiful soul has ascended to the Maker. A rare flower has left the earth to blossom in Paradise", said Mrs. Adams, as she took off her hat and gloves. She had just returned from Miss Beech's funeral and Mrs. Darnsbrough had stopped to have a cup of tea.

"Mrs. Adams, she was just lovely, too good for this town."

"Yes, Mrs. Darnsbrough, what a world of good she did! She didn't have much education, yet in spite of that fact she was a very intelligent woman."

"How can you bear it here, Mrs. Adams? I hear your folks are well-to-do, that you moved in the most exclusive set in Boston."

"It is this way: I got a little democracy in College. Take a lot of girls together and they will generally cure each other of their little snobbish ways. Of course along with my democracy I absorbed some very unpractical notions also. When we first came here we had mothers' meetings, and what foolish, unpractical things they were! Those little talks about how the children should be fed and how to dress them properly, and all that. I soon found it better to help fashion a little skirt for baby out of Bessie's outgrown one, and teach the mother how to make a nour-

ishing meal out of the little flour and one egg in the pantry. Many a time I have lain awake at night thinking out such problems as how to make a rug out of Widow Smith's old carpet, and how to make a dress for little Ellen out of her mother's old plaid shawl. There was another idea I had. It was about admonishing the boys and girls to get an education. Now, there is Mary Tillman with an invalid mother, a drunken father and three little brothers. How can she attend school? I just loan her a book once in a while and try to give her little practical talks. She is half-way satisfied with her lot, and I don't want to make her otherwise. There is Tom Wells working hard to support his mother and little sisters. Asa helps him with his studies, and I keep still, though I would like to see him go to school.

"Life is so different—real life, I mean—from what it seemed at college. I can't think of those spreads we used to have, without tears in my eyes. I wish the world was as easily put in harmony as we girls used to think it. Sometimes, Mrs. Darnsbrough, it seems that a dollar is so large; and it gets larger, and larger, until it blots out the sun. It's pinch at home until I'm dead tired and sick of life. Then I go out among the people, and everywhere I see suffering, and all because of the want of a dollar. Asa says money doesn't make happiness, but I'm afraid it does."

"It helps, Mrs. Adams, but your husband is right. Our minister is almost always right. You see this gown, a Paris one; out of place in Newcastle, I know, but I wear it to make me happy. Somehow it does a little, but how little! If I could only see it soiled by little fingers or ruined by little muddy shoes, how happy I would be! Over there in the churchyard lies my husband, and there our only child. When Robert died I prayed, 'O God, Thy will be done!' Since Alice went I never pray."

(Continued in January number.)

"Maybe if you would change your residence you would feel better."

"No, I must stay here where I can go to see them every day, stay here until I die of grief. Yet I've never wanted for money, Mrs. Adams. I've had all the money I ever wanted. I will not say it hasn't helped me to bear my trials, for it has helped me; yet as you look at your sleeping children tonight, be glad and happy."

"Oh, Mrs. Darnsbrough, I wish I could help you. I wish that I could show you the way. I can only pray for you, maybe some time you can pray for yourself."

That night, after the children were sleeping and the minister had not yet come in for the night, Mrs. Adams sat by the fire thinking of Mrs. Darnsbrough. "Oh, if her warm mother heart could be turned toward some motherless child—some needy child—could she but forget her jewels and her Paris gowns, that look so ridiculous here; could she be less selfish in her grief, what a blessing she could be! If some one could show her the way! I can't. I don't know how to do it. Oh, that I had the wisdom of Elphaz, that I might!"

A familiar step sounded on the porch, and with a glad light in her eyes, the minister's wife sprang to her feet. As her lips touched those of her husband, it was no formal greeting. As she looked into the manly face and thought of her sleeping children, she felt glad and thankful to be the wife of this noble and pure man. She felt glad that she could work by his side, though oft discouraged, sick, and scarce able to bear the load, all too heavy for her frail strength.

This woman, reared in luxury, above the average woman in intelligence, refinement and culture, vivacious, entertaining, who could have graced a palatial home, was content—yes, more than content—she was blissfully happy.



The Angels' Song.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THEY came by the path of the golden
moon

In the midst of the silent night:
The lambs and the sheep they were fast
asleep,

No prowling wolf was in sight.
The shepherds watched, as on other
nights

They had watched when the world
was still:

Not a sound was heard nor a bare
branch stirred

On the crest of the quiet hill.

They came by the path of the golden
moon

From the heart of the heaven above;
They came in a throng with a wonder-
ful song

Of the Lord's unending love.
And suddenly all the world awoke
To list to the jubilant strain:
It was peace on earth, it was joy and
mirth,

Till the great sky rang again.

The angels sang as they ever sing,
In the presence of God Most High,
And the "Glory to God" spread all
abroad

In a flood over earth and sky.
It was "peace on earth and to men good
will,"

For the Child who is born this day,
Will lead the race to the dwelling-place,
Where the saints of the ages stay.

When the song had ceased and the
throng were gone

On the path of the rifted flame,
To the heaven above, the home of love,
From which unto earth they came;

The shepherds each with his staff in
hand,

Went hurrying fast to see
What heaven had sent, what heaven had
meant,

In their souls from thence to be.

And lo! they came to a lowly shed,
To a stable small and dim,
And the Child was there with His
mother fair,

And the Star shone full on Him.
The shepherds knelt and their prayers
they said,

And their faces were aglow;
That simple throng who had heard the
song

Of the angels long ago.

They came by the path of the golden
moon,

They sang in the silent night;
They sang of peace, and that wars
should cease,

And the sorrowful world grow bright.
Alas! there are years when the promise
waits,

And we linger and pray full fain,
That our Lord may bend like a loving
Friend,

That the Prince of Peace may reign.

For wars and tumults and deadly feud
Are yet on the earth today;

O, Christ-child come, from the heavenly
home,

O, come in the world to stay!
O, gather us all in a clasp divine,

Let us kneel as the shepherds knelt,
Let the war-cry cease, let the chrism of
peace,

Today in our hearts be felt!





Jeremiah.

“NOT even a rabbit, Mama?”

“No, darling.”

“But, Mama, don’t they always have animals in the country?”

“Yes, in some parts of the country, Algernon; but where we are going, there are no animals,” answered his mother.

The little boy’s lips quivered; but he repressed the tears because his mother had taught him that it was unmanly to cry when disappointed. Mrs. Scott saw the brave effort that he was making, took the child on her knee, and explained the situation to him.

“Algernon, you are seven years old now, and that is old enough to understand what Mama is going to tell you. Last summer, you know, Papa and I went abroad and left you at home alone with the nurse; this summer, we are going to take you with us to the country, where we can all be together. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy and Mr. and Mrs. Hunter are going with us. We all want rest and perfect quiet, so we do not want to be annoyed by the care or the noise of any animals.”

One little sob escaped him. The mother nervously flicked imaginary dust from his shoulders, hitched him a little higher on her lap, and continued, determinedly: “We have rented three cottages on a high hill, all by themselves. I think there is an old barn somewhere near the edge of the woods; but, aside from that, which the farmer will not rent, the whole hill will be ours. You can play in the woods, pick flowers, play in a big pile of sand that the builders left, and have a nice, pleasant summer, dear, without any animals—there will be butterflies and birds, you know.

Now kiss Mama and say you will not make any fuss about it.”

“It will be better than being left alone with nurse, anyhow,” grudgingly; but, in a moment, his face rippled with smiles. He kissed his mother with the generosity of normal childhood, and rushed out to play. Mrs. Scott realized that a little child had been obliged to give up a simple pleasure just to gratify the whim of a nervous woman.

After a week of preparation, the three city homes were closed, and as many families, with one servant each, left for their quiet hill in the country.

Mrs. Scott had lost her nerves, and arranged to sleep with all the windows of their cottage open, irrespective of the comfort of the rest of the family; Mrs. Tracy had lost her complexion from late hours and rich food, and decided to lie with her head out of the window to catch the dew on her face; Mrs. Hunter was losing a lung, and declared that she would sleep on the balcony of their cottage, as there was nothing of which to be afraid. These arrangements were made amid the good-natured banter of the husbands, who were glad to be allowed to sleep in the old-fashioned way.

All went well the first night. The air was glorious, the dew was heavy, and the quiet was wonderful—so they all agreed the next morning, as they promenaded their respective piazzas, breathing deep of the purest air they thought they had ever known, awaiting the call to breakfast. The cottages were so close to each other, that they did not need to raise their voices in conversation; this made the quietude even more marked.

The grocery-boy stopped his horse at the foot of the hill, and walked up for his orders. There was only the one team as there was only one general store in the village. The horse was so old that the proprietor warned the boy not to take him up that hill. Mrs. Scott was not even to be annoyed by the sight of a horse.

The second night, all went well, and, in the morning, they declared they all began to feel better. The grocery-boy came early, and, during the remainder of the day, there was not a sound that they did not make themselves. The women thought that their choice of a location was ideal; the men wondered between themselves how long their wives would like it, and how soon the servants would give notice. They were soon to know.

Toward sundown, a man walked out of the near-by woods, across one of the yards, and on down the hill. A little later, one of the village women strolled by, ostensibly picking flowers, but casting curious side-glances in the direction of the cottages. They did not see her return, but thought nothing of it at the time.

During the third night, they were all wakened by a hideous noise. No one could describe it, because they only realized the last of it. They compared notes in the morning, and one said it sounded like a cry of agony; another, that some one screamed several times; another thought it might have been the roar of a wild animal. The man who came out of the woods was discussed; then, the woman who had passed the cottages—some one remembered that they had not seen her return. Could the man have come back and murdered her? Surely, they had heard of murders being committed in the woods!

The men searched, but found nothing worse than a toad and a chipmunk, they told their wives; the woman's linen handkerchief they said nothing about.

By night, the excitement had worn off, and, of course, they did not expect to be disturbed again. The women,

however, were still nervous, and did not go to sleep as early as usual.

The terrific noise was heard again. They were not as sound asleep as they were the night before, so they heard it more distinctly; it sounded like a succession of roars.

Mrs. Tracy jerked her head into the room, sprang up, and dragged the narrowed end of her cot in, banging down the window. Mr. Tracy said she made more noise than the beast itself. Mrs. Hunter rushed in from the piazza and climbed into her husband's bed; Mrs. Scott had her windows down and securely fastened before Mr. Scott realized that there *was* any noise. They did not dare light the lamps for fear of attracting the beast—if beast it was.

They lay awake and whispered the rest of the night. Just before dawn, Mr. Hunter looked out of the window, to satisfy his wife. At the edge of the woods, he saw two fiery-looking spots near the trunk of a tree. In the uncertain light, he thought they might be the eyes of a crouching animal. He raised the window and called softly to the other men. Mr. Scott said in muffled tones that it was rather a peculiar light for the eyes of an animal; but probably they had peculiar animals up here—it sounded so, anyway. They suggested that they dress, take their revolvers, and go over to investigate. At first, the women would not hear of such a thing.

They all collected in one house, choosing Mr. Scott's, as Algernon was still sleeping. The servants, whispering "wolf" and "bear", declared that they would not stay in that God-forsaken country-place another night.

Finally, the men started for the woods, amid the tearful protests of their wives. There was a report; then another. The listening, trembling women screamed; the men over in the woods laughed, and returned to the house.

"Well, what was it?" in chorus.

"The phosphorescence of decaying wood," said Mr. Tracy.

During the morning, the servants

left. The women decided to stay one more night and see if the mystery could be explained.

They decided to have luncheon together, and, while they were trying to prepare it, unaided, the men walked to the village, determined to make inquiries. Maybe there was some reason why the cottages had been vacant for two seasons.

They happened to meet the man who was willing to tell all he knew. There had been a suicide in one of the cottages, three years before. The man had been an artist. It was whispered that he screamed nights; but their informant guessed no one had ever really heard it. The men returned to luncheon with the determination to try some other part of the country for "quiet" if they heard the noise again. They did not tell their wives what they heard.

That night, they all decided to stay up, the better to place the noise. They felt, intuitively, that they had not heard the last of it. The three families congregated on one porch and talked in subdued tones. About ten o'clock, they saw some one with a lantern moving slowly up the hill. As he came nearer, they distinguished the angular form of the farmer, their landlord. He went toward his old barn, which was situated about an eighth of a mile from the cottages, calling heartily, "Evenin'," as he went by. He was gone about fifteen minutes, and, when he returned, Mr. Scott asked him to come up to the piazza and have a chat.

"This is the first time we have seen you since we came up here", said Mr. Hunter.

"So?" said the farmer. "Why, I come up twice a day; but I guess you're all a-bed, mos' gen'rally, when I come up at night, fur I don't see no lights. You see, it's late when I get th' chores done 'round th' farm; but I always come up th' las' thing before I turn in. Th' ol' woman'll tell you that I'm reg'lar as clock-work about it. Then, in th' mornin', I come up th' back way, through th' woods—it's nigher, an' I don't hev so much time."

The city people looked at each other. One of the men remarked that there seemed to be wild animals in the woods.

"O no," replied the farmer, "nuthin' worse than a jack-rabbit hereabouts."

"But we heard the most dreadful roars twice, and, if you come up so often, you must know what it is," ventured Mr. Hunter.

The old man suddenly became convulsed with laughter. "Why, it must ha' been ol' Jeremiah! He do get lonesome sometimes!"

"What do you mean? Is there some one else on this hill? When we took the cottages, you gave us to understand—"

The farmer doubled up like a jack-knife, slapped his hand on his knee, jerked his thumb in the direction of the barn, and finally chuckled, "My ol' donkey!"

Jeremiah heard his voice, and brayed.





A Notable Biography.

"TELLING, not so much what she did, as what she was, and how she became what she was."

This is the preface to one of the most interesting books of the year, "Harriet Beecher Stowe: the Story of Her Life." It is by her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe: and contains some of the most interesting of matter, concerning one who may safely and justly be called the most famous authoress that America has yet produced.

Everybody knows what she did: that is, everybody who reads "the literature of America. Not to know "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to show one's self not only unknown, but unknowing. Those who speak about the great American novel as if it were something yet to come, do not realize that it had already been written years ago. In it the greatest event in this country since the Revolution, was portended, although not mentioned. It was the signal for the dividing line between two great historical epochs.

So, it is perfectly safe and sane to say that nearly everybody knows what Mrs. Stowe *did*, and the main subject of interest concerning her now, is to tell what she *was*.

Lucky for us it is, that there are still living one of her own sons, and one of her own grandsons, and that they in consequence of their personal knowledge of her and the interest with which they naturally regard her, are able to tell more of her and are able to tell it more accurately than probably any one else in the world could do. Of course there may be some partiality expected

from the close relationship that existed between them. But they are both practiced writers, both have a habit of analysis, and both, being members of the famous Beecher family, have naturally that same independence of thought, that enabled one Beecher to say what he thought about another Beecher, no matter what the respect and love might have been between them.

The book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, and the price of it is \$1.50. It will pay any one to read it in its entirety, but we shall take the liberty of quoting what we consider one of the most interesting chapters in the book. It is entitled "On the Threshold", and it gives an idea of the time when the mind and character of this remarkable woman were in perhaps the most formative state.

"ON THE THRESHOLD.

"Harriet was between twelve and thirteen when she came to Hartford, Connecticut, to attend a school recently established by her sister Catherine. The schoolroom was over a harness store, which, after the fashion of the day, had for a sign two white horses. Great was the surprise and pleasure with which Harriet gazed upon this triumph of artistic skill as it then appeared to her. One of the young men who worked in the harness shop in the rear of the store had a fine tenor voice, and often delighted her by singing in school hours:—

"When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and power are laid,
When around the sculptured shrine,
Moss shall cling, and ivy twine

Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we all meet again.'

"The expense of her board was provided for by a kind of exchange common in those days. Mr. Isaac D. Bull, of Hartford, sent a daughter to Miss Pierce's school in Litchfield, who boarded in Doctor Beecher's family in exchange for Harriet's board in his own. The very soul of neatness and order pervaded the whole establishment, and Mrs. Stowe has said that her own good, refined, particular stepmother could not have found a family better suited to her taste had she searched the whole town. Mr. Bull, 'a fine vigorous man on the declining slope of life, but full of energy and kindness,' kept a large wholesale drug store, and his oldest son had established a retail drug store of his own at the sign of the Good Samaritan. Harriet frequently contemplated with reverence a large picture of the Good Samaritan relieving the wounded traveler, which formed a conspicuous part of this sign.

"Harriet occupied a little hall bedroom which looked out over the Connecticut River. Mrs. Bull took her young boarder into her heart as well as into her house. If Harriet was sick, nothing could exceed her watchful care and tender nursing. The daughter, Miss Mary Ann Bull, was a beauty of local celebrity, with long raven curls falling from a comb on the top of her head. She had a rich soprano voice and was one of the leading singers in the choir of the Congregational Church. She received frequent and impressive calls from a solemn young man who lived next door. The three brothers were also singers, and the family circle was often enlivened by quartette-singing and flute-playing.

"In Hartford Harriet found what she had long craved, real and lasting friendships with girls of her own age. One of these friends was Catherine Cogswell, a daughter of Hartford's leading physician. The other was Georgiana May. Georgiana had two younger sisters and a number of brothers. She was older and more sedate than Catherine,

and consequently less attractive to the other girls, but the friendship that sprang up between her and Harriet endured undimmed through life. Mrs. Stowe has described Catherine Cogswell as 'one of the most sunny-tempered, amiable, lovable, and sprightly souls she had ever known.' Her companionship was so much in demand that it was difficult for Harriet to see much of her. Her time was all bespoken by the various girls who wanted to walk to or from school with her, and at the half-hour recess Harriet was only one of the many suppliants at her shrine. Yet among the many claimants there was always a little place kept here and there for Hattie Beecher. Catherine and Georgiana were reading Virgil when Harriet entered the school and began the study of Latin, but by the end of the first year she had made a translation of Ovid into verse that was so creditable as to be read at the final exhibition of the school.

"Harriet was, at this time, much interested in poetry, and it was her dream to be a poet. Consequently, she began to write a metrical drama which she called 'Cleon.' Cleon was a Greek lord residing at the court of the Emperor Nero, who after much searching, doubting, and tribulation became a convert to Christianity. This theme filled her thoughts sleeping and waking, and blank book after blank book bore testimony to her industry, till finally her sister Catherine pounced upon her and declared that she must not waste her time trying to write poetry, but must discipline her mind by the study of Butler's 'Analogy.' Young as she was, she was set to instructing a class of girls as old as herself in the 'Analogy'; a task for which she had been fitted by listening to Mr. Brace's lectures at the Litchfield school. She wrote out abstracts of the 'Analogy', and mastered chapter after chapter just ahead of her pupils. This she did in addition to her regular work as a pupil in the school. From then on she became both pupil and teacher.

"At this period, too, she read for the

first time Baxter's 'Saints' Everlasting Rest,' and she often said that no book ever affected her more powerfully. As she walked the pavements she wished that they might sink beneath her, and she awake in heaven.

"Among her manifold duties was the instruction of her jolly, little, round-faced brother, Henry Ward. One time in desperation she said, 'Now, Henry, please do stop your fun and attend to your grammar lesson! Now, Henry, listen! His is the possessive pronoun. You would not say him book; you would say his book.'

"'Why can't I say himbook, sister Hattie? I say hymnbook every Sunday.' This sally quite destroyed the gravity of the exasperated little teacher.

"Shortly after going to Hartford Harriet made a call upon the Rev. Dr. Hawes, her father's friend, and her spiritual adviser, which left an enduring impression upon her mind. It was her father's advice that she join the church in Hartford, as he had received a call to Boston, and the breaking up of the Litchfield home was imminent. Accordingly, accompanied by her two school friends, she went one day to the pastor's study to consult him concerning the contemplated step. In those days much stress was placed on religious experience, and more especially on what was termed a conviction of sin, and self-examination was carried to an extreme calculated to drive to desperation a sensitive, high-strung nature. The good man listened to the child's simple and modest statement of her Christian experience, and then with an awful though kindly solemnity of speech and manner, said, 'Harriet! do you feel that if the universe should be destroyed (alarming pause) you could be happy with God alone?' After struggling in vain to fix in her mind the meaning of the sounds which fell on her ears like the measured tolling of a funeral bell, the child of fourteen stammered out, 'Yes, sir!'

"'You realize, I trust, in some measure, at least, the deceitfulness of your own heart, and that in punishment for your sins God might justly leave you to

make yourself as miserable as you have made yourself sinful.'

"Having thus effectually, and to his own satisfaction, fixed the child's attention on the morbid and over-sensitive workings of her own heart, the good, and truly kind-hearted man dismissed her with a fatherly benediction. He had been alarmed at her simple and natural way of entering the Kingdom. It was not theologically sound to make short cuts to salvation. The child went into the conference full of peace and joy, and she came out full of distress and misgivings, but the good Doctor had done his duty as he saw it.

"It was a theological age, and in the Beecher family theology was the supreme interest. It fills their letters as it filled their lives. Not only was the age theological, but transitional, and characterized by intense intellectual activity, accompanied by emotional excitement. The winds of doctrine were let loose, blowing first from this quarter and then from that. Doctor Beecher spent his days in weathering theological cyclones, but the worst of all arose in his own family, among his own children. Great as were his intellectual powers, he was no match for his daughter Catherine and his son Edward,—the metaphysical Titans who sprang from his own loins. It was almost in a tone of despair that this theological Samuel, who had hewn so many heretical Agags in pieces before the Lord, wrote concerning his own daughter: 'Catherine's letter will disclose the awfully interesting state of her mind. . . . You perceive she is now handling edged tools with powerful grasp. . . . I have at times been at my wits' end to know what to do. . . . I conclude that nothing safe can be done, but to assert ability and obligation and guilt upon divine authority, throwing in at the same time as much collateral light from reason as the case admits of.' Catherine was at this time breaking out of the prison-house of the traditional orthodoxy, and her brother Edward was in many ways in sympathy with her, though not as radical as she. Doctor

Beecher was contending with might and main for the traditional Calvinism, and yet in his zeal for its defense he often took positions that surprised and alarmed his brother ministers, seriously disturbed their dogmatic slumbers, and caused them grave doubts as to his orthodoxy. So

“‘Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them, . . .
Volley’d and thunder’d.’

“Harriet, keenly alive and morbidly sensitive to the spiritual atmosphere in which she was compelled to live, was driven nearly distracted by the strife of tongues and division of opinion among those to whom she looked for counsel and for guidance.

“The events of family history that led to this situation, so decisive in its influence on Harriet’s mental development and subsequent literary activity, were as follows: When Harriet was in her eleventh year her sister Catherine had become engaged to Professor Alexander Fisher of Yale College. He was a young man of brilliant talents, and specially noted for his mathematical genius. As an undergraduate at Yale he distinguished himself by original and valuable contributions to mathematical astronomy. Immediately on graduation he was appointed a professor of mathematics, and sent abroad by his alma mater to devote some time to study and the purchase of books and mathematical instruments. The ship *Albion*, on which he sailed, was wrecked on a reef off the coast of Ireland. Of the twentythree cabin passengers only one reached the shore. He was a man of great physical strength, and all night long clung to the jagged rocks at the foot of the cliff, against which the sea broke, till ropes were lowered down from above, and he was drawn up limp and exhausted. He often told of the calm bravery with which Professor Fisher finally met his end.

“Up to this time in her life Catherine had been noted for the gayety of her spirits and the brilliancy of her mind.

An inimitable story-teller and a great mimic, it seemed her aim to keep every one laughing. Her versatile mind and ready wit enabled her to pass brilliantly through her school days with comparatively little mental exertion, and before she was twentyone she had become a teacher in a school for girls in New London, Connecticut. It was about this time that she met Professor Fisher, and they soon became engaged.

“When the news of his death reached her, to the crushing of earthly hopes and plans was added an agony of apprehension for his soul. He had never been formally converted; and hence, by the teachings of the times, his soul as well as his body was lost. She writes to her brother Edward: ‘It is not so much ruined hopes of this life, it is dismay and apprehension for his immortal spirit. Oh, Edward, where is he now? Are the noble faculties of such a mind doomed to everlasting woe?’ Anxiously, but in vain, she searched his letters and journals for something on which she might build a hope of his eternal welfare. ‘Mournful contemplations awakened when I learned more of the mental exercises of him I mourned, whose destiny was forever fixed, alas, I know not where! I learned from his letters, and in other ways, as much as I could have learned from his diary. I found that, even from early childhood, he had ever been uncommonly correct and conscientious, so that his parents and family could scarcely remember of his doing anything wrong, so far as relates to outward conduct; and year after year, with persevering and unexampled effort, he sought to yield that homage of the heart to his Maker which was required, but he could not; like the friend who followed his steps he had no strength. . . . It seemed to me that my lost friend had done all that unassisted human strength could do; and often the dreadful thought came to me that all was in vain, and that he was wailing that he ever had been born in that dark world where hope never comes, and that I was following his steps to that dreadful scene.’



The Music of The World.

BY LUCY B. JEROME.

IT was in the New York subway. Not, however, during the rush hours, when the human Zoo seems at its fiercest, but at four o'clock, when the throngs of gift-buyers were still intent on crowding the aisles of the down-town shops, and issuing forth burdened with the fruits of their buying. The mitten lay at the side of a subway seat built for four, and the woman who glimpsed it in passing, held her skirts aside that she might not brush it farther out into the aisle where it would be trodden under-foot, and sank smiling into her seat.

She was so tired in fact that she did not think of the mitten again, although it would have been most like her to have picked it up and held it carefully in her lap, while she kept an anxious lookout for its possible owner. It was just the sort of a mitten to invite thoughtfulness and care, being big, and broad and generous, and one could imagine just what kind of a hand-clasp would come from the warm, cordial hand it covered. It was of knit gray wool with a white banding across the wrist that denoted an attempt at contrast and beauty, and it reached clear down the arm in a manner that spoke of the anxiety of some one that that particular arm should be kept warm. In some mysterious way the mitten told all these facts to anyone who looked at it; so when the woman felt a sudden light touch on her shoulder and saw it picked up hurriedly and dropped into her lap by a man who had come clear from the rear end of the car to do it, she was hardly surprised. But there

was only time to flash a smile of acknowledgment and a "Thank you, but it isn't mine," before the man was out of the door, it being an express-station, and no time to spare. She looked at the mitten a moment, and then tossed it smilingly on the seat opposite.

At Fiftyninth street a man got in. He walked straight over to the vacant seat and sat square on the mitten without observing it. He pulled out a newspaper and buried himself from view. At the next station a woman entered the car. She saw the seat at the man's side and took it. Two stations beyond she left. The man, changing his position to get a better light on his paper, suddenly saw the mitten. He had six Christmas bundles in his possession, and he was holding some of them while others were protruding from his pockets, making it difficult for him to hurry. But he disposed of those bundles so quickly, by throwing them on the seat, that one wondered how he had done it; and in a second he was speeding after the woman.

"Madam," he called: "Madam! you've left your mitten!"

Breathless, he reached the door. Smiling, the woman looked back at him. "It isn't mine, thank you."

The man looked blank. But he didn't throw the mitten down. It wasn't the kind of a mitten you could do that to. He went slowly back to his seat, and when he sat down again, he placed the mitten carefully at his side.

The people who had entered the train cross and grumpy from overmuch

Christmas strain, were now quite a different set of beings. The pretty girl who had eyes like pansies and who sat just across from the man with the mitten, was smiling radiantly; the old man who faced her, let his hard fighting-eyes soften as they rested on her glowing face; and the young fellow in the seat just behind, looked as if he wished he had a share in the business of the mitten. But everybody was smiling, and an unconscious air of relaxation and ease and Christmasy good cheer had stolen into the car. So, when the German, stout and beaming with his good gray eyes a little clouded by peering into dark corners of three or four cars, walked slowly through the train, no one save the pansy-girl and the young fellow in the seat just behind, saw the gray mitten with its white banding that enveloped his hanging left hand.

"Awful nuisance, this Christmas business", growled the heavy-set man laden with packages, plunging in and sitting solidly down in the mitten-seat. "Nothing but a regular woman's bargain-day. If it weren't for the kiddies, I'd cut it out quick. Hi, there! Look at this! Some fellow's got the cold hand."

The young fellow in the seat just behind, looked at the pansy-girl, and their glances met. They had both seen the man with the gray mitten pass down the aisle, and as plainly as words their eyes spoke: "Isn't that the man?" said the girl's, while the young fellow's answered confidently; "Sure." A second's hesitation, and the young fellow stood up beckoning to the man across the way. "He's down there," he said, a trifle vaguely; but the older man understood like a flash. "Where?" he asked, quickly. "I think in the corner. Anyway, he's got the mate."

The man across the way held the mitten up. Everyone looked at it. The smile ran round the car again. Some way, the mitten seemed like an old friend. The German hurried forward, his fat good-natured face creased with smiles. "Ya; dot iss mine. Ya, dis is de broder." He held up his other hand. "I dank you all, mein friends; for see

you, it iss not goot to haf but one of anydings at dis time of Christ kinder. And Lotte, mein wife—she vill say: 'Ya; it may be goot to haf one mittens, but better it iss to haf two. Two and two make de music of dis world. Dat iss not only true of mittens, but of hearts. And mein heart is de broder heart for de Christmas Day.'"

He settled back in his seat with an air of comfortable contentment good to see: while even the mittens, in some incomprehensible fashion, seemed to join in the atmosphere of kindness and good will and to clasp hands as if saying silently; "Two and two make the music of the world."

Correcting the Records.

A STURDY but tactful tradesman in one of the Pennsylvania coal-regions became quite proud of his physical strength, and acquired an idea that few if any could match it. One evening he sat writing long after his wife and children had gone to bed.

"What might yez be writin' so long into the inthraills of the night, Pat?" inquired his good helpmeet, from the next room.

"I am doin' a very interestin' task, Kathleen", was the reply. "I am a whritin down the names of all the people in this town that I can thrash."

The next day she told Mrs. O'Hooligan, and she told her husband. He straightway came over to Pat's shop, and asked him if he had been rightly informed. The reply was in the affirmative.

"Is my name on the list?" asked O'Hooligan."

"It is so", replied Pat.

"I kin throw yez out of the window and back again," exploded the other. "And I can do it now."

"Yez can?" inquired Pat, bristling up.

"I can."

"You're sure?"

"I am."

"Oh then, if that's so, I'll scratch your name off the list."



A Miner's Madrigal.

BY HENRY IRVIN NICHOLAS.

IT'S the pick and the shovel,
'Twixt mine and the hovel,
And the long-shift night and the long-
shift day,
With a flaring light and thoughts of
pay,
With stomachs to feed,
And hearts that bleed,
While muscles grow tense and the
breath comes thick,
And the heart beats time to the shovel
and pick,
And the breakers crash,
And electrics flash.
And it's neither here and it's neither
there,
That the men drop dead for the lack of
air:
For coal must be mined,
And men must be dined,
And the hand that swings the shovel
and pick,
Is classed along with the dead and the
quick.
And he sings his song,
His fellows among,
In his dreams he sees far beyond the
seas,
A maid on her knees on the Tuscan leas,
The flash of an eye,
'Neath an Alpine sky,
And the Tuscan hills with their bab-
bling rills,
And the wine that fills up the cup that
thrills.
His thoughts upon the billows ride.
'Mid Tuscan hills he sees his bride.
And he tightens his grip on shovel and
pick,
And his blows come quick and the coal
rains thick,

As the din keeps time
To sweet love's own rhyme.

When he draws his pay he's a lord that
day,
And he stops to pray in a wondrous
way.
Over the seas so far away,
He sees his Tuscan bride today!

* * * * *

Then he hies him back, for the times
are slack,
The twain bears a sack—changed from
back to back,
And back to the mine,
With a love divine,
While his hair turns gray and his form
is bent,
For he's bills to pay for bread and the
rent;
And red lips to kiss
In his humble bliss.
And he's prayers to pray and thoughts
to think,
As he toils by day for their meat and
drink.
It's the pick and the shovel,
'Twixt the mine and the hovel,
And a long-shift night and a long-shift
day,
And a flaring light and thoughts of
pay,
With stomachs to feed,
And hearts that bleed—
And it's neither here and it's neither
there,
That the MAN drops dead for the lack
of air—
For men must be dined,
And coal must be mined.



Look After Your Voice.

THIS paper might better be entitled "Voices That I Have Not Heard", for it is inspired by the exhaustion attendant upon an attempt to hear certain remarks made at recent large meetings. Of the score or more of speakers, upon these occasions, scarcely half a dozen were audible to more than a tenth of the immense audiences. Half-a-dozen more were fairly acceptable, while two or three of them spoke excellently. The rest, from nasality, monotony, false intonations, or other defects, were more or less positively offensive.

"How much precious time and money", commented one bright woman, "are spent in learning to play upon man-made instruments, while comparatively little is devoted to the best use of that most wonderful instrument, the human speaking-voice!"

The opportunities for education in music are very great in almost every city of our land. It is taught in public schools, and, by choral societies, to the masses. Conservatories are numerous, and so are "masters." In consequence, we are an appreciative and critical people, regarding all musical performances. Nearly everybody feels competent to diagnose the case of a tenor who is "not quite true"; a soprano who is "a trifle off", or a chorus which is not properly drilled. An orchestra or a violinist whose instruments are out of tune would simply not be tolerated. Yet in a great meeting lately held in Carnegie Hall, scarcely one of the speakers used his voice properly, while most of them could not be heard twenty feet away.

The public mind does not seem to be awake to the importance of the posses-

sion of a correct and agreeable speaking-voice. Any way of talking our wonderful mother-tongue, seems to be accepted as good enough. People who would frown and fume if called upon to listen to an untuned piano, will strain their ears in patient listening to a human voice at its worst. They will applaud noble sentiment, but they seem to have no way of showing their disgust at defective expression.

It is a singular development of our modern life, that the women-speakers at the meetings which have been mentioned, usually succeeded in making themselves heard, while the men, in spite of their broad shoulders and apparently fine lung-power, were frequently implored to speak "louder, louder!" After each of these adjurations they would make a violent effort, and would become audible—only to relapse—presently, into their former indistinct mumble. No one would forgive a singer who should give us a few clear notes, and then run down the scale in a series of confused and gradually dying sounds. And yet, at one of these meetings, a grand man, whose name all Americans revere, spoke in just that way, and much that a so-called "silver-tongued" jurist remarked, had to be taken on trust by his audience. Neither they nor anybody else seems to consider that it is an insult to a gathering of intelligent, or any other sort of people, to call them together to engage in vain and tiresome attempts to hear what is unheard.

A man or woman without a voice should influence the world solely through his life and pen. If he or she

aspires to speak in public, he or she should have at least the lungs and breath to make himself or herself heard. One can forgive a speaker amost any fault but inaudibleness.

Still, it is discreditabl that an aspirant to the platform, should not try to make his power of speech the very best of which his physical material will admit. The singer goes through years of untiring practice in foreign lands in order to achieve perfection. If a speaker take half-a-dozen lessons of a voice-teacher, he considers himself sufficiently equipped for the career of an orator. It is singular that speakers do not perceive that the most commonplace observations become almost eloquent when they are properly delivered, in a full, round, pleasing voice; while the most original and beautiful sentiments make little impression when they are mumbled or improperly inflected in the delivery.

The word "elocution" has been brought into disrespect by a pushing and incompetent class, who once assumed it. These are mostly of a generation which is now passing off the stage. The newer graduates of our "Schools of Expression" are usually of a better type. They are mostly free from affectations, quick to catch meanings, and expert in extracting the meat from a sentence. A specialty has lately been made among them, in training the voice for ordinary speaking—which is a very different thing from rendering blank verse, or resounding lyrics.

Nothing so indicates the lady or the gentleman, as the manner in which one manages the voice. Yet parents will send children to dancing-schools for years—pay enormous bills for violin- or piano-teaching, take great pains with dress and apparel and carriage—and give no attention whatever to the speaking-voice of those children—that infallible test of thorough culture, without which all the rest will be generally considered "a mere bluff." Excellent and refined people may have disagreeable notes in their voices. They may not be fitted to speak in public, and they may

never attempt it—but they should make serious and long-continued attempts to cure their faults of voice, for the sake of the people whom they meet daily, and upon whom they exert an influence. Nobody can afford to neglect the training of the voice, and those in public life ought to be filled with shame and confusion of face, at the way in which they abuse it.

The Brighter Side.

SOME ONE committed a murder last night,

But hundreds of thousands were kind,
For the wrong that is done is forever in sight,

To the good we are fearfully blind.
Someone deserted his children today,
But millions of fathers are true;
The bad deeds are not such a fearful array

Compared to the good that men do.

Somebody stole from his brother last night,

But millions of honest men live;
Some one was killed in a murderous fight,

But thousands were glad to forgive
Their brothers the wrongs that were fancied or real;

The crimes that we hear of each day
Compared to the good deeds that we could reveal

Make not such a fearful array.

I would answer the men who stand up and declare

That the world is much given to vice,
That the sum of man's crimes every day, everywhere

Can't compare with man's sweet sacrifice.

That for every black soul there are thousands pure white,

The sum of the sinners is few,
And I know in my heart that the world is all right,

When I think of the good that men do.
—[Edgar A. Guest, in *Detroit Free Press*.]



Book Reviews.

POEMS OF FANCY: BY A. DONALD DOUGLAS.

It is seldom that so young an author as Mr. Douglas writes poetry of as good quality as are the contents of the above-named book. The critic looks in vain for an imperfect measure; or a glaringly faulty rhyme. The two following poems give some idea of the height of Mr. Douglas' style, the height of his fancy, and the depth of his sentiment:

"I BYDE MY TYME."

Though sullen clouds are rolling o'er
my sky,
And tempests shake foundations of
my world;
Though Heaven's distant, and black
Hell is nigh,
And on my sea the pirates' flag is
furled:
I bide my time.

What though fell tyrants wear my
golden crown,
My innocence be trampled on by
shame,
What though my highest stars yet tumble down,
And those unworthy block my way to
fame?
I bide my time.

Sweet hope ne'er dies within the human
breast,
While truth and honor are not empty
name,
And time will come when virtue shows
its crest:
Till then I wait—till then I say to
Fame:
"I bide my time."

MATER MEA.

My mother dear, when often I look
back
O'er former times' sweet blossoming,
golden field,
When I was young, when coming Life's
attack
Was hidden me by your protecting
shield:
I see a face enlightening all the sky:
'Tis thine, for darkness fled when thou
wert nigh.

There met my gaze no breakers' jagged
teeth,
Nor driving storms that wreck Life's
foundering ships.
The sky was ever clear; the gentle
breath
Of happiness was wafted from thy
lips.
Thy tears my sea; thy sheltering lap
my earth;
Thy smile my sun; thy frown the tem-
pest's birth.

The work is for sale at book-stores
and by its publishers, the Every Where
Publishing Company, New York.

We predict that if Mr. Douglas perseveres in his art, he will in time step into the front rank of American poets.

"THE LITTLE LADY BERTHA": BY
FANNY ALRICKS SHUGERT.

This is a short story of something like one hundred and twenty-eight pages, dealing with that period of English history when Christianity was first introduced from across the Channel.

We follow the little Lady Bertha from the time that her mother, the good Queen Ingoberge, is banished from the wicked court of Paris by her ungra-

cious husband Cherberg, to that happy day when the young Princess is wedded to the pagan Ethelbert, King of Kent. Her lovely gentle character and wisely-directed influence prepare the mind of the open-hearted King for the later arguments and preaching of Augustine, through whose forcible teaching he is finally converted and baptized.

History tells us, that Ethelbert, fourth King of the Saxons, ascended the throne in 560 and was married to Bertha, or Bercta, in 575. He gave to England in 600 the earliest Anglo-Saxon code. Dying in 616, he was later canonized, his day being the 24th of February. Visitors to Canterbury must needs gaze upon the small parish church of St. Martin's with as much reverence as upon the magnificent Cathedral, for here Ethelbert was baptized—the first Christian king in England.

Mrs. Shugert's story is simple in the extreme. There are no very exciting incidents, no detailed descriptions of scenery or particular episodes, but she manages to convey to us a sense of the new spirit that gradually pervaded all life as Christianity made its way among

the people, which it did with surprising ease. Jacqueline, the faithful nurse of the little Lady Bertha, accompanies her charge from France to England, and in turn becomes the attendant of Bertha's little ones. One of these, the Princess Ethelburga, repeats her mother's experience to a certain degree, becoming the happy bride of the pagan prince Edwin, King of Northumbria, who in time is converted to the Christian faith, and whose reign was a most beneficent one.

Although her sketches of life and character give but fleeting glimpses of the customs and thought of the time, the author is accurate as to historic facts. A hunting excursion and the accidental straying away of a young page give opportunity to depict the influence of the new faith upon the common people.

A perusal of the little volume will undoubtedly influence many to go to their histories for more detailed study. For this reason Sunday school libraries may find it of value to place it on their shelves. It is published by the EVERY WHERE Publishing Company, New York.

Eighteen Thoughts.

When business is dull, prepare for it when it is not.

Better a hundred clouds in your sky, than one on your mind.

Forgetting is not the losing of facts, but the mislaying of them.

The waste that haste makes, is sometimes the best of economy.

"Pride goeth before a fall": and a good many times afterward.

A breach of faith injures every one whom the injured one knows.

One sudden curve on a long straight

road is as dangerous as twenty on a crooked one.

Never beat a man at his own game, if you want to beat him at yours.

If the rain fell only on the just, the unjust would drive them out of it.

Courtesy often makes its way where kindness gets blocked on the road.

If you always knew exactly what you ate, you would take some long fasts.

A murder is sometimes years in bringing itself to its dread conclusion.

When you have made "a hit", take a

still firmer hold of the hammer: you'll need it.

In order to strike most efficiently "while the iron is hot", you must keep heating it.

Cowardice is demoralized prudence, and is often real bravery, when properly reorganized.

Silence, when speech is needed, be-

comes, instead of gold, the very worst kind of dross.

If you keep all your good thoughts to yourself, it will prevent new ones from entering in.

One of the meanest men I ever knew, boasted that he was sure he was going to Heaven—thus discouraging several against taking the trip themselves.

L'Envoi.—An Allegory.

BY A. DONALD DOUGLAS.

The young man setteth forth upon the sea of life.

I.

NOW are we called to sever for a time
 Since you and I have played the little game,
 When I set sail unto another clime,
 And there besiege the golden walls of fame.
 Will then the angels of our souls proclaim
 That we cannot forget the silver past,
 Or will it vanish as a cloud that came
 Out of Regret, but fled at the stern blast
 Of winds at whose command I launch my bark at last?

II.

The sea would not appear an angry god,
 If soft 'twas whispered you could not forget:
 I would not hear the voice below the flood,
 If in your heart you held me sacred yet.
 I'd dare the menace of the storm Regret
 And bid defiance to the deep's hoarse roar,
 Nor would I heed the meshes of the net
 Of dark Temptation, luring to the door
 Of Blackness, whence you ne'er behold the sunlight more.

III.

I do not beg a crown of garish gold,
 Nor bid you bring the treasures of the sea.
 No! Let the warm of mem'ry ne'er fade cold,
 And in its lighted fane remember me.
 Though distance veil our eyes, our souls are free
 To wander in communion hand in hand
 Until the storms of rough adversity
 Have calmed to laughing ripples on life's sand:
 Then will I skim the sea to spring on your fair land!

Editorial Comment.

THE LESSON OF A TRAGEDY.

ONE of the worst and meanest crimes that ever occurred in this country, was expiated on November 24, at 7:19 A. M., in Richmond, Virginia. By the newer, and, some think, improved method of killing those who have killed others, a young man twenty-six years old was quietly seated in an electric chair, and, in a few seconds, despatched into the Great Beyond. The whole train of occurrences has been such a shock and a grief to the people of America and other countries, that it is entitled to what lessons can be learned from it.

First, there is a reasonable margin of doubt, as to whether electrocution is a "painless" death. If the newer method of killing was intended as a bit of kindness, there is still a mystery as to whether the goods were delivered. No one has come back to tell us what were the sensations, or if there was any at all. Men one-tenth or nine-tenths hanged, have said that a second or two after the first clench of the rope around their necks, they lost all consciousness. How far sensibility goes along with three successive electric shocks, of highest voltage, through the body, must be left to conjecture. Some believe that there is an eternity of suffering in the few seconds before the convict is pronounced dead.

Second, is not a murderer, however brutal may have been the fatal act, entitled to a painless death? Would any reasonable fellow-mortal wish him more suffering than he already has endured, with the loss of his life as a finale? Ought not the tediousness of the trial, the suspenses of delay, the hardships, mental and physical, of jail-

life, to be counted in? Should not a fatal and pangless anaesthetic be made to serve? Ought he not to be thrown into a dreamless sleep with no earthly awakening? Would you electrocute an objectionable dumb animal, rather than give him chloroform? Let humanitarians see if they can get a little nearer to this question.

But it is said, by one of the telegraphic items, that the physicians gave Beattie "a soothing draught", just before he went into the death-room. Maybe that was the reason he faced the horror, with apparent coolness and bravery. Maybe he was half-stupefied, as are wild animals in captivity when show-people do "dangerous" "stunts" with them. Let us hope that this was the case: and that the process of capital punishment *can* be performed, in the case of people with or without means, under the influence of anaesthetics.

Third, Was Beattie's defense "up to date"? If the case had been tried in some cities—notably if in New York—would not the question of insanity have been urged? Would it not have been as strong and plausible as that of Thaw, who escaped from a prisoner's dock into the wards of an asylum, and is even now, it is said, studying law so it will teach him how to get free?

Would a man with a correctly-balanced mind have hired some half-demented relative to purchase for him a shot-gun with which to kill his wife, and then bring it home with him along with the dead body, or leave it where it could be found? Would he suppose for a moment that he could make people believe that the deed was done by some waylayer, out of resentment because he

was taking too much of the road with his automobile? Or after having committed the crime, would he have said to this relative, "I'd give a million dollars not to have done it"? Would he have been stolid and smiling amid all the terrible accusations flashing and glooming around him?—It might seem to one prejudiced at all in his favor, that a case of possible insanity would have been alleged with enough strength to create at least a tentative doubt in the minds of the jury—enough so as to produce a disagreement, and perhaps obtain future delays.

"All that a man hath, he will give for his life"—or his children's life: and while the above-suggested defense might have been a poor and unsuccessful one, it is strange that it was not tried—even if the prisoner's counsel, in order to do so, was obliged to admit his having actually done the deed.

Fourth, the whole greusome affair should be a lesson—a whole text-book—to the thousands of parents who love their children better than they do those children's best interests. The father of the self-confessed murderer, who seems to have had a talent for making money, evidently lavished it on his son and namesake, and thus implanted in him a love—not necessarily for the money, but for the pleasures that it procured. The love for one's child comes very near being, actually, a love for one's self; and is, to a great degree, selfish. This father is now paying the penalty of this selfishness, though no one can help pitying him in his crushed and abject position. Out of business, with health impaired, a cloud of dishonor hanging above his home and those whom he loves that remain to him—his lot is indeed a hard one.

But no one who gives his children a free rein and lets them do as they choose, knows which one may or may not ruin the happiness of his life.

"THAT LITTLE WHITE-HAIRED SCOTCH DEVIL."

PROBABLY none of the numerous libraries that Andrew Carnegie has presented to the more or less grateful recipients of his literary bounty, has contained anything more redolent of sound sense, than an after-dinner speech that he delivered before a Sunday-school class. It is a noticeable fact that the older he grows, the better speeches he makes.

He is especially amusing and instructive when he drops into reminiscence, and recounts the incidents of boyhood days. His self-reliance and dogged determination "bob up serenely" to quote from an old song, from the very first—his methods being a conspicuous contrast to those of the average boy of to-day. When he received \$2.50 per week (which his "parents thought too much") he worked hard to make up for the excess in the stupendous amount. Many boys of today (and of that day) would think it too little, and would work a little less, if they could manage it, so as to bring matters down to what they considered even—if they considered. When his wage was raised to \$5.00 "per", he ran all the way home to put the first payment in the hands of his mother.

He soon became a telegraph-operator, and once when the train-dispatcher was out for the day, and there was an accident somewhere on the line, he quietly took his place, and assumed the responsibility of the whole situation. "That little white-haired Scotch devil has been running the trains all day", was the remark made concerning him, when the regular dispatcher came back.

Very few boys of today or of any day, would or could have done that—although more could, had they been trained to the self-reliance necessary. There was a good deal went before that achievement, that the other boys did not

possess, and which perhaps they were not naturally qualified to possess.

Every boy in the world, probably, would like to be a success, if he could do so without taking the trouble: and once in a while there is one that is willing and able to take the trouble.

There are a good many roads to success, but they are built, substantially, of the same material. Whoever wants to "get there", should take one of them: whoever wants to be a failure, can lie under the trees in the meadows.

THE LOVE-MADONNA.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

WHAT a study would be the hundreds and thousands of Madonnas that have been painted! Humble, indeed, is the artist that has not essayed this glorious task, at one time and another. A lifetime could be spent in examining the Madonnas of the world, classifying them, and studying the artists that produced them. Of course, many would be unworthy of notice; for it is easy enough for any one who can handle a brush and mix paints, to portray a beautiful woman gazing upon a beautiful child, and call the picture a Madonna.

But many who have undertaken the subject have made, not only an ideal picture of Mary and her divine child, but also one of their own minds and hearts. Some of them have worshipped while they painted.

The first Madonna artists seem to have taken a purely religious view of the subject. The mother of Christ was depicted mainly as a witness to the fact that the child was divine. In these pictures, an effort was made to fill the face with majesty, rather than love.

There is a legend that St. Luke was the first painter of a picture of the Madonna. If the accounts are to be credited, Luke was the most versatile of

all the primal evangelists. During his eightyfour years, he was an author whose works were to be read forever, a physician who will always be remembered and mentioned as such, and after whom hospitals are named to this day, and, last, but not least, the initiator of the Madonna school of pictures. If this last is true, he set the fashion for the style of Madonna above-mentioned. This is well described by Estelle Hurll, as giving the Virgin "a meagre, ascetic countenance, large, ill-shaped eyes, and an almost peevish expression; her head draped in a heavy dark blue veil, falling in stiff folds." But she adds, very truly: "Unattractive as such pictures are to us from an artistic standpoint, they inspire us with respect, if not with reverence. Once objects of mingled devotion and admiration, they are still regarded with awe by many who can no longer admire."

If Luke was really the originator of this style of Madonna, we can imagine that we trace in it some of the same spirit toward woman as woman, that seems to have actuated his great collaborer, St. Paul.

In the fifteenth century, a more human element crept into the artist-treatment of the Madonna. It was inaugurated by Perugino, who seems to have been given the idea that the mother worshipped the child, as it lay in her arms. The Virgin thus becomes more of a mother: and is full of adoration for the babe of whose motherhood she has been given the honor and glory.

But, perhaps, to Raphael, most brilliant artist of the sixteenth century, is to be given the credit of first glorifying in pictures of the Madonna, a true and complete idea of mother-love. He was the greatest interpreter of that mysterious, heaven-given relationship between mother and child. He dared to break the conventionalities, and let the Virgin press her lips to the cheek of the divine babe, or to embrace it in motherly pro-

tection. From that time on, the mother of Christ is allowed by the succeeding artists to taste the full and sweet delights of motherhood, before yielding him up to the service of earth and the ministry of heaven. She watches him tenderly in his sleep; she cuddles him in her arms; she presses him to her bosom. She shows in a thousand ways, that her mission is not only to be the mother of Christ, but to teach true motherhood to all the mothers of men.

In the portrait-Madonna by Gabriel Max, which we use this month as our frontispiece, we have one of the most refreshing pictures upon the subject—powerful and instructive in its fine simplicity. It is easy to see of what the mother is thinking, as she firmly presses the babe's head to her tender cheek. The thought of what this loved and lovely child must do and dare, shows itself in her brooding eyes.

The babe, apparently, while clinging to and rejoicing in the protection of its mother, is already looking out into the great, wide, wicked world, for which it must do and from which it must suffer so much.

OF THE BURNING OF BOOKS.

WITH plenty of shelf-room and sheltering-room, with plenty of people who can be hired cheaply to take care of books, with plenty of authors to whom they may be invaluable for reference, a few smart literary "Aleks" are agitating or trying to agitate the question, "Why not burn up the more obscure and less-read books, and make room for new ones?"

A more foolish idea was never sent out from the addled brain of a self-conceited literary jackanapes. How does *he* know what are the really valuable books? How is he to decide with any certainty, what annals, what illustrations, what sentiments, the world is to

need, in coming generations? Even if he have judgment enough to follow anything else than his own impulses and prejudices, he may be too near in the matter of time, to the authors whom he condemns, to realize their true worth or worthlessness.

Cowper was a poor neglected author while Hayley was poet laureate of England: and the latter's books were published in rich binding, while those of the poet whom he so benignly patronized, had hard work to get published at all. But who reads Hayley now, and who does not read Cowper? If the books of each were to be placed side by side, with a view of burning one set of them, which would be sacrificed?

And yet Hayley is necessary to the student who would learn the tendencies of his times, and the literary character of his age.

Supposing some one who had power to do the silly deed, should have destroyed the obscure novelists from whom Shakespeare drew his plots? Suppose some one had decreed that Epictetus was "no good"? Suppose that the angry fellow-villagers who stripped their public library of Cooper's works, and burned them in the public square, had been able to sweep the earth clean of his name and his books?—They would have done it if they could. Then his stories—both the superior ones, and the inferior ones—the world would have lost: and it would have been an irreparable disaster to the literature of America.

There have very few books been given the honor of type, but carry a certain amount of instruction with them—for the benefit of those who seek for it. How much better would it have been for the world, had not the vengeance of conquerors been turned upon libraries as well as arsenals—upon not only human beings, but the books that they loved!



Church Grumblings.

IT seems to me, as if we went to extremes, in our treatment of pastors. An old clergyman, unless he have a force of intellect and energy that makes its way in spite of everything, is often neglected, unheeded, and finally dropped; while a young, fresh fellow, just out of school, is petted, and, perhaps, spoiled.

There are few geniuses in the pulpit, like Beecher, and Talmage, and Storrs, and Cuyler,—all of whom kept their supremacy until death took them away. To be sure, Beecher was in the pulpit the Sunday before he died; and within a fortnight was met by a friend on his way to Gloucester, Mass., traveling through a snowstorm, to deliver a lecture there. Cuyler was in demand, even after he abdicated his pulpit, in all sorts of churches, wherever he would go. Storrs died in harness—and a gold-plated one. Talmage, although he had no well-established church at time of his death, was honored as one of the notable residents of Washington, and in demand everywhere. But these men were ultra-famous, and exceptions to the general rule.

The average old pastor, cannot preach as well as he could when younger, and his audiences are liable to dwindle in size, and lag in attention. He is perhaps made to feel, if at all sensitive, that some one else is, overtly or covertly, slated for his position. He knows that he never was what could be called brilliant, and while he preaches what he believes to be true, he cannot put it into

the "catchy" phrasing of the times. He constantly loses hold on his church, and, probably, in a few years is relegated to a smaller one, or to private life.

In his place, comes a young fellow, full of vim and self-assertion. He may know a lot, or, perhaps, a very little: but it is assumed to be the former. He easily makes friends with everybody; he is the life of the social, the interlocutor of the prayer-meeting, the joy of the wedding, the consoler at the funeral, and a welcome factor in private parties.

Of course, he is petted galore. If single, the girls weave their most fascinating webs for him, and do their very best to catch him—regardless of theology, or anything mentally or spiritually connected with it. If he be already a married man, his wife is made President of everything she will endure, and the baby is mothered by all the women in the church. He is "the thing"—perhaps mainly because he is a "young thing."

Whether he draws people any nearer to God, is another question: maybe he does, and maybe he does not. But there is no doubt that he is "popular", and for a time pleases the majority of the church. He is also liable to get spoiled, and somewhat conceited.

The recent lamentable happening in regard to the misconduct of a clergyman in Massachusetts, in which a charge of murder is involved, should be a warning to churches, not to choose a pastor until they have thoroughly investigated his former record. Some of them take this precaution: they have written, tele-

graphed, and telephoned all over the country, to settle the matter of his perfect desirability. There is something required, of the shepherd of a flock more than mere personal winsomeness.

EDWARD H. STEVENS.

Hymn-Tampering.

PLAGIARISM, pure and simple, in the field of literature, has been no uncommon thing. The kindest construction that we may place upon the acts of some men, is that they know not where their thought ends and the other man's begins. Indeed, we must be pardoned if we wonder whether their minds had done any of the work.

To the mind of the writer has been suggested another class of men, that deal with the ideas of others. Largely do they figure in the annals of Hymnology. These men knew, or at least thought they knew, what they were about.

Upon analysis, we find that their reasons for tampering with the thoughts of other minds, are various: that a truer theology might be sung; that a greater beauty of expression might be given; that an exquisite phrase in one hymn might find the right setting in that of another. And so on ad infinitum. Nowhere in the realm of thought have the ideas of men been so changed and interchanged: sometimes with, and oftentimes, it is to be feared, without, the consent of the original writers.

Not long since, a well known author had sung to her one of her supposed compositions. When the hymn was ended the author said: "That is not my hymn. Some of the thoughts are mine, but the hymn is changed."

Thomas Moore's beautiful hymn as it was originally written, is as follows:

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish

Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks a comforter in God's name saying,

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,

What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,

Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—

Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.

But it does not appear in this form, in any of the hymnals. "Shrine of God" in the first stanza, is changed to "mercy seat." The second stanza has undergone a like change, and the last has been substituted almost entirely by another.

"A Few More Years Shall Roll", by H. Bonar, and also known under the title, "A Pilgrim's Song"—receives various treatment. Its so-called exquisite refrain, with its delicate shades,

Then O my Lord, prepare

My soul for that great day;

Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,

And take my sins away!

is in some hymnals omitted and in the so doing, the hymn is robbed of its most striking feature.

The history of "Come let us join our friends above", by Charles Wesley, is probably one of the most amusing cases of hymn-changing. It first appeared as a funeral hymn:

One family we dwell in Him

One church above, beneath,

Though now divided by the stream,

The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,

To His command we bow;

Part of His host have crossed the flood,

And part are crossing now.

From it came:

The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of His grace partake.

This was altered to:

The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to the Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

In Murray's hymnal:

"Let saints below join saints above."

Again:

"Let saints on earth in concert sing",
is changed to:

"Let all below in concert sing."

In the Marlborough College Hymnal:

"Come let us join our friends above,
Whose glory is begun."

This continues until we find the combination of the original and the altered forms of the text coming out as one hymn and used extensively in many of our churches. Possibly the satisfaction gotten from this hymn's history, is that all—both in heaven and upon earth—have been invited to sing.

Isaac Watts' "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove with all Thy", etc., appears in at least twenty different texts, each one rejecting certain expressions found in the original.

"Crown Him with many crowns", by Matthew Bridges, has the honor of opening with this phrase, which is also used in four distinct hymns now in common use.

"No respecter of persons" are these hymn-tamperers. High and low are treated alike. "Oh for a closer walk with God", the most beautiful and the most tender of Cowper's compositions, although usually left untouched, is not always given as its author sent it forth.

All denominations have drawn from the fount of hymnology, bringing away just as much or just as little as their particular sects seemed to require, mixing—let us not say the false with the

true—but rather according to their sectarian view-point, chiseling the idea into what was to them more perfect form—more correct thought.

In one instance, when Charles Wesley had drawn from this fount, it is said that he overcame what seemed to him wrong expression, by omission and by change. Undoubtedly this is but one of many instances where he infused Wesleyan views into the creations of other men.

One thing is certain: never has the work of an imagination set on fire by the Divine Spirit, been without its reward. The power of God is shown in that His beauty shines above and through the errors of man.

Hymnology stands for the uplifting of hearts toward God. "Psalms of praise were the first fruits of creation. Hymns were the earliest utterances of human nature, in the morning light of the world—man's first response to the voice of his Creator—the earth's first echoes to the music of the heavens when 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'"

Failed to Locate It.

A YOUNG clergyman was preaching a sermon when suddenly he lost the thread of his discourse and, do what he would, he could not find it again.

The congregation was greatly embarrassed and was wondering what the matter was, when he startled it by exclaiming suddenly:

"Pardon me, my brethren, for pausing in my sermon, but it seems to me that I smell fire somewhere—and—it might be as well to see that it has not broken out in the church or in any of the nearby houses."

He thought to stampede the audience, and thus get out of his embarrassment: but was surprised to see that they kept their places; in fact, part of them were asleep. One old pillar of the church belated out:

"Wherever the fire that you smell may be, it isn't in your sermon, parson!"



Two Medical Tricks.

"TRICKS in all trades, excepting ours", has drifted into the harbor of the proverbs: and it is not to be supposed that a part of the physicians have not their own ways to delude those with whom they deal.

If you have a good well-trusted and well-tried family-doctor, keep him as long as you can: and do not cast him aside for some new, half-known candidate for your favor, and your bank-cheques. There are a large number of honest, conscientious physicians in the world: but they do not include nearly all of those who have taken medical degrees.

The doctors themselves are keenly sensitive to this fact, and sometimes expose each other. Norman Barnesby, M.D., has taken a hand at this, and in a book, entitled "Medical Chaos and Crime", (published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York and London,) he gives the two following instances:

"A well-known physician, an acquaintance of mine, practicing in New York City, whose reputation is of the best, told me recently that his great success in medicine was not due to any unusual skill or knowledge, but to the fact that he was 'a good business man and knew when to take advantage of the other fellow's ignorance.' After further investigation of my friend and his methods, I discovered that he was rated so highly simply because he could cure the ills he personally caused. For a patient to consult him and get away without having to return is almost unheard of. His

first diagnosis when he finds that the patient is a drivelling hypochondriac is 'stomach trouble,' 'gastric catarrh,' 'gastralgia,' or some other reverberating name, which means nothing in particular, but greatly impresses the patient. His first treatment in such a case, almost without exception, is to administer to this poor creature large and repeated doses of potassium iodide in some form, with instructions to return if he feels nausea, headache, pain, or a bad taste in the mouth.

"Now it happens that potassium iodide, given in large and repeated doses and taken with a small quantity of water, causes these exact symptoms, viz., nausea, headache, pain in the stomach and a bad-tasting mouth. Consequently the dupe goes back for relief, financial and otherwise, and so the iodide is gradually reduced, while the pocketbook is being relieved of its contents. In the course of the second or third week the poor, frail, shadow of a patient wanders into the office once more. My friend now takes pity upon him by withdrawing all of the iodide, thus effecting a brilliant cure of the disease with the high-sounding name. The delighted patient, naturally, is most grateful. Having other friends afflicted with stomach trouble, he tells them of the clever doctor who has dragged him from the jaws of death. They, too, flock to the master physician, and of course are eventually 'cured', the time in each case depending on the limit of patience and the extent of the bank account.

"The next case, related to me by Doc-

tor H. of New York, illustrates the shameless greed too often associated with deathbed consultations. 'I went into a small cigar store, the other day,' remarked H., 'and was roundly abused by the proprietor when he found I was a doctor. I asked him what he meant, and he told me that his wife had recently died, and that the family doctor had insisted on calling in six specialists for consultation.

"He called those men in,' said the poor fellow, 'and all the money I had in the world was eleven hundred dollars. The first demanded three hundred dollars, and the rest of them got the balance. They were called in and paid within twentyfour hours, and at the end of that time my wife was dead and I was obliged to borrow money to bury her.'

"This seems almost incredible, but Doctor H. made enquiries and found the man's story to be substantially correct. The family doctor, of course, had received a commission on all the fees collected, in addition to his own bill.

"No less reprehensible, though more frankly brutal, was the conduct of the noted surgeon in the following case of appendicitis, which I select from scores of similar instances because of the unusually high reputation of the hero thereof:—

"Mr. and Mrs. K. were a young couple just beginning to get a start in the world. Their little home was partly paid for. Only a thousand dollars was needed to clear off the mortgage, and this they had succeeded in getting together, by dint of much saving and self-denial, when the wife suddenly developed an attack of acute appendicitis. Her husband was greatly alarmed, and made enquiries as to who was the best surgeon in town. He was recommended to one of the best surgeons in the country, whom we will call Doctor Y. So he rushed to the doctor's office and begged him to come at once to see his wife. Doctor Y. said he would come without delay, and the young husband hurried home to await his arrival.

"Meanwhile, Doctor Y. made enquiries

over the telephone as to K.'s financial condition, and soon found out about the thousand dollars in the bank. With this information, he visited and examined Mrs. K. The case was one of acute (catarrhal) appendicitis, as he had conjectured from the somewhat incoherent description of the husband. Turning to the latter, he said in his very forceful and emphatic manner:—

"This is a bad case of appendicitis; if she is not operated on at once, she will die.'

"The reader can imagine the consternation that ensued. Of course the husband implored the doctor to do everything possible to save his dear one's life. This was the psychological moment, as Doctor Y. well knew. So he replied, brusquely:—

"All right, Mr. K., the operation will cost one thousand dollars, and I must have the money before I begin.'

"Poor K. gasped. He knew that great surgeons do not ordinarily operate for mere glory or gratitude, but he had never expected anything like this. His struggle was short, however, for he loved his wife. Doctor Y. was the best surgeon in the city, and Mrs. K. should have his services as long as he could foot the bill. So with a sigh of regret as he thought of the home passing from them, and of the years of hard struggle to come, he agreed to the doctor's rapacious fee. Doctor Y. came again that evening with his assistants, and performed the operation, and performed it well. It was all over in less than twenty minutes, and when he left the house he carried Mr. K.'s hard-earned savings.

"Doctor Y. is unquestionably a great surgeon. His skill and fame have brought him cases from all over the country, and he is a wealthy man. He did not need this thousand dollars; it meant almost less to him than a dollar meant to the poor clerk. How much manlier it would have been to have offered to take the patient to his clinic and operate on her free of charge, or else to have performed the operation at the house for a nominal fee of, say, a hundred dollars! But that would not

have been 'good business,' and personal sacrifices, unless of a spectacular character, do not often appeal to the rich and famous."

Trees Have Dyspepsia.

NOT only the inferior animals, but the vegetables and forests, are object lessons, to tell us what and what not to do. Thus even a tree may overfeed.

A mysterious disease which has attacked many orange trees in Florida has been discovered to be indigestion. Its cause is the same as that which so often brings on dyspepsia in human beings—overfeeding. Excessive cultivation and too much nitrogenous manure affect the orange tree just as too many heavy table d'hôte dinners affect a man. Instead of looking pale and taking pepsin tablets, however, the orange tree turns a very dark green, and a reddish-brown sap exudes from the twigs. The tips bend upwards and shape themselves into S-like curves. The fruit turns a lemon-yellow color before it is half ripe, and has a very thick rind. As it ripens the fruit splits open and becomes worthless. The reddish-brown resin gets on the fruit before it is ripe and renders it unsalable.

Most of the diseases of the orange tree are due to a lack of cultivation, and it was thought that a tree would not take more nutriment from the soil than it required. This is not so, for the tree takes up all it can get, and then, like a small boy who has eaten too much plum pudding, becomes sick. The dark green color which the foliage then assumes is very handsome, but it means no oranges, or at least none that are any good. The

disease is known as die-back, because the twigs begin to die at the tips and gradually die back to the branches. To cure the disease all that is required is to withhold the fertilizer, but when the disease has gone too far and gum pockets begin to form on the bark there is no cure for it.

They Tuck and Live.

EVERY WHERE met a lady the other day who had been house-hunting. "Widows, widows," said the pavement-traveler, dolefully, "I have met nothing else on the long gloomy trip. A widow occupies House No. 1; two of them are in House No. 2; a widow owns House No. 3, but is now in Europe; and Nos. 4 and 5 had within them no men of any account. Why are there so many lords of creation in the cemeteries while their wives are still living?"

"I conclude that it is because women know how to take care of their health, and men do not. Even such of the latter as may, are too careless to attend to it. There are a thousand little fixings, and tuckings, and foldings, and dosings, and mercy knows what all, that a woman commences doing as soon as she is old enough, and she never stops.

"The little girl even protects her doll from the draughts. But the boy seldom takes any care except what his mother holds out to him; and spurns most of that. As he grows up to be a strong man, he gets more and more careless; eats, drinks, smokes, toils nights, worries himself half to death over business matters, and repulses, more or less gently, or, sometimes, with a snarl, his wife's gentle efforts to coddle him.

"Is it any wonder that the houses are largely owned by widows?"





World-Success.

The Famous Sherman Law.

HOW many people know exactly what it is?—It is mentioned in the papers, nowadays, more than any other one of the statutes: but it may be questioned if one person out of ten thousand of our most intelligent Americans, if asked to give even a synopsis of it, could do so without some assistance—and not knowing exactly where to get that assistance.

The author of the famous law, was John Sherman, an Ohioan—born at Lancaster, in that state. He was one of a very numerous family of children—one of whom was the celebrated General William T. Sherman, whose achievements in the American Civil War of 1861, passed his name into history.

John Sherman, his father having died and left his family in very poor circumstances, was adopted by a relative, studied and practiced law with one of his brothers at Mansfield, Ohio, became a member of Congress, and a United States Senator, and at once became a leader in that body. He was Secretary of the Treasury during President Hayes' administration. He died in 1900.

His life was full of splendid achievements in statesmanship: but he will be remembered longest by the law which bears his name and claims his parentage—which is as follows:

THE SHERMAN LAW.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

Section 1—Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states,

or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract, or engage in any such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments in the discretion of the court.

Section 2—Every person who shall monopolize, or attempt to monopolize, or combine or conspire with any other person or persons to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

Section 3—Every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce in any territory of the United States, or the District of Columbia, or in restraint of trade or commerce between any such territory and another, or between any such territory or territories and state or states or the District of Columbia, or with foreign nations, or between the District of Columbia and any state or states or foreign nations, is hereby declared illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

Section 4—The several Circuit Courts of the United States are hereby invested with jurisdiction to prevent and restrain violations of this act; and it shall be the duty of the several district attorneys of the United States, in their respective districts, under the direction of the Attorney General, to institute proceedings in equity to prevent and restrain such violations. Such proceedings may be by way of petition setting forth the case and praying that such violation shall be enjoined or otherwise prohibited. When the parties complained of shall have been duly notified of such petition the court shall proceed, as soon as may be, to the hearing and determination of the case; and pending such petition and before final decree, the court may at any time make such temporary restraining order or prohibition as shall be deemed just in the premises.

Section 5—Whenever it shall appear to the court before which any proceeding under Section 4 of this act may be pending, that the ends of justice require that other parties should be brought before the court, the court may cause them to be summoned, whether they reside in the district in which the court is held or not; and subpoenas to that end may be served in any district by the marshal thereof.

Section 6—Any property owned under any contract or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy (and being the subject thereof) mentioned in Section 1 of this act, and being in the course of transportation from one state to another, or to a foreign country, shall be forfeited to the United States, and may be seized and condemned by like proceedings as those provided by law for the forfeiture, seizure and condemnation of property imported into the United States contrary to law.

Section 7—Any person who shall be injured in his business or property by any other person or corporation by reason of anything forbidden or declared to be unlawful by this act may sue therefor in any Circuit Court of the United States in the district in which the defendant resides or is found, with-

out respect to the amount in controversy, and shall recover threefold the damages by him sustained, and the costs of suit, including a reasonable attorney's fee.

Section 8—That the word "person" or "persons" wherever used in this act shall be deemed to include corporations and associations existing under or authorized by the laws of either the United States, the laws of any of the territories, the laws of any state or the laws of any foreign country.

Approved July 2, 1890.

Opportunities of a Country Editor.

THE *Gazette* is receiving in every mail a batch of editorial references to several of the candidates for the presidency. These references we are asked to copy free gratis by the sender who is no other than the political manager of the candidates themselves. Among these grateful and aspiring politicians we notice that Champ Clark's manager has us on his mailing list (?) Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, or his manager, is also favoring us with large and nicely bound booklets describing how he has bossed the political destinies of Wisconsin and saved it from eternal ruin and damnation. Also Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, or his manager, has taken the pains to send us an alluring booklet containing a list of his successes in the field of literature and what remarkable things have happened in New Jersey since he took hold of the ship of state. Also William Jennings Bryan favors us with a free copy of each issue of the *Commoner*. Also Judson Harmon or his manager favors us with 99 page booklet showing how Harmon saved the commonwealth of Ohio some \$400,000,000 by his astute manner of governing the Buckeye people. We will admit it but we have not heard from Taft's manager as yet, but are living in hopes that he will soon report for duty, and get busy.

Why do these famous public men want free and gratuitous notices in the

Hudson *Gazette*, and thousands of other little weekly papers?

Believe us when we say that they do not care a tinker's darn for us or ours, but they want the readers of this paper and others to get a good impression of them to start a sentiment in progress that will eventually land them at the head of this nation of ninety millions of people.

We have nothing against any of these public men or their cheap publicity campaign. They are being led on by the lust for political power, the ambition to gain high office until they or their managers stoop to almost any device to gain the ear of the people, and their good will.

We say to each and all that they cannot buy news space in the *Gazette*, neither will any free gratis notices be published. —[Hudson, Mich., *Gazette*.]

Do Heathen Need the Calculus ?

MISSION BOARDS in certain denominations are becoming very particular as to whom they send as missionaries in foreign fields, to reclaim the heathen from the inherited error of their ways. Not in the matter of morality and Christian experience—for, we believe, they have always been watchful in that respect: but concerning their education.

It has gradually dawned upon the minds of some of these boards, that in order to win the heathen to Christ, missionaries should have college educations, with all the newest studies brought down to the latest date. How can an Asiatic or an African or a Chinaman be really religious, unless he knows or at least unless his teacher knows, all the ins and outs of "the higher education"? they apparently ask.

Of course they are not foolish enough to suppose that a college graduate is at all thorough in all the studies at which he or she has had a dash, in the current college course: no one is at all thorough in any study, nowadays, unless he or she has made a specialty of it. "But," the boards above-mentioned

seem to think, "they should at least have come in contact with these studies."

And so it is, that in many cases, old missionaries, who have spent years in active service, learned and won their heathen constituency, have picked up a language or two, and are perfectly qualified for more years of service, are recalled and stood one side for students just out of college, who are educated "up to date."

Nobody of sense feels like belittling the benefits of a college course: but everybody with perception, has noticed that it takes the average student a few years of contact with the world, to be of much practical use to himself or any one else.

And it has been suggested that if some of the members of these boards themselves were given an examination, they might not be found to be so very thoroughly saturated with scholastic lore.

It may be worth while to suggest that in the selection and retention of missionaries, previous experience, Christian hearts, blameless lives, and tireless energy, should be potent considerations.

Babies for Bait

THAT infants have an earning capacity in at least one country is made clear by this story from the current issue of *The American Traveler's Gazette*: "A sailor who spent some years in Ceylon asserts that the Cingalese mothers regularly hire out their babies as crocodile bait. These are his words: 'Baby bait is the only thing for crocodiles, and everybody uses it.'

"You rent a baby down there for two shillings a day. Of course, no harm ever comes to the infants, or else the mothers wouldn't rent them. The babies are simply set on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream, and the hunter lies hidden near them—a sure protection. The crocodile soon rises up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then you open fire. Some Cingalese women make as much as eight shillings a week out of renting their babies for bait."



- October 27—The Portuguese cruiser San Rafael was stranded, with a total loss.
- 28—It was reported that Hankow had been retaken by the Chinese Government; also, that a Chinese loan for \$18,000,000 had been arranged with a Belgian syndicate. Twenty persons were killed and over thirty injured in a head-on collision on the Union Pacific eighty miles from Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- 29—Pekin was in a state of panic and a general exodus of Manchus began. Turkish troops attacked Homs, near Tripoli, and were repulsed with heavy loss. The ex-Shah's Turcomans, aided by Russian troops, defeated a Persian government force.
- 30—The United States Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Safety Appliance Act and placed control of railways doing interstate business under the Interstate Commerce Commission. Governor Dix of New York signed the School Teachers' Equal Pay Bill. An imperial edict granted a constitution to China. The northwestern approaches to Tripoli were reported as retaken by the Turks.
- 31—The Chinese throne in name of the infant Emperor granted further concessions to the rebels, putting the Chinese on an equality with the Manchus. The Italian Government denied the Constantinople reports of Italian reverses at Tripoli.
- November 1—Secretary of the Navy Meyer reviewed the fleet of ninety-nine ships of war in the Hudson River. Yuan Shi Kai was appointed Premier of China.
- 2—The Chinese Assembly adopted the British Constitution as the model on which the new Chinese government is to be modeled. Six thousand London taxicab chauffeurs struck. The Taylor system of scientific shop management was indorsed by the War Department. President Taft reviewed the warships in the Hudson River, from the *Mayflower*.
- 3—The Chinese revolutionists captured Shanghai. The Franco-German agreement regarding Morocco was made public, France ceding territory in the Northern French Congo as large as California. Yuan Shi Kai resigned the Premiership of China.
- 4—Secretary Wilson issued an order quarantining cattle in fourteen States, from North Carolina to California, because of Texas fever.
- 5—Turkey officially asked United States to intervene to suppress Italian atrocities and to impose peace. Hang-Chow was captured by Chinese revolutionists. C. P. Rodgers, cross-continent aviator, reached Pasadena, California, en route from New York City.
- 6—Latest official returns showed that Prohibition had won in Maine. Russia sent an ultimatum to Persia demanding an apology for, and reversal of recent action prejudicial to the Czar's interests. Francisco I. Madero was inaugurated President of Mexico.
- 7—The Viceroy at Nanking committed suicide. Dr. Wu Ting Fang announced that he had joined the revolutionists. Mme. Curie was awarded the Nobel prize of \$40,000 for chemistry.
- 8—A. J. Balfour resigned the leadership of the Unionist party in England. The United States Circuit Court unanimously approved the plan for the disintegration of the American Tobacco Company as submitted recently to them by the trust itself.
- 9—Germany's Crown Prince astonished the Reichstag by demonstrations hostile to the Chancellor. Premier Asquith stated that Great Britain desired to co-operate with the other powers in mediating between Italy and Turkey.
- 10—A. Bonar Law was chosen to succeed A. J. Balfour in the House of Commons.

- Manchus massacred many Chinese in Nanking; 90,000 fled from that city.
The Turks and Arabs suffered another defeat.
- 11—King George and Queen Mary sailed from England to attend the Durbar in India.
Chinese students of twelve American universities protested to President Taft against suggested interference in the Chinese revolution.
- 12—President Taft reached the White House after his journey of 15,000 miles.
Chinese rebels beheaded the Governor of Shensi Province, his wife and thirty Manchus, and the Tartar General at Foo Chow.
- 13—Wu Ting Fang called on the Regent to abdicate; Manchuria, Chefoo and Changchow declared independence.
Russia threatened to occupy two of Persia's northern provinces.
- 14—The Missouri Supreme Court fined the International Harvester Company \$50,000 for restraining trade and ordered the trust ousted from the State.
The indicted meat-packers, through habeas corpus proceedings, attacked the constitutionality of the Sherman act.
Representatives of Spain and Germany conferred regarding the cession to the latter of Spanish Guinea.
- 15—Yuan Shi Kai accepted the Premiership of China and received the diplomatic corps.
The Turkish forces in Tripoli attacked Derna and Tobruk, but were repulsed, with considerable loss.
The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce began its hearings on proposed anti-trust legislation.
Governor Mann of Virginia refused to interfere in the case of Henry C. Beattie, Jr., accused of wife murder.
- 16—The Duke of Connaught opened the Canadian Parliament.
Russia ordered troops to Persia because no reply was received to her ultimatum.
Yuan Shi Kai named a Cabinet for China, of representatives of every faction; 30,000 imperial troops joined the rebel forces marching on Peking.
- 17—British, French and Russian troops made separate demonstrations in Tien-Tsin; most of the men selected by Yuan Shi Kai for his Cabinet declined to serve.
Switzerland experienced the severest earthquake shock in fifty years.
A press campaign against W. Morgan Shuster, the American Treasurer-General of Persia, was begun in St. Petersburg.
- 18—General Bernardo Reyes was seized by United States Government officials, for plotting on American soil against the Mexican Government.
- 19—Federal authorities in Texas seized arms and ammunition hidden there for future use by Mexican rebels.
It was reported that Russia had severed diplomatic relations with Persia.
The new Russian Ambassador, G. Bakhmeteff, arrived in America.
- 20—Persia placed her case against Russia in England's hands and asked other powers to aid her, expressing willingness to take her case to the Hague Tribunal.
President Caceres of the Dominican Republic was assassinated.
- 21—A despatch from Caracas said that General Castro had won in a battle in Venezuela.
The French mission at Kien-Chang, China, was assailed.
- 22—The Persian government informed England that it would yield to Russia's ultimatum, apologize and remove Mr. Shuster's gendarmes.
The board of inspection made its first examination of the wreck of the Maine.
King George cancelled the appointment of the Rev. Frederick Percival Farrar as domestic chaplain to himself and Queen Mary.
- 23—Thirty persons were killed when a train plunged through a bridge over a swollen river in France.
- 24—The first school for detectives in America was opened at Police Headquarters, New York City.
The Turks were reported in possession again of most of the oasis of Tripoli.
Persia's Foreign Minister apologized to Russia for the seizure of the ex-Shah's brother's property.
Fra Angelico's stolen painting, the "Madonna della Stella", was recovered by the police.
Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., was executed for the murder of his wife; in a signed statement he confessed his guilt.
- 25—The Young Gaekwar of Baroda, sophomore at Harvard, whose father rules 2,000,000 subjects, jumped from a trolley in Boston and suffered a slight concussion of the brain.
- 26—Nanking was bombarded after the revolutionists had driven the imperialists into the city.
An all-day fight outside of Tripoli resulted in victory for the Italians; an all-day fight outside Derna was indecisive.
- 27—Foreign Secretary Grey told the House of Commons the Government's side of the Anglo-German Morocco trouble and Law, leader of the Opposition, approved.
The German cruiser Berlin, and the gunboat Eber, were recalled from Agadir.
The Pope formally created eighteen new members of the Sacred College.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

ALDAY, REV. DR. JOHN H.—At Asbury Park, N. J., October 22, at the age of eightythree years. He was a native of Kingston, Jamaica. He gave up the profession of medicine to become a Methodist Minister, and was attached to a church in Philadelphia. He was one of the founders of Ocean Grove.

BELLEW, KYRLE—In Salt Lake City, November 2, at the age of fiftyfour years. He was born at sea, near Calcutta, and educated by his father for the army, but entered on a sea life instead, meeting many adventures. He then entered upon a theatrical career, being a member in turn of Irving's, Lester Wallack's, Daly's and other companies, organizing finally a company of his own. He and Mrs. James Brown Potter also formed a dramatic partnership. He was a most finished and polished actor. He wrote several plays. From 1900 to 1902 he led an exploring expedition to Northern Queensland.

CAMPBELL, LADY COLIN—In London, England, November 2. She was a native of Ireland, daughter of Edmond Maghlin Blood, of ancient family. In 1881 she married Lord Colin Campbell, obtaining a separation later, after a sensational trial. Being then penniless, she turned to her pen, and became a leading London journalist, brilliant and versatile, on the staff of the *London World* and other papers. She wrote also a few books.

CASELL, MRS. FLORA H.—Killed in a runaway accident, November 17, near Denver, Colorado. She was fifty-nine years of age and was a hymn-writer of national prominence. At one time she was President of the Nebraska W. C. T. U. She was a close friend of Frances E. Willard.

CLARK, REV. GEO. W., D.D.—At Hightstown, N. J., November 10, aged eighty years. His birthplace was South Orange, N. J.; his college, Amherst, Mass., where he graduated in 1853, taking a course afterward at Rochester Theological Seminary. He filled various pulpits in his native State until 1877. In 1880, he became a missionary of the Baptist Publication Society, and wrote several books for it, which had a large sale. Among them are "Harmony of the Gospels", "Harmonic Arrangement of Acts", "The

Mighty Worker", and "Clark's People's Commentary."

CREUZBAUR, ROBERT—In Brooklyn, October 23, aged eightyeight years. His father was captain of artillery under Napoleon; his mother an Austrian baroness. They came to America and he served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, as an engineer. He applied "dry farming" in Texas, with success, and came north to introduce his inventions. He laid out the Newtown Creek-Flushing Bay canal.

EVANS, MRS. ELIZABETH EDSON—At Aibling, Upper Bavaria, September 14, at the age of seventynine years. She was the daughter of Dr. Willard Putnam of Newport, N. H., marrying, in 1868, Edward Payson Evans, author. Since 1870 they had lived in Europe. She contributed verse and prose to newspapers and magazines. Among her writings are the novels, "Laura, an American Girl"; "Transplanted Manners"; "A History of Religions"; "The Story of Kaspar Hauser", and "The Christ Myth."

HART, MATTHEW J.—At New Bedford, Mass., August 5, aged fiftyfour years. He was born in Lancashire, England. He was President of the National Federation of Weavers, and was widely known in labor union circles for his efforts to better conditions in the textile industry of the country.

HEMINGWAY, HOMER—In New York City, October 21, at the age of seventyeight years. Watertown, Conn., was his birthplace, and here he introduced the manufacture of sewing-silk into United States.

JELLY, DR. GEORGE F.—In Wakefield, Mass., October 24, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was born in Salem, and was graduated from Brown University and from the Harvard Medical School, becoming one of the most widely-known alienists in United States. For almost thirty years he was a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Insanity.

JOHNSON, WILLIAM B.—In Brookline, Massachusetts, August 1, aged seventytwo years. He was born in England. He became a pupil of Mrs. Eddy, founder of Christian Science, and for nineteen years was clerk of the Mother Church, resigning that office two years ago.

JONES, PROF. GEORGE W.—At Ithaca, N. Y., October 30. He was born seventy-four years ago, in Corinth, Me., and was a graduate of Yale. He was one of the best-known mathematicians in the country, and had been on the faculty of Cornell for thirtyone years.

KOMURA, MARQUIS JUTARO—In Tokio, Japan, November 24. One of the most progressive of Japanese statesmen, he was graduated from Harvard in 1877 and studied law in Rochester. Returning to Japan, he served as a Judge, and later entered the Foreign Office. He was at one time Privy Councillor and became known to Americans when sent here as Minister at Washington. He was one of the peace commissioners at Portsmouth.

MATHER, ROBERT—In New York City, October 24. He was born at Salt Lake City, Utah, fiftytwo years ago. Employed in railroading by day, he managed, by night study, to prepare himself for Knox College, and later, was graduated in law. At the time of his death he was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and a Director of many banks and other corporations.

PULITZER, JOSEPH—In Charleston Harbor, S. C., October 29. He was born in Hungary sixtyfour years ago. Coming to America, penniless, at the age of eighteen, he joined the Union Army. He entered journalism in St. Louis and served in the Missouri Legislature. He became owner of the *New York World*, winning through his original methods, his titanic genius, and his unswerving devotion to the good of the people, a unique place amongst editors.

PYLE, HOWARD—In Florence, Italy, November 9. He was born in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1853. He studied art in Philadelphia and in the Art Students' League, New York, and became known the world over as a writer and illustrator for periodicals, and especially of children's books. His charming and excellent work won recognition at the Chicago, Atlanta, Paris and Buffalo expositions.

RATHBONE, MAJOR HENRY R.—Near Hanover, Germany, August 14, aged seventy-four years. He was born in Albany, N. Y., and served with distinction in the Civil War. He was a military aide to President Lincoln and was wounded in trying to defend him at the time of the assassination. In 1887 he was appointed Consul-General at Hanover. He lost his reason shortly afterward and murdered his wife, which brought about his incarceration in the Hildesheim Asylum.

RAY, BRIG. GENERAL P. H., U. S. A.—At Fort Niagara, New York, October 30. He was born in 1841. He served in the Civil

War, the Spanish War, and in Indian campaigns. For his services in attending Greeley on his Arctic expedition he was made a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and he was a delegate to the International Polar Congress in Vienna. He accompanied the first expedition to the Yellowstone River in 1872 and was in charge of the Government's interests in Alaska during the first Klondike rush.

RIALPH, FRANK DE—In Milford, Pa., September 5, aged seventyone years. He was a Spaniard by birth, Barcelona being his native town. He studied music with Berlioz. He accompanied the Spanish Army in the Moroccan wars, and then the singer Tietjens called the attention of Col. Mapleson to his voice, and he filled various posts at the London opera-house, coming later to New York, where he became a well-known singing-teacher. He published a book on the teaching of music and did much to restore Campanini's voice.

SPERRY, NEHEMIAH DAY—In New Haven, Conn., November 13. He was born in Woodbridge, Conn., in 1827, and became a house-builder. Entering politics, he held important offices in his State and served for fourteen years in Congress. He was one of the founders of the Republican party and a trusted friend of Lincoln. He was nicknamed N. D. because never defeated while running for office. He pledged his entire fortune, with Daniel Drew, to guarantee the building of the Monitor and its success in overcoming the Merrimac. In later years he became known as the father of rural free delivery.

WARING, JOHN B.—In Flushing, L. I., October 30. He was born seventyseven years ago in Long Ridge, N. Y. Of an inventive turn, he was responsible for a useful invention for each year of his life, among these being two successful pens, a machine to separate silk from the cocoon, besides drills, air-compressors, etc. He served through the Civil War and invented a spike for spiking cannons, and for this was raised to the rank of major and transferred to the Ordnance Department. He was a brother of the late Colonel George E. Waring, the yellow fever martyr.

WASDIN, DR. EUGENE—At Gladwynne, near Philadelphia, November 17. He was born in 1859 in Georgetown, S. C. After graduating from the Charleston Medical College he entered the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. He was the foremost yellow fever expert in the country and was decorated by Italy's King for his work in suppressing the yellow fever epidemic in that country. He operated upon President McKinley after the shooting in Buffalo.

Various Doings and Undoings.

The sun, the moon, and a star were all seen at once from Atlantic City one day.

Gamblers, when arrested in New York for plying their trade, now state their "occupation" as "speculators".

Cats are now taxed \$1.20 a head in the city of Munich, and provided with special collars and metal license checks.

Claude Duval seems to be multi-reincarnated in numerous automobile-robbers, who infest lonely roads, and halt unwary travelers.

Smallpox has been devastating several Rhode Island villages, and the little State is termed as hardly large enough to contain the pustules created therein.

There are 613,873 old age pensioners in England and Wales, with a total for the United Kingdom of 907,461, of whom 333,050 are men and 574,411 women.

Auto Rural Mail Delivery is being experimented upon by the Government at Washington—very tardily indeed: as it should have been an established fact, years ago.

Motion-picture men must pay royalty on scenes reproduced from copyrighted books: so the United States Supreme Court decides, after long litigation in the lower ones.

A ninetyone-year-old dancer is Mrs. Elizabeth Riley of New York, who will trip the "light fantastic" every time you will play one of the old girl-tunes she used to love.

The records of Greenup County, Ky., show

the names of a jury of women drawn, several years ago, to try a woman for murder, that being the law if the prisoner so elected.

Finger-print experts claim that out of 65,000 thumb-ends and finger-ends they have examined, no two were alike. They say the texture does not change even after death.

Railroad companies report that most of the accidents suffered by women in railway stations and in getting on or off trains are due to high-heeled shoes or to hobble-skirts.

The Crystal Palace in London has, temporarily at least, escaped the fate of Madison Square Garden, thanks to Lord Plymouth's deposit of £20,000 to stay its sale at auction.

A bulky volume of London statistics has been issued by the London County Council. It shows that Greater London has an area of 693 square miles and a population of 7,252,963.

Kissing her merely by mail, is what a St. Louis woman claims against her husband—claiming, therefore, a divorce. "A thousand kisses in his letters—none at home",—she asserts.

Lepers who have been in this country for years, are occasionally discovered: but the disease need not spread by contagion, unless the health-habits of people get bad enough to allow it.

Mrs. Samantha F. Breniholtz, who was chief telegraph operator at Gettysburg while the battle was being fought and sent many offi-

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Winchester's Hypophosphites not only acts as absorbents but repair and retard the waste of tissue.—H. P. DEWEES, M. D., New York.
I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

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No. G 65b. 9 clasp Imported Kid Glove excellent quality made with the new raised embroidery in white, black and all newest shades. Sizes 5-10 to 8 (quarter sizes). Price per pair \$3.00. Usually retailed at \$1.50.

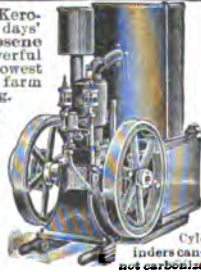
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Readers will oblige both the advertiser

cial telegrams, is dead at Waynesboro, Md. aged seventyfive years.

President Harris of Amherst College has resigned, thinking some younger man should fill his place: and any number of younger men are perfectly willing to try it as long as they can keep young enough.

Kansas, which is always producing lurid things, has seen a schoolma'am tarred and feathered by men, because the women thought she was too popular. She has had several of them arrested, and sued others for damages.

For the first time in history the "Court Circular" has been published out of the United Kingdom and has been sent to London by wireless telegraphy. It announced that the King and Queen left Gibraltar for Port Said.

The American Osteopathic Association has issued a challenge to the medical men to divide 800 patients between them and "award the palm to the school that at the conclusion of the respective treatments has the most subjects alive."

Neighbors used to call Israel Mark, of Bayonne, N. J., Izzy Mark, but when they began to call his helpmate Mrs. Easy Mark and the children took it up and shouted it, the couple decided to appeal to the court for a new name.

After Police Judge James Wilson had fined several autoists for speeding at Wabash, Ind., he called his own name. He had prepared and filed a similar charge against himself, and promptly pleaded guilty and entered judgment against himself.

After a career of eleven months as the only woman deputy sheriff in United States, Miss Lucy Beech Johns, of Fayette County, Pa., will surrender her badge on December 4, and on December 19 be married to John C. Grier, of Pittsburgh.

Women will have their own department store in Chicago, if you please—not a man employed in it—30,000 square feet of "bag-gains", half a million of housewives expected as customers—and cost of living reduced fifteen to twentyfive per cent.

The most fortunate part of his early experience, Booker Washington feels, was that which gave him the opportunity of getting into direct contact and of communing with and taking lessons from the old class of colored people who have been slaves.

Wordsworth was one of the late Clark Russell's favorite authors. But he said: "If I were a magistrate and you were brought be-

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fore me for some offense I could inflict no worse punishment on you than to sentence you to read 'The Excursion' right through."

A burglar was frightened away from the window at night, by a crimping-iron pointed at him by a woman—he thinking it was a revolver. In accordance with the recent law forbidding the possession of weapons in people's houses crimping-irons should now be barred.

While Guiteau was on his way to court, one day, to be tried for the murder of Garfield, William Jones tried to shoot him, and thus obtained notoriety all over the country. He has now obtained some more—by being accused of making his wife crazy by cruelty toward her.

A young lady made a large lot of money by selling "wishbone brownies" fantastically painted and decked, and bearing the inscription:

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CONDUCTED BY

WILL CARLETON

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JANUARY, 1912

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THE SHEEP AT THE STACK.

(See poem on page 280.)



## New Ballad by Will Carleton.

---

### The Deacon's Last Dance.

**B**ROTHER, do you recollect, in some spiritual vacation,  
Of the lively night we spent over in the "Heathen Nation"?  
(That was what our people called it, since it hadn't the same appearin'  
As a place that antedated it a dozen years in clearin').  
[So said Ahab Adams, banker—owning holdings few could purchase,  
To his brother, leading pastor 'mongst a hundred city churches.]

Those hard times out in the wood-lots—how as boys we used to pass 'em!  
Not a person went ag'in us, but we had the words to sass 'em!  
'Ceptin' Dad and Mother: Dad held within the voice ingredients  
That could close the dictionary on all words except obedience.  
And amongst the other orders this one through my memory glances:  
"Whatsoever else you do, don't you go to any dances!"

Sunday came—we 'tended church; learned once more that we was sinners;  
Had a mother-meal at home—food enough for fifteen dinners;  
Fed the horses, stalled the cattle, soothed small pains that shot across us,  
An' went up to bed at nine, by the clock that helped to boss us.

Then I recollect you, brother—my! who now would ever think it!  
Whispered, "Youth is full of syrup: let us go and help to drink it!"  
Then we sneaked out of the window—still as chaos 'fore creation—  
Startin' for an all-night dance—over in the "Heathen Nation."

Mercy! didn't it make a flutter, when the people saw appearin'  
Four strong husky youthful Christians, come from Deacon Adams' clearin'!  
Still those sinners—not disposed to wastin' time with small surprises,  
Didn't let us interfere with the reg'lar exercises:

They rushed to us good an' hearty—not as brands plucked from the burnin'  
 But as Deacon Adams' pris'ners from cold storage now returnin'.  
 An' the fiddle—how ~~a~~ thrilled us!—every kind of thought revealin':  
 Scoldin', cryin', grumblin', shoutin', whisp'rin', singin', warblin', squealin'—  
 Brother, have you any wonder, as we read those memory-pages,  
 That we fellers went to dancin' jest as if we danced for wages?

Was't a wonder that we shrunk, apprehensive mid the laughter,  
 When, at midnight, father rushed in—havin' followed slyly after?  
 Any wonder if the father, when he felt the animation  
 From the heads and hearts and heels of that risin' generation,  
 When he saw them wildly dancin' till the timbers seemed to totter,  
 Recollected youthful pastimes, when his blood was somewhat hotter?  
 'Special'y when a fair-faced girl, with a red head like a beacon,  
 Pranced up softly to him, saying, "Dance a hornpipe with me, Deacon?"

Is it any wonder that he threw all restraint aside, untethered,  
 An' let loose a hundr'd antics that for forty years he'd gathered?  
 Brother, don't you recollect how he whirled an' jumped an' twisted?  
 He showed them there people capers that they didn't know existed.  
 An' he murmured unto me, in the red-hot of the revel,  
 "David danced before the Lord—I will try it on the devil!"

Everybody on the job cheered our Dad like all creation:  
 He was soon the crackerjack of the whole dumb'd Heathen Nation!

But remember our surprise, an' the laughs that jumped around us,  
 When our dear old Mother entered—havin' missed an' chased an' found  
 us!

But she al'ays had some fun layin' round with her religion:  
 An' her toes took wings forthwith, that would give points to a pigeon!  
 She eclipsed the red-head gal—took the cake without much bother,  
 Makin' folks around there love her—even more than they did father.  
 Well, I guess you'll hev to own it, that 'ere fast night *was* a sprinter!  
 And the sort of genial climate that you don't get every winter!

That was Dad's and Mom's last dancin': but they brewed such admira-  
 tion,

That their influence never died in that wicked Heathen Nation:  
 An' you recollect, when Dad a revival there inserted,  
 More than half the folks around there, swung right in an' got converted.  
 Then you says—"In cornerin' sinners, do not feel too much above 'em.  
 Kind of make 'em understand that, like David, you're one of 'em."

## The Country Doctor.

(RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST.)

**T**HERE'S a gathering in the village, that has never been outdone

Since the soldiers took their muskets to the war of 'sixtyone;  
And a lot of lumber wagons near the church upon the hill,  
And a crowd of country people, Sunday-dressed and very still.  
Now each window is pre-empted by a dozen heads or more,  
Now the spacious pews are crowded from the pulpit to the door;  
For with coverlet of blackness on his portly figure spread,  
Lies the grim old country doctor, in a massive oaken bed.

Lies the fierce old country doctor,

Lies the kind old country doctor,

Whom the populace considered with a mingled love and dread.

Maybe half the congregation, now of great and little worth,  
Found this watcher waiting for them, when they came upon the earth;  
This undecorated soldier, of a hard, unequal strife,  
Fought in many stubborn battles with the foes that sought their life.  
In the night-time or the day-time, he would rally brave and well,  
Though the summer lark was fying, or the frozen lances fell;  
Knowing if he won the battle, they would praise their Maker's name,  
Knowing if he lost the battle, then the doctor was to blame.

'Twas the brave old virtuous doctor,

'Twas the good old faulty doctor,

'Twas the faithful country doctor—fighting stoutly all the same.

When so many pined in sickness, he had stood so strongly by,  
Half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die;  
They must slowly learn the lesson how to live from day to day,  
And have somehow lost their bearings—now this landmark is away.  
But perhaps it still is better that his busy life is done:  
He has seen old views and patients disappearing, one by one;  
He has learned that Death is master both of Science and of Art;  
He has done his duty fairly, and has acted out his part.

And the strong old country doctor,

And the weak old country doctor,

Is entitled to a furlough for his brain and for his heart.





## Two Villages.

BY LOUISA BRANNAN.

(Continued from December Issue.)

### VI.—ELPHAZ, THE WISE MAN.

THE little grey-haired man, stooped-shouldered from bending over his books, was trying to solve some electrical problem. He was always trying to solve some problem, and had gained for himself the name of Elphaz, the wise man. He was aware of a presence in the room, and as he turned his head he was greeted by a hoarse chuckle from the bad boy of the village. He turned abruptly in his chair with the remark, "Come Sydney, I've got to have some help with my machine. You are the only boy around that I can trust with my precious wires and chemicals. I wouldn't trust their awkward fingers, besides they are a pack of cōwards; every one of them would bawl like babies at a burn or shock."

"Well, yes, I'll help, Elphaz; I don't care for a little burn. I guess there is some Indian blood in me. I could smile at the stake. I can take scalps, too. I've a rabbit scalped now. I want to see its brain work."

"You imp! You devil in disguise! why will you do these things?"

"Oh, because, you softy, how do you suppose I'll find out things if I don't try? I'll be a great man some day, and maybe I'll find out something that will cure that kid of yourn."

That night after the boy had gone, Elphaz, the wise man, bent over the form of his little sleeping son, his only companion, and the very heart of his existence.

"Oh, that my little son, with his noble soul, might have but a fraction of the strength of that boy!" he groaned.

He little realized as he stood there in an agony of thought, that years hence, the boy he was helping with his sympathy and common sense, would be the means of causing his son to walk as other children walk.

### VII.—THE BAD BOY.

He was the worst boy in the village.



"ONLY ONE LITTLE GIRL SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND HIM."

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Every boy hated him, and all the dogs and cats fled at his approach. Only one little girl seemed to understand him.

"That boy will come to a bad end if some one does not do something with him," said the minister to the store-keeper.

"He could become a first-rate business man if he could be made to care," said Van Auld, thoughtfully.

"I guess it will be his business to hang," replied the minister. "He is the first boy I have ever seen in whom I am not interested."

"Well," said the doctor, "I can stand anything else but this torturing business—there is enough pain in this world, God knows, without brutes in human disguise making more," he added, as he threw away his cigar with a gesture of impatience and disgust.

"You're all agreed. The boy, according to common consent, is no good." Elphaz, the wise man, poked the fire vigorously.

"You call me the wise man; then listen to my wisdom. All evil is but good gone mad. The waters of a dangerous river can be made to serve man, if only properly confined and controlled. The cruelty in that boy's make-up can be turned to good account, but there must be some one to love him, believe in him, and show him how to live. Pastor, you must love him, and Van Auld, you must show him how to live. I believe in him."

However, it remained for the doctor to do the part allotted to the merchant. The doctor was preparing for a ride, when a sound caused him to take off his great-coat. It was the sound of hasty, burden-laden feet, which always spells danger to a doctor's trained ear. It may be that he will hold a human life in his hands. Bill Hind's leg was badly crushed. Delay meant the loss of the limb. The doctor's first thought was to 'phone for Elphaz. He then began to restore and prepare his patient.

"Where is the minister?" said he, as Elphaz entered.

"Out of town."

"God help us—I can't do this with

your help alone. Van Auld is no good. You know he can't endure the sight of suffering and faints at the sight of blood."

"Out there is Sydney Lang, the bad boy. Doctor, I believe in him, trust him for my sake."

He was called in. Such a nurse was never before found in Newcastle. The doctor was astonished. There was the boy, cool, unmoved—but active and alert, strong in the scientific facts that the wise man had taught him. Bill Hind's limb was saved and a great ambition was born in the heart of the boy. The doctor encouraged him, and the stone that was set rolling moved on. The minister, ashamed of his harsh criticism, was now a faithful ally of Elphaz, the wise man, and together they helped the boy with his books. Van Auld, with his strong sixth sense, almost solved the financial problem, all but five hundred dollars. Mrs. Darnsbrough, the stylish woman, met this difficulty by giving her check for the amount and going without a new winter coat.

"Mr. Van Auld," she said, "I thought when darling Alice died there was nothing else in life mattered, so I tried to smother my heart in satins and furs; but your talk today has taught me that there are others than our own. Perhaps God removes from our lives our dearest idol, because we forget Him in our earthly adoration. I thank you, wise friend, for making me see myself in all my shallowness and selfishness."

Six years were numbered with the past, and Sydney Lang stood by the doctor's sick bed. Life was to be spared to the patient physician but a little longer. He had healed others, he could not heal himself. He was going to join his love in Heaven, and had asked young Dr. Lang to take his place.

"No, I couldn't take your place," replied the young doctor, with deep emotion. "I haven't the patience. I could never endure a country doctor's life. His petty trials are too numerous, his share of gratitude too small; surgery, not medicine, is what I'm fit for. I shall go into a hospital and stay there.

I want to become a great surgeon, not for fame or the money that is in it. I long to serve my fellow-men. I want to help other people as the people of Newcastle have helped me. You all had a part in it. I could not help seeing your patient service, doctor. The minister was a little hard on me sometimes, but the soul-love shone through his oft-times bitter words. Miss Amy's unselfish devotion made me ashamed to lead the life I had begun. Van Auld taught me how to secure an education and Mrs. Darnsbrough gave me the only financial assistance I received; but Elphaz, the wise man, helped me most of all, because he believed in me, made me love the useful and beautiful, and taught me to realize my own powers. He taught me that to be able to cause suffering to others was no fault, but a quality to be desired, if love, not cruelty, prompted. The surgeon must cause the patient to suffer if he would ease the pain. I love you all, you who have believed in me and shown me how to live."

#### COVERTA.

Creeping along between its banks—high, rocky, barren—the mighty Snake—deep, treacherous, terrible—flowed on to the fair Columbia. On a tiny peninsula bounded east, west and north by this writhing river lay Coverta, a little Western village. Its streets were shaded with tall poplars, with here and there a graceful elm, which the people had tended and carefully watered. Its beautiful well-kept lawns were brightened with rare carnations, chrysanthemums, and a great profusion of roses, perfect, luxuriant.

Every home, every lawn, every street, spoke of endless industry and care. The thoroughfare was lined with long grain-wagons, drawn by from four to ten horses. The river-warehouses groaned with their wealth of golden grain awaiting the coming of the river-steamers. High green hills lay between it and a country of fields, broad, fertile; while east, west, and north, bare blue hills kept out the winter's cold—hills that turned to deepest purple, morn and



THE FORESTER.

eve. This was Coverta, a little obscure hamlet in Eastern Washington.

As I looked at the little town, my thoughts went back a decade of years to Newcastle and the lessons I had learned, and I wondered if here, midst this busy life, any found time to bear another's burden or relieve another's pain.

#### I.—THE FORESTER.

"You're burned pretty badly, Brown, but you will be all right in a week or two. We will soon have you back to work, but you must not think of returning to your station under present conditions."

"Don't baby me, Doc, but I'll stay here a week or so if you say so. My

flesh heals like a baby's and my constitution is like India rubber."

"In a way you lead a very healthy life, being always in the open, but it would kill me. The loneliness must be something awful—and the long rides—they're what takes the tuck out of me, all right."

"Why, Doc, a sixty-mile jaunt in the saddle is nothing for me. The more I ride the better I feel. By Jumbo, Doc, what's that lingo you're getting off about loneliness? I'm never lonely. I've got my woods, and there is my little friend the blue-jay. I can always visit with him. I'd a darned sight rather visit with him than the whining, complaining mortals that you are herded with. By the way, it was Master Blue Jay that decided me on being a forester. When I was a little chap I made acquaintance with his birdship—a peculiarly saucy one of the tribe. I used to enjoy being scolded by him. After a while my folks packed me off to school. I was deucedly lonesome, and I used to go out and sit on a log and moon. One day who should scold me but a blue-jay. After a while I went to college, and in a tree on the campus lived a blue-jay. I then went out on a hunting-trip to the forest—same blue-jay. Dear old blue-jay, how he does love the pine woods! I thought I would come out here and live with him. Doc, I tell you one thing: if you'll just get down and get acquainted with the birds, and ants, and bees, and the little wild things of the forest and field, you'll never be lonely. Everywhere you go you will find friends, and these wild creatures will learn to love you and come at your call."

"Yes, Brown, they do for some. Only a person who is perfectly pure and sincere can attract them, I've heard it said."

Dr. Deleplane smiled sadly, for he had seen too much of sin and its resulting misery, and battled so long with his own weaknesses, to fully agree with the forester.

"When did you first notice the fire, Brown?"

"'Twas Thursday morning. I was standing on a Butte overlooking the Seven Devils. These snow-crowned beauties were especially attractive that morning. Seven prettier mountains can't be found anywhere. All at once I heard a crackling of underbrush, and I saw deer fleeing to the south, then a bear, and the birds seemed to fly in great flocks, straight toward the Seven Devils. The air was unusually blue and seemed heavy and oppressive. I knew my call to duty had come. It was well that the deputy game-warden had stayed at my cabin the night before, and was even then within call. Ah, there was great work for me then! and in an hour we had warned the ranchers, but not before the fire-brands were shooting among our trees. Our fire lines were at least thirty feet wide, but there was a strong wind blowing, and the brands were hurled high in the branches of the dead pines, which burned like tinder. The fire-fighters began to arrive, and by the Jumping Jinkins we did fight for an hour! Why, I picked up fire-brands and never knew that they hurt me. Just as we had about given up the fight, the wind turned, and we were saved. You ask me to tell you how we did it. How can I tell? I had no time to look around to see what others were doing, and I was that blamed excited I didn't know what I was doing, myself. And ff I had I never could spin a yarn smooth like some fellows. Better get some newspaper-man to write up a fire-fight for you. They can do a better job than I can. I'd like to wring the necks of those careless campers, who go off and leave their camp-fires uncovered. Do you suppose singed eyebrows will grow again? Not that I ought to care, for when I go back there will be nothing but the bobcats to look at me. Oh, Lordie, yes, there are the blue-jays! They will sit on the branches and scream, 'Ralph Brown, how ugly, how ugly!' Goodnight, Doc, I'll drop in and see Hal a bit."

The doctor smiled as the forester closed the door. "I just enjoy that fellow, so robust, so strong, plenty of self-



confidence, power of description small, according to his tell. He is certainly long-winded enough, and makes up in quantity what he lacks in quality. He's a good fellow, brave and strong. You seldom see eyes of that deep violet shade, and when you do, set it down,

from over the hills from the mines in the distant mountains, physical wrecks, victims of a premature blast, a cave-in or a gas explosion.

Hal was a jolly, good-natured sort of a fellow, one of those persons who are always giving and never seeking a re-



#### THE END OF THE LOVE-AFFAIR.

their owner doesn't handle much rubbish."

#### II.—THE NURSE.

They called him Hal. His house they called "The Refuge"; and so it was, for the sick and broken were sheltered there for six long years. Broken—what other word describes it? They came

turn—tall, blonde, handsome, with merry blue eyes, a friendly nature, kind and gracious. His was a soul pure and white, but very human. He sinned not, not because he could not, but because he would not. Here was a nature, strong to resist, strong to act, strong to accomplish.

Six years before an unfortunate love

affair had driven Hal Vernon to this secluded spot. He did not let this affair of the heart spoil his life. There were other things in life for him. Tonight he was lonesome, for he had but one patient, the civil engineer. It was a pleasant surprise when the forester entered the room without knocking.

"Hello, Hal, old fellow! It does a fellow good to see the twinkle of your bonnie blue eyes, and to catch the glint of your girly, goldie locks, after having nothing but coyotes and rattlesnakes for company the past three months. Say, now, got De Vore here again, have you? Another Thunder Mountain cave-in?"

"No typhoid this time. He was up North on an irrigation ditch."

"Boss, there, I reckon."

"Naw, bossing is not in his line lately, too much booze for that kind of a job."

"Say, Hal, what a wreck that fellow has made of himself! They say he speaks and writes four languages; live ones, besides all the dead ones. What became of his Spanish class the electrician got up for him?"

"He was drunk so much that the boys got tired. His class in painting Mrs. Marlow chaperoned, went the same way—young ladies all quit. Did you ever see any of his work? That pastel of Lake Waha is exquisite."

"Say, Hal, I've often thought that De Vore was an old fool to come to this place to reform, with saloons as thick as honey-bees and temptation on every side. It is their way, though, these professors; when they have sloped over in the East, they make a straight streak for the West. Why, bless you, it doesn't take long for such fellows as Coyote Bill or Whispering Willie to send them to perdition with fire-water."

"Hal, that is why I love my life as a ranger. I don't have to rub up against these fellows with their vices, their profanity, and their foul stories. I'm all alone there in the dear old forest, guarding the trees from harm. When I do run up against men they are helping me fight fire. They are helping me

to save my trees and their homes. There is no time for sinning. It seems so queer to me that men want to deceive women, get drunk, swear and fight, and all that. I never want to. I hate such things. There's not a bit of use in them."

"Well, you see, Brown, my boy, I'm different. I could see how a man could do all of them, the whole catalog of sins. I've had my fights with the tempter, boy, but I always come out on top. I've never done anything to be ashamed of. My life is an open book. Let him read who will. It's the yielding that's shameful. There is no use in it whatever. Why, I have nothing but contempt for the man who has yielded like De Vore!"

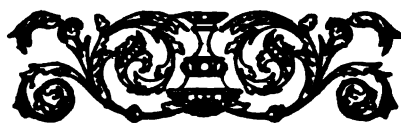
"And yet, Hal, you care for him. I wouldn't touch the brute."

"Yes, some unseen force draws me to help all those who suffer or have sinned. It is the love of soul, boy, it is the love of soul. You will never know what it means. The doctor does; he has it, too. That is why they come to me with their trials and temptations."

"The average Western minister is a failure, because he wraps the robe of his righteousness around him all too tight. Just like you, Ralph. If you are going to do anything out here, you've got to be a better mixer."

"Mixer, indeed. I'm no foreign missionary, Hal, I'm looking out for Ralph Brown. Good-by, old fellow. I'll look up Solomon Davidson. They say what he doesn't know about electricity isn't worth knowing. His old dad before him knew a lot. Sol grew up on electricity, nursed it from the bottle, so to speak. Sol was an invalid when a child. Some big doctor back East cured him. They say Sol's governor helped the doctor through school, or something of that sort. I hardly believe that, though, for Sol told me himself, and they were very poor; and if it hadn't been for the old man's life insurance, he'd never got through college. Nevertheless, Sol's a white fellow and he's got brains."

*(Continued in February Number.)*



## Block Reconstruction.

By BERNARD J. NEWMAN.

*(Concluded from December Issue.)*

**S**EVERN hundred and twentyone of the people of the block draw all their water from eightyone yard hydrants. In one alley, nine houses draw all their water for washing, scrubbing, cooking and drinking from one yard hydrant. In a court eight houses share two yard hydrants. Several houses have no water in the house or yard and have to draw all they use through the fence from hydrants in their neighbors' yards. In one instance three houses fronting on a street draw their water from a common hydrant in the yard. It is expecting too much of any family so situated to ask them to be decently clean.

One would naturally think that a city that has paid so many millions of dollars to lay sewers would require all owners to underdrain their properties and, indeed, that the owners would themselves see the advantage. In this block four alleys have surface drainage to the building line while in many other cases the rain-leaders empty upon the yard pavement. Ten dwellings in one alley, which is 160 feet long and five feet to eight feet wide, throw all their water from washing and slops onto the pavement where, together with the roof drainage, it trickles down to the sewer opening at the building line. If contagious disease appears in the last house in the rear, all the water used in washing the clothing and body of the patient is thrown onto the pavement. Tiny children play there, men and women pass to and fro and track this water into their homes, while they all breathe the germ-laden air. Moreover, the members of the family where the

case of contagious disease is must themselves come forth, although under quarantine, to use the privy or the hydrant. How can the people in the other nine houses escape contamination?

A second court, completely hemmed in by eight dwellings, also throws its waste water onto the pavement; in winter it freezes, in summer it pollutes the air. Other courts are in a similar condition. In many alleys the underdrain comes in only part way so that the slops from the house, thrown in front of the door, drain down the pavement and, where the cement is broken, the water lies stagnant to create a stench or to collect flies and to breed sickness. Before one house, itself over-crowded, with the wall of the house in front only three feet away, a depression in the pavement collects the house slops and holds them there until they stagnate.

The worst feature of these conditions is that while the ignorant, who thus empty their house water, suffer, those who are cleanly, though poor, have to suffer also. Their poverty, which is their misfortune and not their fault, brings with it the added heavy penalty in the consequences from the slovenliness of their neighbors.

To these bad sanitary conditions is added the further danger from rubbish, ashes, garbage and other refuse in cellar and yard which is often piled up in boxes, barrels, cans and baskets, in anything, in fact, that is convenient and that will hold its share. These receptacles, without cover, are set out for collection, often to be upset by the stray dogs or the careless children, or to be



TEN HOUSES TO ONE HYDRANT.

blown about by the wind. Occasionally chickens, turkeys, rabbits, dogs, cats, goats and like pets are housed in the sheds, in the yards, or in the rooms of the houses. The stables make the air odoriferous and the compost loft is particularly obnoxious. Some of the cellars are damp and in a few cases vile from cesspool and toilet seepage.

In the cellar of one house the drain has sagged at the center so that the point of connection with the sewer is higher than the drain. The test cap has been removed and when the flush is particularly heavy it flows over into the cellar. By a peculiar species of culpable ignorance, a filtering plant for a soda water fountain has been erected here, the drain from which empties, untrapped, into the open sewer. All told, there are about three hundred violations of sanitary conditions in

the block, but, unfortunately, the majority are outside the pale of the law.

Eleven hundred and six people are housed here, or 311 to the acre. This congestion is greater than it seems because it means 1106 people in small houses, not in tenements, and crowded so closely together there is no chance for house or block ventilation. Even the strongest breeze cannot lift the odors, so completely are they blocked in by the surrounding walls and buildings; thus the stagnant air hangs low about the buildings and the people suffer in consequence.

Is it any wonder that in one year twentyone cases of the most serious transmissible diseases were reported? The number of cases reported always fall short of the actual number sick. Or is it any wonder that the death rate is high? The rate for the ward, of which this block is a part, is 18.32 per 1000 people. In three years 629 arrests were made here. This means one person out



SURFACE DRAINAGE IN A COURT FORMED BY EIGHT HOUSES.  
NO BLOCK VENTILATION IS POSSIBLE HERE. OFFENSIVE  
CONDITIONS IN SUMMER AND WINTER.

of every five was arrested each year for three years.

In two alleys nearly every boy has been arrested during the past year. Most of the boys in the block who have been sent to the reformatories come from the rear houses. It is not that the people are naturally worse than their countrymen so much as it is that their surroundings bring out the worst con-

dition of the room was dark. A high fence, three feet away, blocked the light from door and windows. She had no incentive.

While such conditions exist, such blocks will present, year after year, their abnormal quota of needy, sickly and vicious people and all that charity, or the free dispensaries and hospitals, or the courts, reformatories and jails can accomplish is simply to care for a



BACK YARDS WITH OUT-HOUSES, CHICKEN COOPS AND SHEDS.

duct there is in them; not giving the best even a small fighting chance.

It was a Scotch woman, an office cleaner in one of the tall office buildings who said, when asked why she cleaned offices for others and left her own home dirty, "What's the use for me to clean up? Dirt's everywhere. I cannot keep the place clean; even the cellar's damp and filled with water to my knees half the time. It's na use, and the room's dark, na one can see." She was right,

percentage of the cases thus created. They cannot possibly keep pace with all of the new cases daily appearing. These methods are only temporizing with the real solution which lies in transforming such blocks into wholesome, sanitary areas.

A feasible scheme for such a transformation is found in block reconstruction. The accompanying photograph illustrates what might be done. Let the city condemn the old area with all its

ugliness and defects as unsanitary and compensate the owners for their property. If there is not sufficient legislation to permit such condemnation, let it be secured,—the need is vital. When the area has been cleared, close the interior streets and cut through a new street forty feet wide, lay out the land in building lots so as to provide a park and playground in the center of the

rooms, all the unsanitary conditions of a neglected neighborhood.

By careful planning, the new construction can house practically the same number of families and stores, and at approximately the same rentals as the old, while the unoccupied land will afford ample private yards beside the common park and playground with all its paraphernalia. The contrast makes



THE BLOCK AS SEEN FROM A ROOF. COMPACTLY BUILT UP INTERIOR.

block, then sell the replotted land with building restrictions so that the character of the new buildings may be controlled and the best type of houses for congested areas may be erected. This reconstruction will eliminate all privy vaults, all rear houses, all bad, dilapidated and congested buildings, all overcrowding of ground space, bad sanitation, surface drainage and dark interior

its own argument for the desirability of the reconstruction. As it now stands, the congested block has fiftyone stores and one hundred and eightyfive apartments. The remodeled block provides for fiftyfour stores and one hundred and fiftyeight apartments.

Nor is the cost prohibitive. The immediate net cost in large cities would probably be \$100,000 for each block.

The ultimate cost would be insignificant for the increased land values, the reduced sick and criminal lists would lift a burden now becoming intolerably heavy from the city. Nor need the city enter upon this improvement for every block. Selected blocks reconstructed would, of themselves, force an improvement of the other blocks in their neighborhoods.

In presenting this plan, the Housing Commission is aware that it is new in America and that it will have to make its own converts, but it is an essential part of city planning, and will have to be seriously considered if any headway is going to be made with the problem arising from the massing of people in large numbers on small areas.

Improvements, however, in these areas, do not have to wait for the acceptance of this plan. An immediate relief measure is before the city any

a total outlay of \$38,500, would destroy twentyfive rear houses and six front houses, only one of which is in good repair. It would open up ten dead-end alleys, eliminate six privy vaults with seventeen compartments above them, and give seventeen rear houses street frontage. Sewer drainage would be substituted for surface drainage. Block ventilation would be secured, health and living conditions would be improved, while only one hundred and fiftyeight people would be displaced. Is this not worth the cost to the city?

There is still another way by which the city can effect an improvement in such a block; namely, through legislation. In many of our large cities, as in Philadelphia, there is a good tenement law giving to tenement houses a close supervision which protects the people against their own slackness and the greed of unrighteous owners, but usu-



MODEL SHOWING ACTUAL CONDITIONS. 155 HOUSES, 185 APARTMENTS, 166 OUT-BUILDINGS. NO FREE LAND SPACE AND BUT FEW BACK YARDS.

time it is ready to consider it through the opening of streets. Take this block again as an example. Little Perth street, fourteen feet wide and 104 feet long, can be opened through to Bainbridge street. A new street can be cut in from Seventh to Perth along the rear line of the lots that front on Bainbridge street. Such a scheme, involving

ally there is no similar supervision for non-tenement houses. Such a law is absolutely essential both for the landlord and the tenant. Were it enacted, the city could remedy many of the insanitary and unhealthful conditions now so prevalent.

Inspectors could be sent into all dwellings where there was a suspicion of the

presence of a nuisance, to discover and effect its elimination. Such inspection would reveal many of the three hundred

refuse to issue building permits but to destroy squatters' huts erected there as well.



RECONSTRUCTED BLOCK MODEL SHOWING A FEASIBLE PLAN FOR RE-HOUSING A CONGESTED AREA. 158 APARTMENTS; NO OUT-HOUSES; NO REAR HOUSES; INDIVIDUAL YARDS; COMMON PARK AND PLAYGROUND.

unsanitary conditions existing in this block which now are inaccessible to the city unless a citizen files a complaint. Equally as important as its enactment are the funds for its enforcement.

Every Nuisance Division should have at its disposal a fund sufficiently large to enable it to abate nuisances when the owners delay or refuse, and to file a lien upon the property, which lien, when paid, should go back to the original fund for further use instead of into the city treasury. Thus this department would have constantly at its disposal ample means to perform its duties and to abate all nuisances.

So also the city should have the power to declare unbuilt-up sections where the land is marshy, grossly unsanitary, and below the ultimate street level to be uninhabitable and not only to

But over and above all, a Housing Code is needed, not only giving to non-tenements the supervision and care now governing tenements, but vesting in the city the power to condemn insanitary buildings and to vacate and destroy them; or if the number of such buildings, in a given section, is disproportionately numerous, then this law should give the city power to condemn the whole area as insanitary and to clear away the old buildings, replot the land and sell it with the building restrictions. By such a provision the city would be able to eliminate bad sanitation whenever and wherever it existed, and so safeguard the public against greed, shiftlessness, or ignorance of the bad landlord or the bad tenant. Ultimately this will be done. The cost of bad areas is already too high.





## New Year's Gifts.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

**T**O Adam and Eve in the long ago,  
When the guile of the serpent had wrought them woe,  
Came the heavy gloom of a bitter day  
As forth from Eden they took their way.  
The Garden was girt by an angel band,  
A sword of flame in each menacing hand,  
And never again could they linger there  
Nor feel the touch of the Eden air.

Heavy and black were the clouds above  
The fated pair in their new-born love;  
For closer and dearer each seemed to each,  
And the sharp heart-throbs were as tender speech.  
Little they dreamed as they wandered on  
That the earth should be verdant to look upon;  
That through labor and sorrow life grows more dear,  
That their faces were set to a blithe New Year.

To the man in his strength as he tilled the ground,  
Came faint far-echoes of sweetest sound.  
The Eden lore was his own to use,  
The field and the fallow were his to choose.  
As a child he had strolled amid Eden flowers,  
As a child had slumbered in Eden bowers;  
But of valor and courage he felt the thrill,  
And the man who could strive might be happy still.

To the world's great mother came marvellous bliss:  
The loss of Eden was naught to this.  
The gates of heaven swung wide for her:  
Her soul knelt down as a worshipper.  
In the hosts of the seraphs were none so blest  
As she with her first-born close to her breast.  
The winds were hushed and the skies grew clear,  
As Eve made friends with a bright New Year.

Still evermore to the sons of men  
And the daughters of women, there comes again  
The pulse of a wonderful rare delight  
When a New Year slips from the realm of night;  
When the morning breaks in the dawn of day,  
And the Year that was weary hath passed away,  
Gone with its burdens of woe and sin,  
And the fight is on, and they fight to win.

All the way down from the long ago,  
The tide of Time, with its ebb and flow,  
Has brought the ships o'er the ocean wave:  
They come into port with their banners brave.

And each as its pennon proudly lifts,  
Brings to the shore a freight of gifts:—  
Tissues woven of sun and rain,  
Harvests that guerdon the teeming wain.

Spring with its laughter and song and wing,  
Summer with bounty broadcast to fling,  
Joy of the cradle and joy of the hearth,  
Treasure unfolding in smiling garth.  
And day by day as the world goes round,  
There are depths of gladness in Love's profound:  
And life grows hallowed, and homes grow dear,  
As we cheerily hail each gay New Year.

## Nineteen Thoughts to Think About.

Half the "improvements" result in retrogression.

Art would not be so "long", if it were not so broad and deep.

Crudity often has gems in it, when you polish down to them.

The younger a man is when he "gets old", the sooner he will die.

No animal ever died, that was not mourned by some other animal.

Horticulture is Agriculture, dressed up in colors, and putting on airs.

"Beauty unadorned" soon grows monotonous to people of real taste.

Actions may "speak louder than words": but they are greater liars.

The ashes of a dead love often have dangerous coals still lurking within them.

The breakage of the world is one of the greatest adders to improved production.

Men with great talents are like light-houses: so many people depend on

them that are dashed upon the rocks, if the lamps are allowed to go out.

The desirability of altitude depends very much upon the attitude of the one who attains it.

A boy in the class-room is worth ten on the baseball-grounds—if the latter run all to sports.

A boy on the baseball-grounds is worth ten in the class-room—if the latter run all to study.

There are always idle crowds enough on the streets of the world, to do its work—ten times over.

Clannishness, like Charity, should begin at home, and extend very cautiously into adjacent districts.

When a woman calls her husband "a brute", she virtually admits that he is not accountable or responsible.

People with big brain must keep it well balanced—or it will eventually tip them over in one direction or another.

Women may be divided into two classes, so far as bravery is concerned: those that are not afraid of lions, and those that are not afraid of mice.



## Helping a Bride Through.

### I.

**T**HE great express train had been through the whole night gradually losing time. Snow was falling all along the track: not in good honest stupid flakes whose final location one could depend upon, but in small dusty particles that would go anywhere and liked nothing better than to drift into cuts and stop a train if it could.

In the comfortable berths of the sleeping-cars, all was snug enough; indeed it is for some a rather pleasant pastime, to lie well rolled up in warm blankets, peer out of the frosty window into a wild winter night as it flies past you, and then pull down the thick curtain, cuddle into a cat-like bundle of coziness, and fall asleep.

But some time in the watches almost everybody was awakened by the disturbance of a long silence; we had been lying still longer than any station ought to detain us.

One by one the painfully audible snores of heavier sleepers subsided into a waking quiet. Brakemen and porters began to be heard passing to and fro through the car. Finally they conversed in half-subdued tones, and now and then one could hear the word "stalled."

It was not long before everybody on board knew that the train had been brought up in a deep cut full of drifts; that the wind, upon the contrary, was more active than ever, and with great good nature piled this white dust higher and higher upon the blockade already established. So there we were, jailed in tons of snow; and instead of the prospect of arriving home in the early morning, we were virtually as far away as if Lake Superior yawned between our feet and us.

There were enough provisions on board to give everybody a fairly good breakfast; and two of the most hardy porters dug their way out in the storm with a view of buying more from the neighboring farmers. The human atoms of this little disjointed world that had been separately flying along through the night began to get together; and people became acquainted who would never have thought of knowing each other if the weather had behaved itself.

("It's a long train," said a tall, lank man, who, having burned four gigantic cigars in the smoking-room, had taken a ramble through the coaches. "We've got enough passengers with us to start a new town here among the snow-banks. They're all pretty good-natured, too, considering that they're away from home. But it's something to have a home—even to be away from." He looked sad for a moment.

"Only there's a young woman in one of the forward day-coaches, that cries every minute of the time. She just leans her head over on the seat-back in front of her, and weeps. She wouldn't eat any breakfast, they say, except her own sobs. She won't tell what's the matter. Now I hate to have a woman around, crying, when she won't tell what the matter is. Can't some of the ladies in the car here go and find out?"

A quiet, sweet-faced, middle-aged lady, richly dressed, and with diamonds that would have bought half the train, rose and started for the door. "The poor girl will tell *me*," she laughed, giving the tall man a look of courteous good-natured feminine scorn, as if to say, "Of course you ought to know that she wouldn't take any of *your* rough sex into her confidence."

The tall gaunt man fidgeted around for quite a long while, waiting for the

lady to come back and report, and had finally just organized a game of whist or euchre, when the lady re-appeared, with a look of suppressed merriment on her face.

"The poor girl informed me at last," she said, in answer to our looks of inquiry. "*You* never could have got her to tell it in the world!"—with a look at the tall gaunt man. "She made me half promise not to tell it, before she would let me know what's the matter. She's quite a pretty girl, too, if her face wasn't pasted with tears."—At this all the gentlemen evinced a new and eager sympathy. "Hurry up and tell the half you didn't promise not to," said the lady's husband.

But the lady required considerable urging before she would tell. She laughingly said that secrets had a certain mercantile value, and made her husband promise to buy her a number of extra presents, on her next birthday, in case we were released from our present incarceration. At last she said:

"Well, the trouble is just this: the girl is engaged to be married this evening at six o'clock in a little town ten miles ahead of here, named Independence—called so I presume on account of its freedom from servility to stage-coaches; for the trains, for some reason, all stop there—that is, if they ever get there. The girl has been away somewhere to nurse a sick sister, and could not leave any sooner. She expected to get home last night, and be ready for the ceremony this evening; she is a poor girl, evidently, and hasn't much to get ready with. About half of Italy is shovelling out the snow ahead of us; but it is going to be a historical blizzard, and we've got to stay here all day. So the wedding will have to be postponed, and that, to the poor girl's untutored imagination, means future bad luck, loss of her husband's affection, and any amount of collateral sorrow and misfortune. She says her grandmother always used to quote to her, 'Put off the day, you'll be sorry alway'; and she's known it actually to happen, two or three times. She thinks her whole life is blasted."

"And so it is, if she thinks so", spoke up the tall lean man, trumping the wrong ace, or committing some other card-atrocity that made his partner yell out as if he had had his pet corn maltreated. "'As a man thinketh so is he,' but as a woman thinketh"—

"Who knows what any woman thinketh?" asked his partner, who was the sweet-faced woman's husband. "Do you want to make the spirit of Hoyle descend into his grave and turn the body over? Lead a small trump, now!"

"I'm in no condition to play cards," replied the tall man, sadly though good naturedly, rising from his seat. "Somebody else must take my place. My wedding was a postponed one."

"Tell us all about it, please," pleaded the lady.

"The tell-us-all-about-it stories are generally bores," replied the man, "and this one would be. I'm going out to see the descendants of ancient and mighty Rome wield a modern American shovel." And we saw no more of him that day.

## II.

In the evening we had a very good supper in our sleeping-car, with as much good cheer as we could gather. The porter that waited on us was a peculiarly intelligent and amiable member of the fraternity, and gave us food and information in alternate courses. He informed us, among other things, that the storm was more powerful than ever; that the great question of the afternoon had seemed to be not whether the Italians would be able to shovel the snow out of the cut, but whether the snow would be able to bury the Italians; and that it would probably be morning again before the additional force of men and locomotives were able to dig us out—longer if the storm increased much.

The tall gaunt man had disappeared, and we asked our porter what had become of him. He replied that Lower Nine, as he called him, had been doing a very curious thing. He had gone up to the young lady who was crying in the front passenger car, whispered a few

words in her ear, brightened her up considerably, sent to the sleeper for his overcoat, gloves, and arctics, and then started out into the snow and cold.

He had come back in the course of an hour, looking, as near as we could make out from the description, like an animated snow man from somebody's front yard.

With him were four strong young farmers, and they all burrowed their way to the car in which was the young lady. They wrapped her up carefully in blankets that they brought along, and started with her out into the open. One of the farmers told a brakeman who rendered a little stray aid on the occasion, that four strong horses and a "cutter" had been engaged to draw the girl to Independence; and the tall gaunt man was escorting her.

We all drank Lower Nine's health, gave him three cheers in his absence, and wished him a pleasant ten-mile drive.

We were wrenched from our white fastenings next morning, and passed through Independence at 9 A. M. As we looked out of the frosty windows, we discovered that the whole town had come to the station to see the tall gaunt man to the train! He was the center of a crowd running up into the hundreds, in spite of all the frost and snow; a brass band was playing "Hail to the Chief"; cheer after cheer went up from the crowd as it bade him good-bye; and the bride, whose face was now one very pretty garden of smiles, kissed him the last thing before he boarded the train.

Of course we received Lower Nine with bursts of enthusiasm, and made him tell us the whole adventure. "It was a trip through the Arctic regions," were among the things he said. "The mercury was twenty degrees below zero. The bride was covered with furs, robes, horse-blankets, and over-coats, and surrounded with hot bricks. We floundered through the snow, in places, like

blind moles. We tipped over five times, and then I stopped keeping count. We got there an hour before time for the wedding, rallied the friends, reassured the bridegroom, and pulled the wedding off in great style. The poor little thing wanted to pay me what I had expended in getting her through; and I told her it was a dollar for the driver and fifty cents for each horse, and I would make her a wedding present of the amount."

"How much was it really?" asked the sweet-faced lady with the diamonds.

"It cost me fiftyone dollars and forty-three cents to get the Independence young lady a Christmas wedding, and save her from a sad, unfortunate, and generally disappointed life," replied the gaunt man, drawing a gigantic cigar from his pocket, and starting for the smoking-room.

### The Sheep at The Stack.

(See Frontispiece.)

**M**AKE ready, my laddies! it soon will be night,

The clouds they are falling in pieces of white;  
The drifts they are creeping abroad in the land,  
And blanketing even the trees as they stand  
Asleep in the howl of the storm.

No grasses tonight will grow under your feet—  
The cattle are calling for something to eat;  
But do not forget it, while filling the rack,  
To grain and to shelter the sheep at the stack  
In sheds that are cozy and warm.

They huddle together the whole o' the day,  
And nibble a bit at the ends o' the hay;  
But hardly consider that living is sweet,  
Unless it be growing or flung at their feet,  
Or easily hung to the back.

Make ready, my laddies, and think as you go,  
They're not to be worried because they are so;  
There's lots in the world to forget and forgive;  
We've several neighbors, my laddies that live  
The same as the sheep at the stack.





## A Pioneer Suffragette.

**W**HEN the history of the temperance, the anti-slavery, and the Woman's Suffrage movements, beginning almost simultaneously more than two generations ago, is written or read, Miss Anthony's name appears at frequent intervals as an originator or promoter of many of the measures that



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

attended their development and progress. Born of Quaker and Baptist stock in Massachusetts in 1820, she adhered rather to her father's than to her mother's religious faith, in her early youth, until the head of the family received a reprimand, first for marrying a Baptist; second, for wearing a large cloak with a comfortable cape; and, finally, he was expelled from

"meeting" for allowing the youth of both sexes to assemble in one of his rooms and receive dancing-lessons that the young men might not patronize a liquor-selling public house.

Her father, after removal to New York State, became one of the richest cotton-manufacturers of Washington County; and yet he desired that his children, girls, as well as boys, should fit themselves for some profession; and Miss Susan, a bright scholar, now became a teacher. When the father failed, in the financial crash of 1837, the children, of whom there were several, not only succeeded in supporting themselves, but assisted him to regain his commercial standing.

One of Miss Anthony's first public "demonstrations" was made in the New York Teachers' Association, when she "struck" the assembly for higher wages, and a recognition of equal rights, in that regard, for the alleged weaker sex. She was also interested in temperance at that time. In 1852, the Woman's Rights movement received its first public impetus by the organization of the New York State Woman's Rights Association, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton being president, and Miss Anthony secretary. She was one of the first to declare for the ballot to promote the temperance cause, as she had "no time to dip out vice with a teaspoon, while the wrongly-adjusted forces of society were pouring it in by the bucketful."

The questions of equal rights for the sexes, of temperance, and of the abolition of slavery, followed each other until all three were inscribed on the banners of the hardy and fearless company of "cranks" of both sexes, at

whom the "respectable" and "conservative" community of that day looked askance, and avoided.

The issue of arms absorbed attention in 1861, and Miss Anthony's labors were directed to the abolition of slavery, as the only permanent solution of the struggle. With Mrs. Stanton she was instrumental in sending nearly 400,000 petitions for the abolition cause to Congress. They were circulated throughout the North and West, and furnished just the right texts required for Sumner and other radical Senators to use, in keeping the subject before all the people. Like every effort in which she was deeply interested, her labors here were Herculean.

The war over, the Woman's Suffrage movement again came to the fore, and to promote this the "Revolution" paper was started in 1868, with Mrs. Stanton and Parker Pillsbury as editors and Miss Anthony as business manager. Probably this furnished the most harassing episode in her life; as at the end of three years there was a debt of \$10,000 to be lifted. She had been kept from the lecture-field by her duties, and those in sympathy with her did not go so far as to consider the "Revolution" "any part of their funeral."

The paper was sold, but only to die. Her debts were not so enormous as Sir Walter Scott's when he went to work to pay off his creditors, but Miss Anthony, with her usual bravery, undertook the task of earning the money, though from the fashion that generally prevails in business affairs, she would have been justified in compromising some claims and repudiating others.

That was not her idea of justice, however, and the lecture-platform became her stamping-ground, for it was there she was most effective in stamping out the prejudice which in her mind prevailed against the inevitable recognition of the equal rights of women. She was an interesting lecturer, and was in demand all over the country.

An incident in her life occurred in 1872 which illustrated the indomitable adherence of the woman to what she

believed to be right. She determined to vote for President that year, and was arrested and tried, and the judge took the case from the jury and imposed a fine of \$100. She told the court that she voted, "not as a woman, but as a citizen of United States." Previous to the trial she had canvassed the county three weeks, so that all jurors might be instructed in 'citizens' rights. She got up a series of meetings, and made it appear that her cause was the cause of the people.

The judge decided, after arguments had been submitted, that the question at issue was one of law, not of fact, and imposed the fine. Miss Anthony retorted: "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God, and I shall never pay a penny of this unjust claim!" and she never did. The inspectors who received the ballots of herself and friends were fined and imprisoned, but were pardoned by President Grant.

Miss Anthony's career is such as could have been followed by none but a woman of remarkable gifts and attainments. Her mind was stored with all the data affecting the political parties of her day, and the men who participated in public affairs. She lived to see the small band of earnest reformers who were sneered at and scoffed at, become honored and applauded for their sincerity, and their indomitable perseverance. No matter what may be the opinion as to the expediency of many of the measures advocated by her and her companions, it is natural that the qualities manifested in their struggles for what they believed to be right, command respect.

It requires more than an ordinary amount of courage for one well-born, and accustomed to the conventionalities of society, to set at defiance the opinions of friends and foes alike, on the firm conviction that the affairs of life are conducted on a wrong basis—that injustice reigns, and the majority are in the wrong. For their sincerity, their bravery, and their hatred of wrong, such women as Miss Anthony will always be honored.



## An Afternoon With Fanny Crosby.

[The following up-to-date description of the famous hymn-writer, Fanny Crosby, is so youthful and sympathetic, that we borrow it for our "At Church" Department. It is from the pen of Katherine Moody Spalding.—EDITORS EVERY WHERE.]

**I**T is always a pleasure to spend an afternoon in the company of a congenial friend; and when this privilege is multiplied and the one congenial friend becomes a large company, the pleasure is all the greater. So it was with our afternoon with Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, ninetyone years "young."

As a picture must have a background, so must a story have a setting: and this one is about a trip on the "Park City", the staunch little ferry that runs from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Port Jefferson, Long Island, eighteen miles across the Long Island Sound. On this eventful day the pathway was one of sparkling ripples and dancing waves: for the sun shone upon a sea of glass, and the breezes were as caresses to the moving waters that rose in tiny ripples to meet them. This is not always so, let us assure you: for there are times when these same salt seas buffet the craft, and toss even the biggest of them to the great discomfort of the passengers.

It was a crowded deck upon which a little band of four appeared a few minutes before time for leaving: and a comfortable seat was secured for the distinguished traveler, only by courtesy of a passenger who had previously captured it for bags and wraps.

Miss Crosby was keenly sensitive to the beauty of the day, which was one of those rare August ones when Septem-

ber seems to have sent an advance messenger into the summer.

She bubbled over with "mischief" as she calls her good spirits, and was the merriest, and wittiest, and keenest of all those there. Because two of the company had spent much time in India and Palestine, the conversation quickly led into descriptions and impressions of those places.

All of the things heard and talked about were very interesting, but it was of the occasions for the writing of some of her best known hymns that aroused in Miss Crosby the spirit of reminiscence. Others were drawn into the circle and listened to her words, though not until later was she conscious of her audience.

It was upon the return when there was more room and quiet on the deck, that she told us of her hymns which have done so much to inspire, uplift, and comfort humanity since she gave the words to a waiting world, and inspired composers put them to music forever associated with them.

"One day," she said, "I entered a large hall where D. L. Moody, the evangelist, was holding meetings. The place was crowded and as I was about to go away, being unable to get in, Mr. William Moody, the son of the evangelist, came out of a side door, and recognizing me, took me back into the church with him and conducted me to the platform. The vast audience was singing 'Blessed Assurance' as we entered and Mr. Moody, seeing me, lifted his hand as he stood before the people and shouted, 'Praise the Lord, here comes the authoress!'

"I was always full of mischief," she



said, as she recalled the name of Bishop McCabe. Another time she was attending evangelistic meetings and this distinguished Methodist divine was in charge. She was conducted to the platform in lieu of any seat on the crowded floor, and as she reached it the bishop said to her, "Turn around and face the audience!" and she was made to greet them. She was taken by surprise, and laughingly threatened revenge.

Some time after, she was in the Savoy hotel in New York, at a banquet at which were distinguished guests, among them both Bishop McCabe and the celebrated Bishop Andrews. The latter rather overwhelmed Miss Crosby by an austere and dignified manner: and she refrained from playing any pranks upon Bishop McCabe, although she still had the incident of the platform in mind. Nothing happened during the dinner, until it was nearly over: when Bishop McCabe was obliged to leave the room before the others. As he was in the middle of the floor, she called out to him, "Bishop McCabe, for conscience' sake, keep sober!"

Seeing her exuberant spirits and associating them with the rare day, one of the quartet asked if the weather ever affected her spirits. "No," she replied, "I do not mind the weather unless, perhaps, a long-continued spell of rain, but I am susceptible to my environment. I like to be with congenial people. Some people annoy me very much. I am conscious of any strong personal magnetism. If a man or woman is bad at heart I know it, and do not want to be near any such."

"Are you always so happy?" we asked.

"No, I am not always on the mountain top," she replied: and then we were reminded of the beautiful lines of hers and which have never before been published. They are as follows:

#### MARAH'S WATERS.

Not alway on the mountain  
The sweetest flowers we find;  
But sometimes in the valley,  
With cypress branches twined.

We see their buds unfolding,  
Their blossoms bending low,  
A hallowed fragrance breathing  
Where Marah's waters flow.

O, Valley of Submission,  
Where once the Son of God,  
Our precious, loving Saviour,  
In lonely silence trod.  
And when our hearts are breaking,  
To Him we there may go,  
And feel that He is nearest  
Where Marah's waters flow.

O, Valley of Submission,  
Where, leaning on His breast,  
We tell Him all our sorrows  
Amid the calm of rest.  
Though oft He gently leads us  
Where verdant pastures grow,  
His glory shines the brightest  
Where Marah's waters flow.

"One evening I was in the Bowery Mission, and after a talk about God's mercy I asked if there was any young man in the room who had wandered from home and a good mother. After an appeal of the kind during which I asked any such to come to the altar, a young man arose and coming to us on the platform, we prayed for him and he went away with a new look of determination on his face. Some years after I was in a convention hall in Worcester when a man came to me after the meeting and told me he was that one. He had lived a consistent Christian life ever since. It was the incident in the Bowery Mission which led me to write the song, 'Rescue the Perishing', and it was that hymn that many years afterward was being sung as this long-since converted man sat in the audience from out of which he came forth to take me by the hand and recall to my mind the occasion of its writing."

\* \* \* \* \*

As the dear old lady talked to us, the boat had been steadily leaving the Long Island dunes far behind; and the shore of Connecticut, at first but dimly outlined, had been growing nearer and more beautiful in detail.

Suddenly from the cabin came the sound of song. An orchestra had been playing a program of selected music during the trip, but it was a voice borne to those keenly sensitive ears on the deck which had attracted her attention.

"Oh, I must hear that singing." When moved by emotion Miss Crosby nearly always exclaims, Oh! She was conducted to a place of better vantage, and word sent to the musicians of her presence and pleasure in their music, and a request that the gentleman sing again.

The singer proved to be one of the leading tenor soloists of Bridgeport; and, with the courtesy of a true gentleman, consented to sing for her if the musicians could find some music to accompany him. This was done.

At the first strong, full notes from this well-trained throat, the travelers gathered at the windows and crowded the entrances. Miss Crosby, on a cushioned settee, listened, absorbed, oblivious to all else. The air was vibrant with the spirit of the moment, as the singer carried us all on the wings of his song. One of the quartet sat by the dear old lady, with hands clasped in her own. Not one of us dared to look at the other.

As the song ended and the music ceased, just for an instant there was a silence—a silence that could be felt, a silence punctuated by the throbbing of the propeller, every stroke of the blade bringing us nearer the dock: for we were already within the inner harbor.

Then the silence was broken as dear Fanny clapped her hands, those delicate sensitive hands, in glee. Rising to her feet, we knew she was going to address us.

When speaking, she likes to have a little book in her hand: but without it, she spreads her hands upon her bosom. Knowing this, we, who knew her custom, felt that something was coming as we saw her assume this position. Nor were we disappointed. Addressing herself to the musicians, she talked of the great pleasure they had given her at that moment, of the privilege of giving of their talent for music to the world, of consecrating it to their Heavenly Father: and concluded by invoking the blessing of God upon them and us. The men had instinctively uncovered their heads as she proceeded, and the moment was one of deepest meaning. We were overcome with emotion; and when we dared to look into each other's eyes, we were seeing through a mist of tears.

There was little time left, for the boat was already close to the pier: but these were filled with handclasps and words of appreciation from many. Some spoke their names, others said, "You do not know me, but I know and love your hymns," and that was enough. That exultant "Oh!" came from the authoress as she reached after the offered hands and gave them other messages, and to the bereaved and mourning, tenderest sympathy.

A few moments later, and the little company of four entered a waiting auto: and the boat and its good captain were left behind, and the company that for the afternoon had been inspired and edified by the presence and words of this dear old lady, scattered. But the blessing of those hours will linger long upon those who felt the benediction of the presence of one of God's saintly women.





## Too Good Is Good For Nothing.

BY CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

**T**HE poet Longfellow, in one of his earlier poems, pictures a youth, who, seizing a banner, begins with mad enthusiasm the ascent of a mountain in mid-winter. He rises higher and higher, ever shouting the exultant cry "EX-CELSIOR!" He leaves behind him the fields and the houses where his neighbors live, the sheep-folds and the cattle browsing in the pastures. His voice is fainter, and fainter, and at last is hushed, as he is frozen in the eternal snows. This is an eloquent comment on the futility of saintliness that thinks itself too good and great for human nature's daily food.

Such saints hang like Mahomet's coffin somewhere between earth and heaven. They feel themselves too good to live among their sinful fellow-beings. Everywhere they carry the chill of death with them. The atmosphere they inhale is too rarified to support human life, and they are dead to all that living men and women care for, and they suffocate you whenever you approach them. These are those of whom Jesus spoke when he said that they "trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others."

These are the saints that scare the sinners out of their wits, and make them take to their heels! Such saints did not like Jesus, because, as they said, he was the friend of publicans and sinners. Hence the wonderful attractiveness of Jesus. Jesus was not great in accordance with human standards. Socially he was not great, for he was a poor working-man, and the companion

of working-men. He was known as "the carpenter's son". He was despised as the friend of publicans and sinners; he was classed by the saintly people of his day as a dangerous man, a socialist, or communist—all because he received sinners, and ate with them. They thought that if he dealt with a sinner at all he ought to have done it at the end of a ten-foot pole. Then he was known to talk with women that were notorious sinners: they showed for him great personal regard, wept over his feet, and lavished precious ointment on his head: and this was very suspicious—perhaps he was no better than they! Simon said, "If this man were a prophet, he would have known what manner of woman this is, that she is a sinner!" The very moral greatness of Jesus was shown in the fact that he could talk with such women, and not despise them; that he could mingle with the lowest, as one of them, without any word of scorn ever dropping from his lips; and that his great sympathetic human heart yearned into sympathetic love for every form of human guilt, misery and woe. He associated with the mean and made them generous, with the small and the unknown and opened to them the vistas of unending life. He helped them in their struggles, cheered them in their misgivings, strengthened them in their weakness, consoled them in their sorrows, and encouraged them in their failures. He gave them joy for grief, and hope for despair. In the language of scripture, "he bore all their sicknesses and healed their diseases." Jesus

said, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect"; but he explained what he meant when he added, "He makes His sun to shine on the evil and the good and sends rain on the just and the unjust." It is His glory that He keeps alive the very refuse of humanity and feeds them from day to day, spreads before them all the glory, beauty and tenderness of the universe, though they care nothing for it, and flaunt their atheism in His face.

That God is the great, loving servant of all, was the tribute of Jesus to His perfection. The life of God according to Jesus was not a life of remote and chilling isolation, but a life full of warm human sympathy. For the truest divinity, according to Jesus, is the completest humanity. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father", he said.

When we show men love, sympathy, kindness, tenderness and forgiveness, we show them the Father. For if God is to be revealed to men at all it must be through human hearts and loves. Many and many a mother has so lived that of her the child might say, "Having seen my mother I have seen the Father!" God is love; but we only learn to know what love is through someone who loves us.

This spirit of religion as Jesus taught it is the spirit of a genuine democracy. The aim of the most approved politics of today is to bring humanity to the front, to call up into places of responsibility and power, those who have the qualities but who hitherto have lacked the opportunity. It is the aim of modern politics to rescue from disfranchisement the classes that in times gone past have been overshadowed by rank; and to make each man count something in the general management of public af-

fairs, and in the general effort for a better and higher life for all mankind. Washington and Lincoln had the power they did and will ever have in this nation because they were the servants of the people. They lived to serve us, and we therefore live to love and honor them. More and more we want all things of the people, by the people, and for the people! This is the spirit of Lincoln. "He that is greatest among you let him be your servant!" said Jesus, and this is today the spirit of our modern democracy.

"Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman.  
Though they may gang, a kennie wrang  
To step aside is human.

'Tis He alone who made our hearts,  
Decidedly can try us.  
He knows the chords, their varying  
parts,  
The springs, their various bias.

Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it.  
What's done we partly may compute;  
But know not what's resisted."

What, then, is the work of the ministers and the churches of Christ if not to be among men as he was among men? To cheer, to encourage, in the name of Him who would not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax.

To try to make bad men better by preaching hell-fire and hell-torments is as hopeless as it would be to try to raise a batch of dough by blowing a resurrection trumpet over it. You can't hatch eggs by thunder and lightning! What they want is the brooding warmth of the mother-bird's wings.





## "A Little Book of Homespun Verse."

**T**HIS modest but significant title adorns the title-page of Margaret E. Sangster's latest book of poems. For year after year, the pages of *EVERYWHERE* have been enriched with the products of this author's gifted pen: for we not only thought, but knew, that she represented a phase of home life, that few American poets had reached. Like that of the still-read and revered Mrs. Hemans, her note has always been clear and true, and well adapted to make Home brighter, sweeter, happier, and more and more secure. The deep religious fervor that rings through most of her lines, kindles aspirations to reach the great Foundation Home above.

The motive of her verse is always lofty and beneficent. She evidently feels that a poetic gift carries with it a responsibility; and that it should always be used to make the world better and happier. She clings invariably to the religious principles in which her earliest childhood was trained, and never runs the risk of a word that should draw her readers—old or young—from the landmarks of sane and healthful life—mental, social, and spiritual. Rational entertainment and substantial improvement, ought to be the main objects of every literary production: and Mrs. Sangster, throughout her work, follows, both consciously and unconsciously, this heaven-ordained rule.

The spirit in which Mrs. Sangster writes, is always hearty, deep, and sincere. She has evidently experienced the feelings which she portrays, and this fact enables her to communicate it the more forcibly to her readers. No writer can touch the heart of his audience, unless his own heart has been already touched. The surest way to the brain,

is through the heart. The author who does not mean and feel what he says, is surely on his way to the cemetery of oblivion. The public may be attracted to him for a little time, but soon feels that there is an essential quality lacking—and passes on to something that comes nearer to the true foundations of existence.

As to the thought and material—servants of the motive and spirit—Mrs. Sangster does not try to soar above the comprehension of the average intellect of the world: there is nothing in her writings that cannot be easily understood by the average human mind. Her effort seems to be, not to make plain thought (or as is often the case with writers, lack of thought) complex and difficult of being understood: but to simplify and interpret nature and art, to her readers: not to produce a series of rhymed riddles and epigrams, but verses such as her clientele can understand, enjoy, and use, for their entertainment and instruction.

As to her language, it is never stilted, or strained. She does not indulge in polysyllabic words and incomprehensible phrases. Her words, while she does not indulge in dialect, are always those of the common, every-day people. No one needs an unabridged dictionary, in order to read her understandingly. No time has to be lost in ferreting out what she does or does not mean, or whether she does not mean anything at all—as with some writers.

Mrs. Sangster does not attempt to display any of that which may be called architectural skill, in the structure of her stanzas. The same old measures are used in this book, that have become familiar to generation after generation

of poetry-readers. Her lines are always correct in rhythm, and her rhymes are perfect. She does not always rhyme the first and third, as well as the second and fourth lines of a quatrain: she is no doubt perfectly capable of doing this, if she wishes, and it is to be hoped that she yet will, in every instance.

The work is published by the Sturges & Walton Company, New York, and is tastefully printed and bound, with a fine up-to-date portrait of its author, as a frontispiece.

### Social Dramaette.

*MRS. STRAYTAHEAD, reading her half of the paper at breakfast table.*—John, I'm drifting into nervous prostration.

*Mr. S., rising in terror ("she was a bride").*—Mercy, Ethel, let us choose our family physician, and I will telephone to him immediately!

*Mrs. S., with renewed nerve.*—I am better now. But hear this, John, and understand the cause of my woe:

"A divorce is on the tapis between two society leaders who were married only last year. They are both of good family, and apparently very much attached to each other; and the developments are a great surprise to their friends. The cause of this singular estrangement is (Continued on the eighth page)."

"Miss Gladys R. Gladstone, a beautiful young lady, who claims to be a relative of the pre-eminently famous Gladstone of England, was found insensible upon the pavement yesterday morning at five o'clock, by a policeman who had slipped out for a few minutes to get the morning air. Nothing was at first known of the cause of her mishap, and it was not for two hours after being taken to her father's home on 856th street, that she was able to speak."

"She then unfolded a fearful story, which is as follows: She was (Continued on the 10th page)."

"—A reporter of the *Daily Puffball* has ascertained the names of the elop-

ers. They are (Continued on the 12th page)."

"—The two lovers were walking together on 23d street, attracting much attention even amid the hurrying throng by their distinguished appearance. Suddenly she drew a silver-plated revolver, and (Continued on the 29th page)."

"—For it is certain that a radical change is to take place in the fashion of hats and sleeves. The latter will be much abridged, and (Continued on the 31st page)."

"Now if that isn't just as bad, John, as the old story-papers that used to stop right in the rapidest parts of the movement, and say, 'Continued in our next number!' And you've got—you've got—all the pages that these things are continued on."

*John, rising hastily and carrying the whole paper-mill around to her ("she was a bride").* Here are the missing links and pendants of your beautiful little stories, Gladys. I will match them all up for you. But it seems to me—

*Mrs. S., drying an incipient tear.*—It seems to you what, John?

*Mr. S., timidly.*—That you are still on the road to nervous prostration, darling.

### Played It Clear Through.

**T**HEY were engaged. But they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman—on business, of course. She answered the front-door bell. Said he:

"Ah, Miss Jepkin, I believe. Is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Do you wish to see him personally?"

"I do," was his response, feeling that she was yielding; "on very particular personal business." And he turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she exclaimed after him, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"

## Editorial Comment.

### A PRODIGY CLUB.

**PRECOCIOUSNESS** is a very doubtful blessing—if one at all. The mathematical ability with which little Zerah Colburn felt himself encumbered in 1810, when only six years of age, although a temporary advantage, did not, apparently, make him any happier, or longer-lived.

For a six-year-old, he was certainly entitled to a place in the prodigy-contingent. He multiplied numbers with each other that contained four and five figures each; he used as mental toys the little matters of involution, evolution, compound payments and the Rule of Three, and could answer, at the end of four short seconds, the question of how many seconds there were in the snug little period of eleven years. It took him only a small fraction of a minute, to inform any inquiring admirer as to how much was the square of 999,999.

Little Zerah's father also had a turn for Mathematics, but he preferred numbers that were preceded by the sign of dollars. Hence it was, that while ordinary boys of his age were playing in the fields and on the hillsides of Vermont, Zerah was being exhibited all over the Green Mountain State, for the money there was in his prodigious little intellect. He was the wonder and admiration of college-professors, and a favorite with everybody who knew one figure from another.

After the poor little prodigy had been taken all through the eastern, middle, and southern states, his thrifty father took him to England, to show him for pounds, shillings, and pence. He was then not quite eight years old, but he certainly made the transatlantic mathe-

maticians lift up their heads and take notice. The little lad was taken to Paris, after being shown off in England, and, among other things, informed the Parisian scholars that the number 4,094,967,297 was *not* a prime number, as they had asserted, but could readily be produced by multiplying 641 with 6,700,417.

Notwithstanding all the money that had been taken in at the places where little Zerah and his talents had been hip-podromed, the father seems to have had a most pronounced faculty of keeping himself poor. It may be that the expensive luxuries of Paris were too rich for his financial blood. At any rate, he was glad to return with his boy to England, and let him stay there several years at the Earl of Bristol's expense.

When he arrived at the age of seventeen, the old gentleman suddenly suggested to him that he should become an actor. This seems as absurd now, as the renowned Mr. Dick's proposal that David Copperfield should be "a brazier"; but he consented, and took enough lessons from the celebrated Charles Kemble, to convince everybody concerned that he had better stick to his mathematics.

His father died when Zerah was twenty years old, and the boy returned to America, where he was a clergyman and teacher of languages—his wonderful power of computation having left him about the time he came of age. For the remainder of his life, he gave no evidence of any special ability, and died at the early age of thirtysix.

A youthful prodigy who is still living, is Master William J. Sidis, who, at the tender age of ten or thereabout, gave the professors of Harvard College a

lecture on that great mathematical puzzle—the fourth dimension: which implies, that in addition to length, breadth, and thickness, all substances have another dimension, which ordinary, un-mathematical people cannot understand.

This young gentleman and several others, who are almost equally precocious, have, it is said, formed themselves into a "Prodigy Club", into which ordinary youth are not admitted.

It may be that they will "make good" as they grow older: but there is an opinion abroad that the poor little fellows will share the fate of most early blossomers, and wither away and die.

#### EVERY WHERE'S OPINION OF ITSELF.

**I**T has, during the past few years that it has been in existence, talked about almost everything else in the universe: once in a while it wants to say a few words concerning itself. It wants its readers not only to enjoy, but to NOTICE what it is doing.

It is the only journal in the world that makes constant and systematic effort to develop THE WHOLE HUMAN NATURE.

There are excellent religious papers—each striving to promote not only religion in general, but its own denominational interests—and EVERY WHERE rejoices in their success.

There are several fine health journals, and they do much good, to those who can afford to take them.

There are financial, trade, and thrift papers; society papers; political papers; comic journals; and so on.

But EVERY WHERE is all these combined. Everybody finds in it something for himself or herself.

It is a journal for both sexes and all classes.

It is a clean and at the same time an entertaining Magazine. It thinks it has solved the problem how to be decent without being dull. It will not admit,

even among its advertisements, anything that is not fit for all the family to read.

It is not an over-large, padded magazine. It does not deluge you with a lot of words that you care nothing about, and are fatigued after swimming through them; or with a lot of pictures at which you glance, and which you then forget. You feel after reading it that you have had a good, sensible, entertaining time.

EVERY WHERE makes no extravagant promises for the future; but those who have read it from month to month say it has improved with every number, and it can see no reason in the world to stop improving. Its course will always be upward, and its march onward; and if anybody at the end of the year says he has not had more than his money's worth we will send the amount back to him, with some approved remedy for dyspepsia.

And now, and any day, the whole year round, and every month in every year, is the time to subscribe.

#### "FAKE" DAMAGES.

**I**T is singular how many forms Deception for the sake of obtaining money, will assume. A certain number of people are always working hard to escape from work: and one of their methods is to get "hurt", or pretend they are, and be paid for it by those who have money to "give up."

One amusing instance of this class of industry, is that of "the banana-peel woman", who for several years made sad various corporations, by claiming damages from them for imaginary injuries—generally from slipping on a banana-peel "carelessly" left upon their premises. It would almost seem as if the fates that controlled West India fruitage, "had it in" for her—that is, it does now: for she dealt with so many different companies, that for a long



time, one did not know about the other.

At last, some ingenious and pains-taking attorney looked up her calamity-record, largely owing to its uniform pomological character, and she was convicted of attempted fraud, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, in a place where banana-peelings will not be particularly in evidence.

Corporations and their employes are often careless enough of the public's interests: but they have certain rights, nevertheless, one of which, is not to be swindled; and not to be mulcted in damages for which they are not to blame. All those who are really injured by the negligence of factories and transportation-companies, or private individuals, should of course have financial redress: but professional damage-seekers, of which there are no doubt hundreds if not thousands in the country, should be brought to book as fast as they are discovered, and given a chance to investigate facilities for obtaining damages in the state-prisons.

Not by any means the least of the harm such creatures do, is to throw doubt on real victims, and thus make it more difficult for them to get relief legally, in cases where they are deserving of the same.

#### THE GROWING PREVALENCE OF "SKAT."

**P**ARENTS should look well to their children, and where they go—and with particular carefulness in regard to drug-stores. Many a child and youth has been demolished as to health and character, by morphine and cocaine: but as soon as these abominations are stamped out in any particular, either theoretically or practically, they are ready to get in their baleful work in another form; and there are plenty of unprincipled druggists to help the process along.

The police of New York are watch-

ing for a peculiarly subtle violation of the law in this matter: and that is in the sale of heroin, or "skat", as it is colloquially called. The stuff is derived from morphine; and has all its hideous qualities, magnified and intensified.

One of the worst things about its use, is that young girls are given finely-powdered portions of it, as "snuff", which they gaily take at dances and other places, considering the action as merely "a lark", enjoying the temporary effect it has upon them, and supposing that it will do them no harm: a matter in which they are sooner or later woefully undeceived.

Is there no way to protect the human body and mind, and give our race a fair chance?

#### A DRAMATIC EXECUTION.

**T**HE dispatches tell us, that William

Turner, a negro preacher, was hanged by due process of law, upon the stage of the large Opera House at Jackson, Georgia. This was a very singular place to put a man to death, and of a kind that has never been used before. It was not done for the sake of making a show of the function, but for convenience: there being no other good and safe place. In front of the stage, were seated relatives of the man who had been killed by the malefactor, officers of the law, and certain others who were able to get admission, by right or favor, or stealth.

The audience seems to have been a very quiet and decorous one, and there was no hitch in the performance. The prisoner publicly confessed that he was guilty, and the exercises came duly to an end.

There is no doubt that this performance, if so it may be called, was very interesting, dolefully so, in fact—and that it deeply impressed everybody present. It may be that some who witnessed

it were so wrought upon, that it will make them more careful of their conduct, so as not themselves to be led into murdering.

Without any purpose of discussing whether capital punishment is right or not, we are led to suggest that in such cases as it must occur, a large portion of the public should be allowed to witness it. If Dr. Webster, who murdered Parkman, years and years ago, had happened to be present at an execution during his boyhood, or later, he might have hesitated a long while, before making Cambridge University the scene of a terrible tragedy. If, too, Beattie of Richmond had seen an electrocution, the dread of such a process upon himself might have saved his victim's life. Thousands and thousands of homicides might doubtless have been prevented, if more publicity had been given to the punishment of previous offenders.

A large, well-guarded hall, and a finely appointed stage, would be a much more convenient and cheerful place in which to perform the unpleasant but necessary task: and the moral effect upon such portions of the community as need frightening to be kept from doing wrong, no doubt, would be beneficial.

Punishment by the law is intended not as a revenge, but as a preventive of future crimes: and, since it must exist, the more publicity that can be given to it, the better.

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"EAT AND BE MERRY"—IF YOU CAN.

**I**S "much of the manufactured 'cat-sup' sold by the cheaper groceries, made of floor-sweepings from canning factories"? Are "aniline dyes and copperas, as well as benzoate of soda, used as coloring and preservatives of the discolored and decayed products canned for consumption by outlaw preserving factories"?—"Yes!" claimed a speaker to the State Federation of

Women's clubs, not many days ago.

"We must all eat our peck of dirt" seems to have been not only an assertion for immediate use, but a prophecy—to extend through many a year.

"The bread that mother used to make", is a rarity: the staff of life may be the stab of death, bought at some bakery. And when it comes to the terrible stuff that is used in factories in making some of the trash sold as "victuals"—a recapitulation of them, after having had a "full meal", is enough to make a sensitive man or woman faint.

These facts have been proved again and again—and there seems no way of preventing them from occurring, over and over. The present human race are doubting that the patriarchs, living upon pure food, clear air, and natural-spring water, lived hundreds and hundreds of years; and thinking that twentieth-centuryites are doing a great "stunt", if for seventy or eighty years, *they* succeed in clinging to the outside of the earth, and not falling into it.

It was also claimed, at this same meeting, that many a drunkard is created by the eating of sour bread, and that bad food is responsible for crime and insanity, as well as bad health. "Even Hamlet" it was asserted, "needed only a square meal to clear the dreams out of his maddened brain."

The suggestion "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die", seems nowadays to have a certain amount of cause and effect bound up in it.

But the trouble does not all lie in *public* bakeries and factories: like charity, it often begins at home. Servants are not watched carefully enough; people do not watch themselves carefully enough. Many a farm, with all facilities for keeping it healthful close at hand, is a plantation of disease. Many a home kitchen is a nest of horrors. Many a gaily-dressed human body is a perambulating storage of filth.



**From the Diary of a City Clergyman.**

**JAN. 1, 18.**—The first day of the week, the first day of the month, and the first day of the year! Something that does not happen very many times in a century; and it seems a peculiarly good date upon which to make first-class resolves.

Some people do not believe in them—but I do; and I have resolved this morning to be more patient and faithful than ever in my work.

Church was full this morning, and everything went off pretty well. I preached from the text, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" I was afraid some of the wealthier members of my congregation, several of whom are worldly to a great degree, would be offended at certain of the things said; but to my surprise they smiled complacently all the way through, and seemed very much pleased. I find out by conversation with some of them, that they thought I was hitting So-and-so, and had no idea I was hammering away at *them*.

**Tuesday, Jan. 3.**—The Young Folks' Prayer-meeting was well attended, and exercises went off very well, but I must say there was more or less flirting among the members. Young people will be young people, wherever you put them; and the tendrils of their hearts are reaching out for something human as well as divine.

**Wednesday, Jan. 4.**—A couple came here this afternoon to get married.

They were not a romantic pair: each had been wedded before, and they seemed used to the process. I was away making calls, but they told my wife they would stay till I came back. This was about dinner-time, and we invited them to our table, to which they came, though they first stipulated that they should pay for the meal. To this we laughingly acquiesced, in order to make them feel at ease. The man said he had been asleep part of the time in his chair while waiting for me. After dinner was over, and a reasonable time had elapsed, I delicately hinted that I was now at liberty to tie the important knot; but hesitation still reigned, and evidently something was on their minds. At last the woman spoke up and said, "I ain't a-going to get married, till the children go to bed."

This was very disappointing to our dear little ones, who had sat demurely and quietly in one corner so as "to see the show," as they afterwards rather irreverently put it; but they dutifully retired, without the least sign of petulance or disappointment—after bidding our visitors a courteous good-night. I was proud of and at the same time a little sorry for them.

The ceremony was performed very soon after this little event: the groom giving me five dollars for the wedding-fee, and a dollar for their dinner, which he insisted upon me taking. I dutifully (and she said "beautifully") handed over the whole amount to my good wife. "It was a prosaic affair, but a little refreshing to see a wedding that

there was no nonsense in", she said as she pocketed the money.

*Saturday, Jan. 20.*—The editor of one of the dailies sent in his card. He explained that the reason he came himself instead of sending a reporter, was because the matter was one of the utmost importance. He had heard that there was an incipient scandal in our church, and he wanted the first reliable information of it—which he was sure I would be able to give. "It will be a good thing for our paper to get a 'scoop' on the others," he explained, "and I am willing to pay you twenty-five dollars for the exclusive information of things the whole night, and at the top of them you seem to have made your appearance. Perhaps you are here to explain the menagerie that has filled the witching hours of night" with something much worse than witches!

DEATH.—I explain many things; but am myself a mystery. He considered awkwardly, but replied that I would have to do all the praying, as he was not in practice.

I quite believed this, and proceeded to the invocation alone. I prayed for the poor people now threatened by the blight of newspaper scandal; and pleaded with the great Friend above that He would lead them into the paths of innocence and peace. Then I prayed for the man who was trying to gather material with which to blacken their names; and that he might be awakened to a sense of justice and right, and led to follow the Golden Rule.

Then I rose, all ready to answer him; but he had gone!—I have preached people out of rooms, and on one or two occasions felt impelled to order them out; but this is the first time I ever *prayed* one out. I hope he heard that part of my invocation that related to him, and that God will hear and answer it all.

*Sunday, Jan. 22.*—I was doubly annoyed today. Dr. H——, a pushing, ingenious, showy physician, who has a hundred ways of advertising, although

he would not put a notice in a newspaper for the world, came in late, and occupied a seat as far front as he could get. When the service was about half through, in came a man hurriedly, walked up to the pew in which the physician was sitting, whispered in his ear, and went out, apparently in great haste. The Doctor also rose, and retired from the room, with an air as if the health of the whole world depended on him—though maybe, in charity, I shouldn't say that. Still, there was no doubt that every one in the congregation knew sooner or later that that was Dr. H——, and supposed that he had been hurriedly called away to see a patient.

Now if I had not happened to know that this same physician has been during the past year called out of half a dozen churches, by the same man, whom he pays for doing so—I wouldn't have felt quite so indignant. What can be done to stop such reprehensible methods?

### Blending Denominations.

IT seems sad, to anyone who has read the *Morning Star* for many years, to mark its disappearance from his study-table, and to learn that the *Watchman*, of Boston, has absorbed it.

The *Morning Star* has, for the greater part of a century, been the principal printed organ of the Free Baptist Church—a small but exceedingly lively organization, which was one of the last fruits in America of the celebrated Whitefield's preaching. He preached one of his greatest evangelistic sermons at Portsmouth, N. H., and died two days afterward. It made such an impression on the mind of Benjamin Randall, that he became a clergyman, and continued so all the rest of his life. He differed from the Baptists, whom he had joined, on the subjects of free salvation and open communion; and upon this variance of creed, a new denomination was founded, with the above-mentioned name—selected, it is said, as was that





### Dialogue With Death.

**H**IGH-ROLLER (*gazing from his bed, as morning breaks, with mixed curiosity and terror*).—Now, who are you? I've been seeing all sorts of things the whole night, and at the top of them you seem to have made *your* appearance. Perhaps you are here to explain the menagerie that has filled "the witching hours of night" with something much worse than witches!

**DEATH**.—I explain many things; but am myself a mystery.

**H.-R.**—Well, my mysterious friend, suppose you inform me as to from what country came the largest snake I ever saw—who, in the morning about one or two o'clock, came waltzing across the floor again and again, and frightened me almost out of my wits. Mercy, how I must have yelled!

**D.**—That serpent came from the land of Debauchery. It got track of you while you were traveling through that country; it lay just out of sight during many long evenings when you were camping in the valleys of dissipation; and it now for the first time makes bold to come into this chamber, and show its loathsome form, full in your sight. How do you like it, did you say?

**H.-R.**—Well, you see, I'm trying to put as merry a face on the matter, and on matters in general as I can, but, to tell it right, I don't like it one little bit. And if you, as director of the Zoo, or whatever it is that owns him, have the authority, I wish, as a personal favor, that you would get him put back into captivity, and in that case you may consider the next champagne supper as on me.

**D.**—I have no control over him: he will live as long as there are people like you.

**H.-R.**—There were thirteen separate devils that came along in one procession; and if the matter is within your jurisdiction, I would like to have the parade, tomorrow night, go around the other corner.

**D.**—It goes where there is some one in a condition to enable him to see it. No parade enjoys itself without it feels that it is being witnessed. No one else in the house saw it last night but you—although they heard you describe it, over and over again. You may be sure it will be around again tonight, if you are still in a proper condition to look at it.

**H.-R.**—Well, I could have got along with the snake, and the devils; but that fellow who tried to roast me up on a red-hot gridiron—if you have anything to do with that particular bakery, I wish you would tell him to henceforth confine his operations to cereals.

**D.**—You heated that gridiron yourself: have been gradually doing so, for many years.

**H.-R.**—My darkly-costumed friend speaks in parables.

**D.**—Your darkly-costumed friend knows pretty nearly what he is talking about. He has kept track of your goings and comings for a good many years.

**H.-R.**—When did you get your eyes on me before?

**D.**—At the bedside of your mother. She begged of you then never to drink another glass of intoxicating liquor. To satisfy her, and let her die happy, you promised; and the grass was not

green over her grave, before you broke that solemn oath.

H.-R.—How did you know about this? *You* weren't there! *You* didn't hear it! And however that might be, it's mean of you to twit me about it now, when I am sick!

D.—I *was* there; I *did* hear it; and I have a right to mention it to you now: the right that comes from a desire to serve you.

H.-R.—Singular service, I must admit!

D.—I saw you at the funeral of your wife. I attend a great many funerals: I have an interest in them. You felt very badly that day. You reflected that your drinking had killed her. Why, my dear Mr. High-Roller, you just as much killed that wife (although no judge or jury would say so, while in court), as if you had thrown a bottle at her head, and crushed her skull, instead of draining the contents of innumerable bottles and demijohns! Your children—your business partners—your friends—your townsmen—your countrymen—you have either killed or given deadly wrong to every one of them, by your habits.

H.-R.—Look here, my unpleasantly frank friend, are you aware that I was my own man, and belonged to myself?

D.—There never was a greater mistake. Are you aware that you were an object of charity to start with, until you got old enough to labor? Do you know that the rest of the world helped clothe you, school you, feed you? That your native country threw about you the mantle of its protection? And that God, having surrounded you with so many blessings, possessed a right to the greatest that was in you? Belonged to yourself, indeed!

H.-R.—Look here, my very frank and sincere but not over-polite friend, I may not belong to myself, but I believe this room does; and whoever you are, I will trouble you to step out of it, and take yourself away.

D.—(*laughing, hoarsely*)—That is a great joke! Why, man, everybody's house is mine, when it is near time for

me to come for him! There never was a President that could order me out of the White House, or a king that could keep me away from his throne, when I had business with him. Step out of this room, indeed! My very dear sir, you may call your most intelligent and high-priced physician, and all he can do is to *coax* me to keep away for a little time; your most faithful clergyman can only try to prepare you to meet me, and pray God to make me merciful; and as for ordinary people—judges, statesmen, orators, millionaires—they are as much afraid of me as you are. No, my friend: I may have come here to stay longer than you wish: to remain with you till you are ready to be carried out.

H.-R.—Who, then, in the name of all that is reasonable, are you?

D.—My name, sir, is DEATH!

H.-R.—(*screaming*)—Look here! I have understood from my physician and my friends that I was coming out of this fit of sickness all right!

D.—Of course, it was their interest to flatter you: it is always best to encourage an invalid. But I am obliged to admit that it is an even question whether you live for another day. There is a great probability of your dying before sunset.

H.-R.—(*screaming again*)—Oh, save me! save me!

D.—You must save yourself, if you are saved at all—and with the assistance of the great God who made you. There is a bare possibility of your living through this, but only a *very* bare one. I am not in a hurry for you—Heaven knows I have enough to see to this very day, without you! I had rather take you finally from the ranks of hale and hearty old age, that had worked out its earthly destiny, and was willing to go into the next world of which it had had cheery and beckoning glimpses.

So I will tell you what to do: First, pray to God to help you in every step and in every purpose; then resolve that you will never drink another drop; then obey all the directions of your physician, who, I am informed, is a good

one; then study the laws of life, and conform to them; and if you do get out of this, cut the acquaintance of all those roystering creatures that would pull you down with them.

H.-R.—(*Turning on his pillow*)—Thanks: I'll think about it.

### The Noise-Plague.

**T**HE noises of a great city have been classified as follows:

1. Noises produced by horses and wheeled vehicles.
2. Noises produced by street peddlers; beggars, street musicians, etc.
3. Noises produced by bells, whistles, clocks, etc.
4. Noises produced by animals other than horses, as cats, birds, etc.
5. All noises which come from the inside of our houses, as persons learning to play musical instruments, training the voice, etc., etc.
6. Explosives.

The first group consists of noises that are more or less necessary, but much can be done to lessen their effect. Asphalt paving on all the streets is the one thing needed above all others.

The old loose, cast-iron manhole cover appears at frequent intervals in the otherwise noiseless asphalt street, and sends forth a sudden and ear-splitting sound every time a wheel passes over it. This noise is wholly unnecessary, and there is no excuse for its continuance.

The manhole covers should be asphalted, and properly fitted to their frames, so as to make a continuously smooth pavement.

Noises produced by street peddlers, beggars, street musicians, etc., etc., are entirely unnecessary, and such people should be treated as public nuisances. Thus the few thousands engaged in buying and selling rags and bottles should no longer be able to disturb the peace and quiet, and actually injure the health of the rest of the inhabitants of New York. Their business would not suffer, for the traffic in rags, etc., would

still go on. The street musicians ought also to be suppressed.

The third group of New York noises, includes those produced by bells, whistles, clocks, etc. These are nearly all unnecessary. Church-bells and clocks that strike the hours were useful when clocks and watches were rare. But none of these conditions exist in New York today.

Noises produced by animals, such as cats, birds, dogs, etc., are unnecessary. Think of the vast increase in the aggregate number of hours of restful sleep that would be obtained by the inhabitants of this city if all the cats were removed from our back-yards, to say nothing of the decrease in soul-losing profanity.

Noises from the inside of our houses comprise the fifth group. If the music-teachers could be induced to take their pupils into the country to train their voices and teach them instrumentation, life for many would be all the sweeter. The well-to-do folks set a bad example. At a fashionable reception my lady's drawing-room becomes a pandemonium of shouting, screeching women, each doing her best to make herself understood.

### Weather and Nerves.

**A**N actuary in a large insurance company is obliged to stop work in damp weather, finding that he makes so many mistakes which he is only conscious of later that his work is useless. In a large factory from ten to twenty per cent. less work is brought out on damp days, and days of threatening storm. The superintendent, in receiving orders to be delivered at a certain time, takes this factor into calculation. There is a theory among many persons in the fire insurance business, that in states of depressing atmosphere greater carelessness exists, and more fires follow. Engineers of railway locomotives have some curious theories of trouble, accidents and increased dangers in such periods, attributing it to the machinery.



## World-Success.

### Keeping One's Mind in Trim.

**A** MRS. MAYBRICK, it will be remembered, was sentenced to prison for life for the supposed poisoning of her husband, and served fifteen years before she was finally released.

It seems that "for life" in English prisons means for twenty years, with deductions of time for good behavior: and Mrs. Maybrick's case took the regular course of treatment in cases of murder—notwithstanding many people in both Europe and America considered her innocent, and made great efforts in her behalf, from year to year.

Mrs. Maybrick's course of conduct in this grimy environment, as described by herself in her book, would seem to indicate that she was something of a philosopher. The account is useful to people in a great many situations. She says:

"In saying a word on what is, perhaps, best described a 'prison self-discipline', I trust the reader will acquit me of any motive other than a desire that it may result in some sister in misfortune deriving benefit from a similar course. That the state of mind in which one enters upon the life of a convict has some influence on conduct—whether she does so with a consciousness of innocence or otherwise—should, perhaps, go without saying. Nevertheless, innocent or guilty, a proper self-respect cannot fail to be helpful, be the circumstances what they may; and from the moment I crossed Woking's grim threshold until the last day, when I passed from the shadow and the gloom of Aylesbury into God's free sunlight, I adhered strictly to a determination that

I would come out of the ordeal—if ever—precisely as I had entered upon it; that no loving eyes of mother or friends should detect in my habits, manners, or modes of thought or expression, the slightest deterioration.

"Accordingly, I set about from the very start to busy myself—and this was no small helpfulness in filling the dreary hours of the seemingly endless days of solitary confinement—keeping my cell in order and ever making the most of such scant material for adornment as the rules permitted. Little enough in this way, it may be imagined, falls to a convict's lot. Indeed, the sad admission is forced that nearly every semblance of refinement is maintained at one's peril; for 'motives' receive small consideration in the interpretation of prison rules, however portentously they may have loomed in the process that placed an innocent woman under the shadow of the scaffold, and only by grace of a commutation turned her into a 'life' convict.

"Come what would, I was determined not to lose my hold on the amenities of my former social position: and, though I had only a wooden stool and table, they were always spotless, my floor was ever brightly polished, while my tin panikens went far to foster the delusion that I was in possession of a service of silver.

"Confinement in a cell is naturally productive of slothful habits and indifference to personal appearance. I felt it would be a humiliation to have it assumed that I could or would deteriorate because of my environment. I therefore made it a point never to yield to that feeling of indifference which is

the almost universal outcome of prison life. I soon found that this self-imposed regimen acted as a wholesome moral tonic: and so, instead of falling under the naturally baneful influences of my surroundings, I strove, with ever-renewed spiritual strength, to rise above them. At first the difference that marked me from so many of my fellow prisoners aroused in them something like a feeling of resentment; but when they came to know me, this soon wore off, and I have reason to believe that my example of unvarying neatness and civility did not fail in influencing others to look a bit more after their personal appearance and to modify their speech. At any rate, it had this effect: Aylesbury Prison is the training-school for female warders for all county prisons. Having served a month's probation here, they are recommended, if efficient in enforcing the prison 'discipline', for transference to analogous establishments in the counties. It happened not infrequently, therefore, that new-comers were taken to my cell as the model on which all others should be patterned.

"I partook of my meals, coarse and unappetizing as the food might be, after the manner I had been wont in the dining-room of my own home; and, though unseen, I never permitted myself to use my fingers (as most prisoners invariably did) where a knife, fork, or spoon would be demanded by good manners. Neither did I permit myself, either at table (though alone) or elsewhere, to fall into slouchy attitudes, even when, because of sickness, it was nearly impossible for me to hold up my head. I speak of this because of the almost universal tendency among prisoners to mere animality. 'What matters it?' is the general retort. Accordingly, the average convict keeps herself no cleaner than the discipline strenuously exacts, while all their attitudes express hopeless indifference, callous carelessness, to a degree that often lowers them to the behavior of the brutes of the field. The repressive system can neither reform nor raise the nature or habits of prisoners."

### The American Army.

SECRETARY of War Stimson, in his annual report, informs the country that the American army is not prepared for a war with a great power. The chief fault he finds with it is that it is too widely scattered in small detachments. It should be concentrated so as to permit of manœuvres on a large scale. Imagine the whole army concentrated at one point—sixtyfive thousand men. If the enemy could only be kind enough to attack at the point of concentration, those sixtyfive thousand hardened warriors would be able to put up quite a fight. If, however, they were at San Diego and the enemy landed at Portland, Maine—or vice versa—it would be different. Indeed, if the enemy attacked the same coast line upon which this formidable force was concentrated, there would be room enough for both to wander about for a month before they came into contact. It is, therefore, not for lack of concentration that the American army is not prepared to meet a foreign foe, but because the American army is, in fact, not an army at all, but a small body of very good men who are scarcely numerous enough to police one big state. They count for nothing among armies that can turn out a million of drilled troops in a week, like those of Germany, France, Austria and Russia. Even Italy could mobilize more troops ten times over than we could, and Italy could not whip Abyssinia, and has a hard time conquering the wild Arabs of Tripoli.

We have no army. We are not only unprepared to make war with a great power, but unprepared to meet on any soil but our own such powers as Italy, Switzerland or Belgium. Last spring, when President Taft concentrated our whole available military resources on the Mexican border, there never were more than ten thousand troops there. The long and short of it is, we have no army at all. We do nothing but pass resolutions in favor of universal peace, propose treaties of arbitration, and pay

pensions, which with our naval and army budget amount to more every year than the military budget of a power like France, which could mobilize a million men in a week and have three millions under arms in a month. We are living in a fool's paradise, and some fine day we shall awake from our Utopian dream of peace to find ourselves helpless before some great power which drills all its able-bodied men, and can produce them at short notice.

We do not need the conscription of Europe to make us invulnerable to foreign attack, but we need some rational system of national defense which would make us the military equal of Canada, which boasts its ability to mobilize two hundred thousand troops more or less familiar with the use of arms. We have an immense population, and abundance of raw material, but the material is so raw that it could do nothing before a modern army like that of France or Germany, or even of Japan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Comedian-Lecturer.

**I**N Chicago the late lamented Joseph Jefferson while addressing pupils of the Musical College, drew this distinction between acting and oratory:

"Many talented orators have gone on the stage and failed; many actors have attempted oratory, and *they* have failed. The orator impresses the audience by what he says; the actor is impressionable, and is impressed by what the audience says to him.

"Acting is not nature; it is art. It would be natural for a man to come upon the stage and sit down and read a newspaper for half an hour, but it would be tedious to the audience.

"If you are dogmatic and dictatorial by nature, choose oratory. If you are impressionable and easily influenced by surroundings, choose acting."

"What do you think of beginning young?" was asked.

"Well, I began young," answered Mr. Jefferson: "in long skirts. Whenever

a property-baby was needed, I was on hand."

Any one acquainted with the late William Warren, the favorite comedian of a few years ago, might say that it was his thoughts expressed by Mr. Jefferson. The dead and the living actor were blood-cousins, and were often seen together strolling the streets of Boston. They were natural men. They did not act, then—neither did they ever act alike, and each knew the fact. It is doubtful if one even liked the other's acting.

But both were artists, always students, and it was there they met on common ground. It would not be surprising if the younger learned something from the older cousin. It is pleasant to think so.

### Good Measure.

"**N**ORAH is not quick," said the mistress of the house, "and I have had others who were better cooks, but she is such a 'good-measure' girl that every one in the family likes her. I mean," she added, with a little laugh at her caller's puzzled look, "that she is always willing and pleasant about the little extras that so many girls resent. If she is washing, and some one comes with an additional garment, she cuts short all apology. 'Sure, I'll do it; it might as well go in while I'm at it,' she says. If she is baking, and the children want to do a little pie-making or cooky-cutting on their own account, Norah never counts the inconvenience to herself. 'A corner of the table and a few more dishes don't be worth botherin' about,' she cheerfully declares. She is always cheery and happy about her work, and ready to make it good measure, whatever she is doing."

But, when one comes to think of it, it is only the "good-measure" service that ever is cheerful and happy. The spirit that is fearful of being imposed upon, always on guard over its rights, and determined to resist encroachment, cannot be free. It receives as it gives—scant measure.



November 28—The Navy Department received \$8,000,000 for three battleships and two cruisers which would soon have gone to the scrap heap.

29—The Chinese rebels continued successful in approaching Nanking.

30—The British Government applied the closure on 470 amendments to the insurance bill and the Opposition left the House of Commons in a body.

Fifty persons were injured when a grandstand collapsed at a ball match at Jackson, Miss.

December 1—The McNamara brothers confessed to having dynamited the Los Angeles Times building.

2—Nanking was taken by the Chinese insurgents.

King George and Queen Mary arrived in Bombay.

Chowfa Maha Vagiravudh was crowned King of Siam; President Taft cabled greetings.

3—Ten thousand persons marched to the American Legation in Teheran and appealed to the Minister to urge the government to apply the American principles of fair play and justice.

King Alfonso ordered his aunt, the Infanta Eulalia, to suspend the publication of a book written by her; she wired an indignant refusal.

4—Persia's National Council appealed for aid to the American Congress and the Parliaments of other countries.

The sixtysecond Congress began its sessions in Washington.

5—James B. McNamara was sentenced to life imprisonment and John J. McNamara to fifteen years.

6—Prince Chun, regent of China and father of the child-Emperor abdicated; Shih-Hsu and Hsu-Shih Chang were appointed to succeed him as guardian to the throne.

Persian students in Switzerland appealed to President Taft for protection against Russian oppression.

7—King George and Queen Mary arrived at Delhi, India.

Persia's appeal for aid was read in the National House of Representatives at Washington.

Rebel leaders in conference at Wuchang decided to accept a constitutional monarchy with a Chinese at the head.

8—The special Maine investigation board reported an explosion from the outside by some form of low explosive.

Two hundred workmen were drowned when a bridge they were constructing over the Volga River, Russia, collapsed under pressure of ice.

The German Reichstag dissolved after a four years' service.

9—One hundred or more men were entombed by an explosion in a Cross Mountain mine at Briceville, Tenn.

10—The annual report of Postmaster-General Hitchcock showed a surplus for the first time since 1883.

Fifty persons were injured by a bomb explosion during a cinematograph exhibition, at Liege, Belgium.

11—One thousand imperial soldiers were reported killed or wounded in a three days' battle north of Hankow.

Prominent men in Washington urged the immediate abrogation of the Russian treaty.

A train on the New York Central Railroad was wrecked in a collision, forty passengers being slightly injured.

Sixteen persons were killed and thirty injured in a railway accident in Oporto, Portugal.

12—King George and Queen Mary were proclaimed Emperor and Empress of India, the capital to be changed from Calcutta to Delhi.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs unanimously recommended the abrogation of the 1832 treaty with Russia.

The Sherwood Service Pension bill passed the House.

13—The House of Representatives, by a vote of 300 to 1 passed the resolution calling for the abrogation of the Russian treaty.

Louise Victoria, Princess Royal of England, her husband, the Duke of Fife, their two daughters, and many other passengers, suffered shipwreck off the northwest coast of Africa.

14—The Federal Grand Jury at Indianapolis began its dynamite investigation.

It was reported that the revolutionary fever

was cropping out in Tibet, the Chinese garrison being driven out of the town of Shera.

15—The House of Lords passed Lloyd George's National Insurance bill.

16—The new Russian Ambassador, M. Bakhmetieff informed President Taft in a friendly interview, that Russia would regard the Sulzer resolution, in its present form, insulting.

A two-minute earthquake shock startled Mexico City, but occasioned no deaths and but little damage.

17—A \$75,000 fire occurred in Trenton, N. J. The Mexican Congress voted down a grant to the Standard Oil Company to construct a pipe-line in its territory.

18—General Tuan-Fang was assassinated in China by his own troops.

Secretary MacVeagh urged banking and currency reform and the imposition of specific instead of ad valorem tariff duties.

President Taft informed the Senate that he had formally notified the Russian Government of the termination of the treaty of 1832, to take effect December 31, 1912.

19—The Senate unanimously ratified President Taft's notification to Russia of the termination of the treaty of 1832.

United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan and Russia united in an effort to assist the Shanghai Peace Conference.

20—The House completed Congressional ratification of the abrogation of the treaty of 1832 with Russia.

Three Mexicans, one a General, were arrested and confessed to being implicated in a plot to assassinate President Madero.

21—Persians attacked Russians at two places respectively 200 and 280 miles from Teheran.

Premier Yuan refused to agree to a republican form of government.

22—A bill declaring a tariff war against United States on the termination of the treaty of 1832 was introduced in the Russian Duma.

In Sydney, Australia, the Federal Court fined members of a coal-combine \$2,500 each and enjoined them from "continuing their monopoly".

23—It was reported that King George had reached camp after having shot eighteen tigers and three rhinoceri.

24—Five hundred Persians were reported slain in Tabriz by the Russians.

The Persian Government accepted the Russian ultimatum.

The Mexican rebel, General Reyes, fled from near Monterey, Mexico, Captain Prieto in pursuit.

25—The Persian Cabinet notified W. Morgan Shuster of his dismissal from the office of Treasurer-General.

General Reyes, Mexican rebel chief, surrendered to General Trevino.

## Where Are My Parents Tonight?

**T**HERE should be anxious thoughts by parents whose son is absent from home evenings and Sundays.

Is he wandering the streets with vicious companions? Is he in the drinking saloon, indulging in the habit of dissipation? Is he in the gambling-den, engaged in games of chance? Is he in an establishment, playing cards for checks, each one of which represents a certain amount of money?

Well may the parent's heart swell with painful emotions, and the eye fill with tears of uncertainty, at the thought that he may be on the downward road.

These feelings are natural and right. But what would the father or mother say, if told that the boy had at the same moment uttered the words: Where are my parents tonight? Are they seated around the card-table in the brilliantly lighted and elegantly furnished parlors of Mr. Diamondust, playing at poker, freeze-out, high-five or progressive euchre, for valuable prizes?

What a sad and humiliating spectacle! —The boy, gambling in a little back room down town, his father and mother doing the same thing in an up-town mansion! Is the boy doing worse than his parents?

The very essence of gambling is staking some valuable article—money or something of money-value, on the game. In both cases they are violating the laws of God and man, and their conduct is exceedingly reprehensible.

If the boy is to be condemned, what shall be said of the parents? To them is committed the charge of rearing him in ways of respectability and usefulness, guarding him from temptation to go wrong and do wrong. God and community hold them responsible for the proper training and wholesome restraint of their boy, and setting him examples of propriety and right.

If they fail in these and instead lead him into vice and error by example, as above shown, they are greatly to blame if he rushes forward, dashes over the precipice, and plunges headlong to ruin.

## Some Who Have Gone.

### DIED:

**ALLEN, COL. ETHAN**—In New York City, December 7. He was born in New Jersey, eighty years ago, and was graduated at Brown University, and admitted to the bar in 1860. He resigned from the office of Assistant United States District Attorney to organize a brigade during the war, and later managed Greeley's campaign for the Presidency. In 1870 he organized the Cuban League of American Sympathizers and revived it in 1896.

**BALL, THOMAS**—In Montclair, N. J., November 16, in his ninetythird year. He was born in Charlestown, Mass. He became a painter and a sculptor of distinction, making his home in Florence, Italy, from 1895 to 1897. Among his famous sculptures are the equestrian statue of Washington in Washington and the Lincoln "emancipation group" in that city. As a youth, he sang in the title role of the oratorio "Elijah" when it was first produced in America.

**COX, SPEAKER JOHN FREMONT**—In Homestead, Pa., November 6, aged fifty-nine years. He was one of the most prominent leaders of the Republican Party in Western Pennsylvania and was Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State.

**DAVIDSON, PROF. GEORGE**—In San Francisco, December 3, at the age of eighty-six years. He was born in Nottingham, England, but was brought to United States as a child. He received the degree of Sc. D. at the University of Pennsylvania. For thirty years he was head of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey of the Pacific Coast. He had published more than 200 papers on astronomy, engineering, navigation, geography and other scientific subjects.

**DRYDEN, EX-SENATOR JOHN Y.**—In Newark, N. J., November 24, aged seventy-two years. His birthplace was Farmington, Me. In 1875 he organized in Newark the Prudential Insurance Company, the first industrial insurance company in America. He was twice a member of the Electoral College and served a term in the United States Senate. He wrote standard treatises on insurance problems.

**DUDLEY, IRVING B.**—In Baltimore, Md., November 27, aged fifty years. He was a

native of Jefferson, Ohio, and was a graduate of Kenyon College and of the law course at George Washington University. He practiced in San Diego, Cal., until 1897, when President McKinley appointed him as Minister to Peru. In 1906 he was transferred to Rio de Janeiro with the rank of Ambassador. Illness obliged him to return on leave, a few months ago.

**ESTRADA, PRESIDENT EMILIO** — In Guayaquil, Ecuador, December 22. He was inaugurated President of Ecuador September 1, 1911, but became ill on the 18th of that month.

**FANG, GEN. TUAN**—Assassinated at Tse-chow, Shansi Province, China, December 18. He was one of the most prominent men in China—a scholar, art connoisseur, soldier and statesman. He had once been Viceroy of the province of Chihli. While Governor, during the Boxer trouble, he assembled all the foreigners and protected them. In 1906 he visited United States at the head of a commission to study educational and industrial conditions.

**GJORSTEN, H. F.**—In Minneapolis, Minn., December 2, at the age of fifty years. He was prominent among Norwegians in United States and had served his State as Senator.

**GROSE, ADOLPH**—In London, England, December 8. He was born at Dijon, France, in 1837, but emigrated to England and became a British subject. Here he became well known as a sculptor and etcher. The "Stoning of St. Stephen" won him the gold medal at the Salon in 1867.

**HALLOWELL, SUSAN MARIA** — In Wellesley, Mass., aged seventysix years. She was born in Bangor, Me., and taught in the High School there, till called to be professor of botany at Wellesley College, when it was founded in 1875.

**HOOKE, SIR JOSEPH D.**—In London, England, November 16, aged ninetyfive years. He was born at Halesworth, and took the degree of M. D. at the University of Glasgow, and became famous as a naturalist and surgeon. He visited India in 1847 to study tropical plants and was captured by the Rajah of Sikkim. Later he visited Palestine, Morocco, the Rockies and California. In 1865 he was appointed Director of the famed Royal Gardens at Kew, acclimatizing therein

many rare plants. He had been President of the British Association and of the Royal Society.

**McCLELLAND, GEORGE B.**—In Kansas, December 15. He was a native of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and ran away from home when sixteen years old. He became a crack rifle shot, and in 1872 joined Buffalo Bill's show. He is said to have been the first doctor in Oklahoma and he organized a regiment of old Indian braves when the Spanish-American War broke out. To multitudes of dime novel readers he was familiar as "Diamond Dick."

**MERRY, WILLIAM LAWRENCE**—In Battle Creek, Mich., December 14, aged seventy-seven years. He was born in Brazil, the son of a New York merchant. After four years in Panama as agent for a line of ships, he became general manager in Nicaragua for two steamship companies. He engaged in the wholesale grocery business in San Francisco in 1867 and became President of the Chamber of Commerce. In 1890 the Nicaraguan Government appointed him Consul General on the Pacific Coast, and in 1897 he was appointed to the United States Consular Service in Central American countries.

**PARKER, CAPTAIN JOHN N., U. S. N.**—In New York City, December 12, at the age of fiftyeight years. Born in Ohio, he was graduated in 1874 from the Naval Academy. He was aide to President Harrison, who sent him to Samoa to obtain a coaling station. Three years ago he went to Samoa as its Governor. His term expired last spring.

**PRATT, GEN. WILLIAM H.**—In Easton, California, November 5, in his eightyfourth year. He was born in Saybrook, Conn. He went to San Francisco in 1849 on the pioneer steamer *California*. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him Receiver of Public Monies at the Humboldt Land Office. He served in the Indian War in 1863, and later was made Indian agent at Harper Valley Reservation. In 1890 he was appointed United States Surveyor General.

**RANDEGGER, ALBERTO**—In London, England, December 17, at the age of seventynine years. He was born in Trieste, studied music and became well known as a composer, conductor and professor of singing. He was conductor of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1880 and for many years had conducted the Covent Garden and Norwich festivals. In 1897 he married Louise Baldwin, of Boston, Mass.

**RANKIN, MRS. McKEE**—In New York City, December 14. The once well-known actress was seventy years old. She had been on the stage since a little child, playing star parts in "East Lynne", "The Two Orphans", "The Danites" and other plays,

her stage name being Kitty Blanchard. She married the equally popular actor, McKee Rankin, and theirs was the first American company to make a tour abroad (in 1880).

**ROGERS, REV. DR. GUINNESS**—In London, August 20, aged eighty-nine years. He was born at Enniskillen, Ireland. He began his career as a minister in the Congregational Church at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1846. In 1868 he was Chairman of the London Union in the metropolis. In 1874 he became Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. He wrote many religious books, among them "Sermons on the Life of Christ", "Priests and Sacraments", and "The Christian Ideal."

**SMITH, A. CARY**—In Bayonne, N. J., December 8, aged seventy-four years. He was born in New York City. He learned the boat-building trade, and then studied marine painting under the well-known artist, M. F. H. de Haas. He finally gave up painting to devote himself to the designing of yachts, in which he attained first rank, among his successes being the cup-winner Puritan and the Meteor, built for Kaiser Wilhelm, besides many other speedy yachts and schooners.

**TAYLOR, REAR ADMIRAL JOHN YEATMAN, U. S. N.**—In Washington, D. C., Nov. 16. He was an accomplished linguist, scholar and musician. He served as surgeon with Farragut during the Civil War and performed remarkable surgical feats. He was at one time a medical director of the Navy.

**TRIPP, BARTLETT**—In Yankton, S. D., December 8. His birth occurred in 1829, in Harmony, Me. He was admitted to the bar at Albany, N. Y. In 1860 he made Dakota his home and was a delegate to the first Constitutional Convention of the Territory in 1883, and became its President. He was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota by President Cleveland, who sent him also as Minister to Austria-Hungary.

**UHLHORN, THEODORE G.**—In New Orleans, August 2, aged sixty years. He was born in New Haven, Conn. He served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. At the time of his death he was Cashier of the Sub-Treasury at New Orleans.

**WHITMAN, REV. B. L.**—In Seattle, November 27, at the age of forty-nine years. His birthplace was Torbrook, N. S. He was graduated at the Newton (Mass.) Theological Institution and became one of the most widely-known ministers in the Baptist church in America. He had been President of Colby University, Waterville, Me., and of Columbian University, at Washington, resigning to become pastor of Calvary Baptist church, Philadelphia, and later became pastor at Seattle.

## Various Doings and Undoings.

There are 71,131 post-offices in United States; and think of the stuff that goes through them!

Automobile tin-peddlers' wagons have appeared in some of the States, and farmers are wondering "what'll come next."

Some Australian homing pigeons, in covering a distance of 301 miles, flew at an average speed of seventyfive miles an hour.

The second largest ranch in the world is in Texas. It extends to a million acres and produces a revenue of over \$250,000 a year.

Unmarried ladies, take courage. Most recent census reports state that there are several more million men than women in the world.

A Western woman, aged eightythree, has married a man, aged ninetytwo. Is she not aware that it is dangerous to wed any one so much older than herself?

Unboiled water still turns a good deal of machinery—there being no less than 60,000 water-mills in the country—furnishing about one-third of the total power.

A great many people tell things to their diaries that they never would divulge to any living person; and then the little records are found and "give them away".

Electric lights in the Catacombs at Rome are now often used, while mass is being said. This is a striking contrast to the timid services of the old-time Christians.

Eastern irrigation is getting to be quite the thing—especially among market-gardeners, who report that it often increases by fifty per cent. the value of their crops.

Do up your tresses at night, girls, so you will not gnaw them in your sleep. A young lady, of Des Moines, died with a ball of hair two inches in diameter in her stomach.

The ant does not always labor: some species spend a part of their time in ornamenting their hill-houses with pebble-stones of uniform size, mice's teeth, purloined beads, etc.

Nine thousand students attend the University of Berlin. It is distressing to think of the knowledge that will be lost, as so many students grow older and find that they know less.

Echoes of the Civil War still reverberate among the battlefields. Sometimes, shells that had lain unexploded for forty years, "go off", having lain there all this time waiting their chance.

Peculiarly loved in a railroad coach is the lady who, in a harsh, strident tone, reads a story to her little son to keep him contented: when he is old enough to read the same thing to himself.

A curious kind of insurance exists in Denmark. By paying down two hundred and forty dollars at the birth of a daughter, her parents insure for her an annuity of twenty-five dollars if she should not be married at

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thirty, of fifty dollars at forty, of sixty dollars at fifty, and so on. If, however, she marries before her thirtieth year, the whole two hundred and forty dollars is paid over to her.

"Our treasures of art will be more and more bought up by American millionaires", complains a European museum-man. "One can see the time approaching when our richest collections will have emigrated to United States."

A large sum was left the city of Rouen, France, to be used in the propagation of giants. A mammoth house has been built for a home, and a goodly number of large people will be encouraged to go there and raise their families.

A New Jersey jury has "decided" the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, by tossing up coins. The verdict was set aside, upon discovery of the facts in the case, and the members of the jury summoned to explain in a criminal court.

A protest against "tipping" has been made by 2,000 Parisian waiters, in conclave assembled: but they at the same time demand of their employers that they pay them enough wages so they will not have to expect or accept the gratuities in question.

Ananias Baker, an Indiana politician, is constantly annoyed because people think he was named after the party mentioned in the New Testament as killed for lying. He says it was another Ananias, mentioned in the holy writ as the saint who baptized Saul.

You have a piano: do you know whether its keys are ivory or not? Only an expert can tell, nowadays: and maybe he won't, unless he is honest and well paid. They may be bone or celluloid, and yet resemble the ivory so nearly, that few know the difference.

Dogs serving as a blacksmith's assistant, by blowing the bellows, is an odd sight in an east-side street of New York. The animals walk in a large wooden treadwheel, and three of these at a cost of two dollars a week each, save the wages of a twelve-dollar assistant.

The smallest lot of land in New York was offered for sale one day: being twentyfour feet long and two inches wide. Some one obtained possession of it years ago, and wants to dispose of it. Whoever buys will probably hold it to sell at a larger price to owners of adjoining lots.

Locomotive drive-wheels can still make a racket, even after having been worn out for traveling purposes. The railroads give them

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JANUARY, 1912

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 12, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

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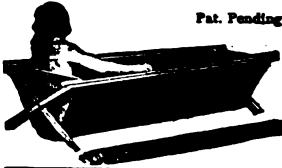
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FEBRUARY, 1912

NUMBER VI

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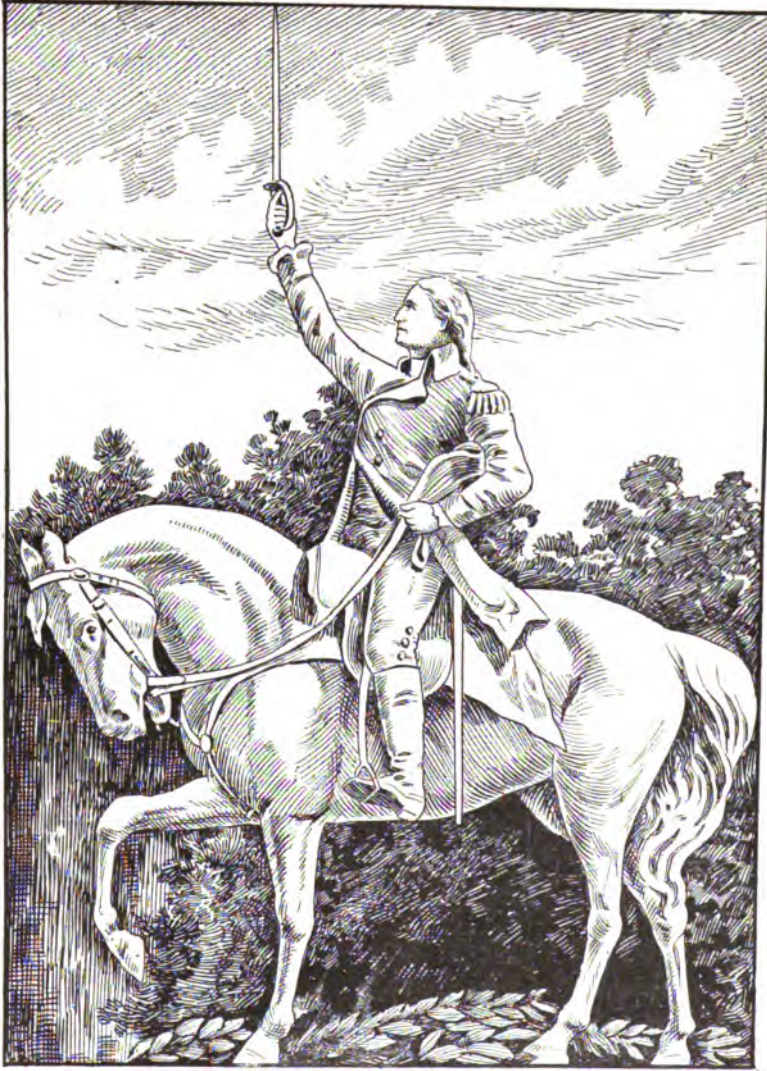
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## The Belle of The Railroad.

BY WILL CARLETON.

*(Veteran Engine-driver's Story.)*

**O**H, no! I'm not toiling on railroads, although I wasn't built for to shirk:  
I just limp around in the shops, here, and criticise other folks' work.  
And there's plenty more classy can do that, and haven't got my chance to **explain**,  
And never went down an embankment, along with an engine or train.

'Twas on a bright morning—the winter of eighteen and eighty, and one:  
The Boss of our shop says, "An engine blue-blooded as sin, is just done:  
And who shall we get for to drive her, that's shown he can dare and can do?  
My Boss says his Boss says the honor is mostly pertainin' to you.

"You take her, and court her, and drive her, as long, let it be understood,  
As you two can manage together, and do what we call 'making good';  
And don't fret her too much at starting—an engine's a woman, you know;  
The more that you study her temper, the better at last she will go.

"This here is a love-child: there's people that works in the place, don't forget,  
Put part of their souls in her make-up, to have her the niftiest yet.  
And when they do that for an engine, the fact is close-guessed, if not known,  
That they pile up a sort of prescription, that gives her a soul of her own."

I went in there where she was standing; I looked for first time in her eyes,  
The boys, they had kept her in cover, God bless 'em, their friend to surprise;  
And if there was ever an engine that mortals an angel might call,  
'Twas her that stood there 'mongst the others—the certified Queen of them all.

I said "Shall we travel together, my Beauty?" ('twas foolish, I guess)  
But out of her glorious splendor, I thought that she smiled me a "Yes";  
Her picture was taken, in grand size; that night, to the big dance it came:  
I christened her "Belle of the Railroad"—and that was thereafter her name.

My best girl, she almost grew jealous: she says, with her dear little pout,

"You'd better go marry this wonder you're thinking and raving about:  
I wish she'd get smashed!" then a moment, her face was like snow to the view:  
And she clasped my hand, saying, "Forget it! for that would perhaps murder  
you!"

Well, Belle and I journeyed together, two years, through the storm and the sun,  
With a love which is—what is the word for't? "Platonic", I think is the one;  
And she learned to talk back to me often: she knew how to laugh and be sad,  
And to sulk, and to give me my lesson, when things veered a bit to the bad.

But never was schedules filled sleeker, or passengers treated more grand,  
Than they was by the "Belle of the Railroad" with me holding fast to her hand;  
And never was confidence closer, that more and more steadfastly grew,  
Than that which gained slowly and surely, and then made its home with us two.

But life has its curves unexpected, and bridges to trap you and me;  
And that was a terrible winter—of eighteen and eighty and three:  
Two years we had been the star-sprinters, in sunshine, and starlight, and shade,  
And compliments gemmed us like roses, 'most all of the journeys we made.

But one night, we scrapped with a blizzard, that everything ugly contained!  
And the "Belle of the Railroad" kept working, and never one second complained:  
Not an inch could we see from the pilot; but still we was bound to "make good";  
And work to our time-card as nearly as, battling that snow-storm, we could.

"Keep up to your best, my brave beauty!" I yelled, and believed she could hear,  
"It isn't very far to the term'nus—the rest and the shelter are near."  
But a broken rail—sneak-thief of safety!—the Belle drew a long wailing breath.  
Then fell on her side, and went rolling a hundred feet down to her death.

She bravely wrenched free from the coaches—the passengers stayed safe and  
sound,  
The fireman jumped into the darkness—we buried him when he was found;  
But the Belle wrapped her dear arms around me, as together we made the grim  
dive;  
And my best girl came next day and found me—all crippled, and bruised—but  
alive.

We buried the Belle in a garden: 'twas sentiment, maybe you'll say,  
But what are the goods of life good for, if one blocks the heart's right of way?  
I built up a monument o'er her, and oft my best girl—now my wife—  
Strews flowers o'er the Belle of the Railroad, and thanks her for saving my life.





## George Washington's Accounts.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of really great men is not only their strong hold upon generalities, but their wonderful grasp of detail. A truly efficient mind must have some of the characteristics of the elephant's "trunk"—able to uproot the tree, or grasp a pin from the floor.

Napoleon possessed these powers in combination, and a great share of his early success was owing to his wonderful insight into and control over those "little" things, such as often show themselves so important when left out. His famous crossing of the Alps was not the headlong clamber and frantic plunge that naturally come to the imagination when the affair is mentioned. It was an engineering feat, a sanitary problem, a close study of equilibriums, and an exact science of commissary stores. Every brigade, regiment, company and squad found its baggage and its meals waiting for it at different designated points on the rough road. They naturally had the utmost confidence in a commander, young as he was, who could bring matters around like that. When he was invading Italy for the first time, he policed the country behind him as carefully as if it were a portion of the France he had just left.

His military power began to fail, it is curious and instructive to observe, at just about the time his grasp of detail reached its waning period. "I cannot be everywhere!" he petulantly exclaimed, when the news arrived of a great naval defeat: but the fact was that his mind itself, owing largely, no doubt, to physical ailments, had lost its ubiquitous character. The Russians

always congratulated themselves that he forgot to have his cavalry-horses properly shod when he invaded their land of snows; and he lost the Battle of Waterloo by not learning accurately the location of a ditch and the time it should take for a relieving force to arrive.

Our most illustrious military hero, General George Washington, was one of the most accurate and painstaking of commanders. "Mad Anthony Wayne" declared that he would be willing to storm that locality which is so often quoted as the center of all unpleasantness, *provided* that Washington would give him the plans and specifications. Even in his rude and bleak winter camp at Valley Forge, the American General in Chief kept up all the forms and discipline of military life, as far as possible. Throughout his whole career, a close and conscientious regard for detail characterized his every known action.

In no particular is this fact better illustrated than in his financial accounts; they are all written with a neatness and an accuracy that are a lesson to the young men of today. Especially so were those between him and his country.

As is well known, Washington did not accept any salary for his services during the five long years in which he fought for liberty. He merely drew money to repay his expenses. In his speech to Congress accepting the appointment of General, he said:

"As no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to assume the arduous employment at the expense of my domestic peace and happiness, I do not



wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I have no doubt, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

The book in which he placed this account of expenses was for many years preserved in the archives of our national capitol. It is now a faded and tattered relic of the past—many of the entries hardly recognizable.

The editor of *EVERY WHERE*, upon a visit to Washington, succeeded in obtaining a facsimile of every page of this remarkable piece of bookkeeping; and some of the pages are reproduced here, with explanations.

It was on June 15th, 1775, that Washington was unanimously elected by Congress, then assembled at Philadelphia, as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces: and having accepted the responsible position, he set about the work, with his accustomed thoroughness and energy.

The purchase of the horses mentioned was probably very soon after the 15th, when, as one of the wisest things ever done by any legislative body, Congress elected him head of the army. Indeed, the selection and purchase may have been made before the formal measure was taken: for the event was of necessity foreseen and provided for.

The main army of the patriots was then located at Cambridge, near Boston. He had sent his own "horses and chariot", in which he had evidently come from home, back to Mt. Vernon, on the banks of the Potomac, and had substituted these fresh animals, and a "phaeton", for his military journey to Cambridge.

The "chariot" of those days was a four-wheeled, covered, heavy affair, with perhaps rather too much comfort for swiftness along heavy roads: the "phaeton" was an open vehicle, much lighter, and more suited to Washington's immediate purpose.

The concluding entry upon this first page relates to Thomas Mifflin, who was a delegate from Pennsylvania to the Continental Congress; he had shown himself an enthusiastic and a zealous

patriot, and Washington appointed him his quartermaster general. His career afterward was a very creditable one.

General Charles Lee is also mentioned in this item. He was one of the most picturesque characters of the Revolutionary War: but his conduct throughout the whole of it made him "more bother than he was worth." He was now, however, in the prime of life, one year older than Washington (who was 43), and had been a soldier since he was 11, when his father, himself a British general, made him, it is said, a commissioned officer. He was regarded, for some time, as a great acquisition to the American army: for he had fought both in Europe and America, and was a thorough soldier, though an unprincipled man.

Under the date of July 15th is an interesting item, illustrating the fact that war has its secret and bloodless campaigns, as well as its open ones. The money here mentioned evidently went to pay a secret emissary, who in other words may be called a spy. His name is not mentioned in the account-book, but is indicated with a dash: thus showing the General's carefulness in protecting those who were willing to take desperate risks—sometimes for money, as in this case—sometimes for the love of country, as in that of Nathan Hale. The party mentioned in this item not only brought back information of the enemy's movements, but also left circulars in different places—even among the British soldiers, it is said—stating the American side of the discussion.

It is to be presumed, from his having to be persuaded with money, that this spy was not a particularly patriotic character.

Another item of peculiar interest on this page is that in which is mentioned the cleaning of a house which was designated as Washington's headquarters. This is the same dwelling in which Longfellow afterwards was to live for so many years, and where he died.

On the fifth page of our account-book we find a number of household-items: the General is apparently pursuing a

5) *D<sup>r</sup> The United States* ..... *in ac*

|                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Pert <sup>n</sup> | Laspele       |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|---------------|
| 1775<br>June<br>N <sup>o</sup> 1 | To the purchase of five<br>Horses (Two of which<br>were had on credit<br>from M <sup>r</sup> James Mease)<br>to equip me for my<br>journey to the Army<br>at Cambridge: & for<br>the service I was then<br>going upon - having<br>sent my Chariot and<br>Horses back to Vir:<br>ginia ----- | 2239 -            | i.e. Debit 24 |
| 22<br>1775                       | To a light Chariot bought<br>of Doct <sup>r</sup> Renaudet -----                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 55 -              |               |
| .. 3                             | To double Harness for do.<br>bought from M <sup>r</sup> Todd -----                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 7.15 -            |               |
| .. 4                             | To Cash paid for Saddle,<br>a Letter Case, Maps,<br>Glasses, &c. &c. &c. for<br>the use of my Command -----                                                                                                                                                                                 | 29.13.6           |               |
| .. 5                             | To M <sup>r</sup> Perry Hemmings<br>for keeping the above<br>Horses -----                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 5.6 2             |               |
| July<br>N <sup>o</sup> 6         | To the acc <sup>t</sup> of Thomas<br>Mifflin Esq <sup>r</sup> for money<br>expended by him in<br>the journey from Phi:<br>ladelphia to Cambr:<br>in which the expen:<br>ces of General Lee,<br>Col <sup>l</sup> Reed &c. were<br>included -----                                             | 129 5.2           |               |
|                                  | Am <sup>t</sup> carr <sup>d</sup> forw <sup>d</sup> -----                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 466.2.10          |               |

3) Dr<sup>s</sup> The United States ... in ac

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Paid <sup>a</sup> | Lawful  |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|---------|
| July 5  | To amount bro. Lemard                                                                                                                                                                              | 466.21            |         |
| July 7  | To sundry sums paid by my self in the aforesaid journey - amount <sup>g</sup> . to                                                                                                                 |                   | 34 8 3  |
| July 9  | To N. Parhaws acc <sup>t</sup>                                                                                                                                                                     |                   | 2 8     |
| July 9  | To Sam. Griffin Esq <sup>r</sup>                                                                                                                                                                   | 1.15 4            |         |
| July 10 | To the expenses of myself & party reconnoitring the sea coast East of Boston Harbor                                                                                                                |                   | 18 13 2 |
| July 15 | To 333 1/3 Dollars given to _____ * To induce him to go into the Town of Boston; to establish a secret correspondence for the purpose of conveying intelligence of the enemy's movements & designs | 100               |         |
| July 20 | To Cash paid for cleaning the House which was provided for my Quarters & w <sup>h</sup> had been occupied by the Marblehead Regim <sup>t</sup>                                                     | 2 10 9            |         |
| July 19 | To Ditto to M <sup>r</sup> Eben Austin the Steward for Household Expenses                                                                                                                          | 10                |         |
| July 24 | To Ditto - paid a French Cook                                                                                                                                                                      | 2 6               |         |
| July 24 | To Ditto - paid M <sup>r</sup> Austin for Household Expenses                                                                                                                                       | 2                 |         |
|         | Am <sup>t</sup> carr <sup>d</sup> forw <sup>d</sup> - L                                                                                                                                            | 267 18 2 1/2      | 5 2     |
|         | * The names of Persons who are employed within the enemy's lines, or who may fall within their power cannot be inserted                                                                            |                   |         |

5) Dr<sup>s</sup> The United States... in de

|         |                                                                                                                   | Debit    | Credit  |
|---------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|---------|
| 1775    |                                                                                                                   |          |         |
| July    | To amount bro <sup>d</sup> forwarded                                                                              | 467.18.2 | 172 5 2 |
| 16 26   | To M <sup>r</sup> Austin for House                                                                                |          |         |
| 2       | Expenses                                                                                                          |          | 10      |
| Aug 1   | To M <sup>r</sup> Hones Acc <sup>t</sup>                                                                          |          | 5 9 4   |
| 11 5    | To M <sup>r</sup> Austin House Exp <sup>t</sup>                                                                   |          | 2       |
| 10      | Ditto                                                                                                             |          | 8       |
| 21      | To Washing at laundry time                                                                                        |          | 4 12    |
| 21      | To Servants at Ditto                                                                                              |          | 4 16    |
| 22 8    | To M <sup>r</sup> Will <sup>m</sup> Vans for                                                                      |          | 87 11   |
| 24 17   | To Dan <sup>l</sup> Wiley for Acc <sup>t</sup>                                                                    |          | 6       |
| 24 18   | To Giles Alexander Dr <sup>d</sup>                                                                                |          | 1       |
| 25 20   | To Newben Colburn                                                                                                 |          | 10      |
| 26      | To M <sup>r</sup> Austin H <sup>o</sup> Exp <sup>t</sup>                                                          |          | 10      |
| 24-26   | Ditto                                                                                                             |          | 2 8     |
| 28 23   | Ditto                                                                                                             |          | 18      |
| 29 25   | To James Campbell recepa<br>ries for the House                                                                    |          | 1 10    |
| 29 29   | To Deborah Conkix Dr <sup>d</sup>                                                                                 |          | 1 10    |
| 30      | To M <sup>r</sup> Austin H <sup>o</sup> Exp <sup>t</sup>                                                          |          | 12      |
| 1 Sep 1 | To Paper, sealing wax &<br>of Generals                                                                            |          | 6 10    |
| 4       | To Cash for recovering my<br>Pistols which had been<br>Holen, & for repairing<br>them afterwards                  |          | 1 10    |
| 11 7    | To M <sup>r</sup> Parham's Acc <sup>t</sup>                                                                       |          | 22 1 2  |
| 15      | To M <sup>r</sup> Pierce for to Gen <sup>l</sup><br>Bates - Wages                                                 |          | 4       |
| 6       | To Newben Colburn                                                                                                 |          | 16 8    |
| 7       | To S. B. Webb Esq. for May <sup>r</sup><br>Trenchard (Prisoner) his<br>Exp <sup>t</sup> to Hartford               |          | 12      |
| 1 18    | To M <sup>r</sup> Austin H <sup>o</sup> Exp <sup>t</sup>                                                          |          | 6       |
| 1       | To the Exp <sup>t</sup> of my self as a<br>Party in Reconstructions<br>the south & west shore<br>of Boston Harbor |          | 16 8 4  |
|         | Am <sup>t</sup> carr <sup>d</sup> for                                                                             | 467.18.2 | 435.17  |

domestic life, almost within cannon-shot of the British, who are occupying Boston. Mr. Austin, whoever he was, seems to have furnished a goodly number of prosaic provisions, and Jehoiakim Yonkin was not without his uses in that respect. Mr. Howes also had an account against the future Father of his Country, and James Campbell brought "necessaries for the house." We also find mentioned here several other worthies or unworthies—whichever they may have proved—evidently selling their wares to supply the military residence.

The first warlike entry on this page is one of a pound and ten shillings for the recovery of his pistols, which it would seem some unpatriotic and careless citizen had not only stolen but broken: they had not only to be "recovered" but "repaired". Then follows the expenses of "Major French, a prisoner", to Hartford, where no doubt the Major was given a taste of patriot

prison-life: and a snug little amount for the expenses of the General and his party "while reconnoitering the south and west shore of Boston Harbor."

Pages two, four, and six are mostly blanks and the few credits in them relate largely to moneys received from the new Government—generally from commissaries, paymasters, etc.

It will be noticed that Washington had considerable trouble in reconciling his charges with the different kinds of currency in vogue—the "York", the "Pennsylvania", and the "Lawful"—all of which differed from each other. But through it all, he maintained, as is universally admitted, the most complete accuracy: and amid "war's alarms" and excitements kept close account of his many expenditures.

A copy of Benedict Arnold's accounts, as he rendered and failed to render them, would be interesting as a contrast!

### The Fool That Drops the Match.

**I**T has been said, that anywhere,  
 The biggest fool afloat,  
 Is he who makes a rocking-chair  
 Of some one else's boat:  
 But equal with him in the race,  
 The eggs of woe to hatch,  
 Is, in unknown or known disgrace,  
 The fool that drops the match.

What is't to him, if, in his haste  
 A fragrant weed to try,  
 The folds of woman's pride and taste  
 Hang dangerously nigh?  
 What if a precious life recede  
 With flame-enhanced despatch?  
 He did not do the shameful deed:  
 He only dropped a match.

What is't to him, if stores of wealth

In flame may disappear,  
 Or friends that walked in joy and  
 health,  
 May nevermore come near?  
 What if explosions upward spring,  
 A hundred lives to snatch?  
 He didn't do much of anything:  
 He only dropped a match.

Incendiary—guilty one  
 (As yet not doing time)  
 You'll learn the lesson, ere you're done,  
 That carelessness is crime.  
 But when your future home you view,  
 And lift its red-hot latch,  
 No matter then how often you  
 May drop the lighted match!

—*Harper's Weekly.*





## Two Villages.

BY LOUISA BRANNAN.

*(Continued from January Issue.)*

### III.—THE CIVIL ENGINEER.

THE nurse was tired out and discouraged, and he felt that he could bear up no longer. "What is the use to be kind and patient?" he thought. "Why prolong the struggle with a man like De Vore?" For the second time Hal had pulled the engineer out of the jaws of death, and the ungrateful being had cursed him to his face. Mrs. Marlow had been kind to him, very kind, and he had called her a meddling old hypocrite. The doctor had done his level best, and De Vore had sneered and called him a quack. To be sure, the doctor wasn't made of stuff that great men are made of, but he did his best, and had plenty of good, kind, common sense, and that counts for much with a doctor. So many in the village had tried to help De Vore, and to all he turned the same sour visage, except to the doctor's little daughter, Ardis. The engineer always smiled when the child came into the room, and talked to her of her dog and pony, and even went so far as to accept half a stick of candy she offered him.

Hugo De Vore had been handsome, and was still not ill-looking, though dissipation and bitterness had deeply lined his face. He had been an instructor in languages in an Eastern college, a widely-traveled man, a social favorite, and an artist of some repute. He played the violin with rare expression. From the ruin wrought by drink and cocaine

he had honestly tried to rise, studied engineering and come to Washington, where he was employed on some of the great construction-works. He fell again and again, and at last, through drunken carelessness, was caught in a cave-in and badly hurt. Hal patched him up and sent him forth, only to battle with temptation again, and to fall lower, and lower, until he was a wreck, physically and morally, without a care to be otherwise.

For this sad condition, De Vore blamed the world. According to his standard there was not an honest man nor a true woman in the world, and it was getting worse and worse every day. His was a nature ever willing to receive, but he gave nothing without hope of return—a nature incapable of sacrifice.

Without sacrifice the soul cannot grow, but must ultimately perish. The nurse, for self-comfort, repeated to himself a sentence he had heard the electrician say: "My father used to say that there was good in every one, and that no soul was so pure that it was without spot or stain", but then the electrician was a dreamer, an impractical man, who had been petted in his boyhood, weak and suffering a big part of his life. Such a man was apt to be over-charitable for the failings of others and womanish about their sufferings. So thought Hal of the electrician.

### IV.—DOCTOR DELEPLANE.

The doctor had not learned to ride in

his childhood, and was as yet an indifferent horseman. These two things a Western mountain doctor must be—a good surgeon and a good horseman. In addition to these qualifications, he must possess common sense and enough knowledge to pass the difficult examinations of the West; he must be self-reliant and a good mixer. Dr. Deleplane was far from a good horseman, and not exactly self-reliant. He possessed a good and pure, but not a strong nature. There were times when he longed, oh, how he longed for some strong arm to lean upon, for the counsel of some older or more skilled physician.

He had traveled all day over a difficult trail, and, as toward evening he neared his destination, he was very weary. The longed-for rest was not for him, for he was soon bending over the cradle of a little child sick unto death. Twice already, the mother said, had the hand of death taken a little child from them. The doctor attributed its death to improper nursing, so all night without sleep or rest he tended the child.

The first five miles of the doctor's home journey lay over a rocky trail, at most not over a foot wide, and in places there was no foothold except intertwined roots mixed with loose stones, and so steep that his tough little cayuse 'breathed hard as it made its ascent. On one side, far down below, was the swift Grande Ronde River, on the other Joseph Creek. That creek, on the banks of which, poor exiled Joseph was wont to wander.

The next stage of the doctor's journey was over a level, treeless prairie, and was quickly accomplished; then came a stretch of deep pine forest, where the brush tore the rider's clothes, and where fallen logs must be jumped by the nimble cayuse. The doctor saw ahead of him the welcome sight of the school-teacher's cabin.

Harriet Maynard was one of the many Western girls who live all alone on their claims, and earn the money for commuting by teaching the nearest district school. Two dogs and a cat kept her company.

The weary horseman was in hopes of rest and refreshment, but alas! there was no response to his knock. Miss Maynard was not at home. Then came temptation, and the doctor pulled a flask from his pocket and drank a deep draught, then resumed his journey. As he rode he mused, "I'm tired of this life; if it was to friends I ministered I wouldn't mind. When I first started out in my profession, I thought I'd settle down in one place and serve the people. I'd see all the babies grow up into men and women, and the young people would grow old with me. I'd have my friends and my enemies, too, as a matter of course; but I'd even be thankful for an enemy that would stick to me. It is changing, changing, all the time. It is one set of people this year and another next. Like as not I will never see again the child I saved last night. I have scarcely a patient I had ten years ago. There are no nurses who will go to the mountains, no hospital but Hal's in Coverta, and how can women and children be taken there? There are some too sick to be taken over these rocks and through these woods. Oh, for some one to advise me, some one to lean upon! Would God that I could lie down here in the forest, but for wife and Ardis. Ah, yes, and Coverta. I'm the only one to tend the sick in Coverta and all this wilderness. I'm very faint: just one more drink. How it braces me! I'm out of the woods now and there is only the hill to descend, fifteen hundred feet."

He paused awhile on that bleak hillside and looked at Coverta, set like some rare green emerald in a wall of grey. Coverta was a patchwork of green and white, dotted with homes. As he descended to the outskirts of the village the air grew heavy with the perfume of roses and the song of a multitude of birds was wafted to the tired doctor's ears. It had been raining and the sun was shining brightly. A faint blue mist arose from the river that encircled Coverta like a green-blue band, and all around the hills of dark, hazy blue, like huge blocks of amethyst, and over all

stretched the rainbow, promise of God.

A few more pulls of the flask, and when Dr. Deleplane reached home, from force of habit, he relieved his pony of its bridle and saddle, then dropped in a drunken stupor on the grass.

V.—THE SCHOOL-TEACHER.

"How sound the dogs sleep! I wish they would awake and keep me com-

not to care, and has indeed quite forgotten, and one's little romance seems like a subconscious dream, this obstinate, unruly heart will play such a strange trick; and it all comes back, my dear little love-dream. Hal seems standing just as he used to do under the hackberry tree on the dear home lawn. I am sitting on the old rustic seat, thrumming my guitar, and my love is speaking to me,



"'FORGIVE ME, LITTLE GIRL', HE SAID."

pany. This is one of the nights that thoughts of Hal Vernon haunt me. Six years is a long time; one ought to forget in six years; but hearts are queer things. When one has schooled herself

repeating those time-worn phrases lovers have repeated since the world began. I thought him so handsome and gay in his careless grace! All at once he grew sad and began to speak of sad things—



of sorrow, disappointment and death. I did not want to hear of sadness, for I was so happy; ah, so happy! I wonder if all women who love and are loved are as happy as I was that night?

"'Hal, please don't,' I said, 'quit talking, and sing something if you can't talk nice.' Then he sang that old song, 'The Lost Chord'. At first his voice was full and clear, then as he neared the close, it ended in a broken sob. 'Forgive me, little girl,' he said, 'something tells me we must soon part. A dark cloud seems hanging over my head, and it seems about to burst. I know not what this fear means. It seems ever at my side. Good-night, little one, good-night.'

"Then came misunderstanding: so slight a thing I never could blame myself. It was Hal's cowardice. He was everything a man ought to be, but for that streak of cowardice that ran through his nature. Somehow every man I meet seems so commonplace beside Hal.

"Now, there is Solomon Davidson I met at college. What a nice fellow he was! and friendly to me. I'm glad he never fell in love with me. I shouldn't want to wound him. That's the advantage of being a plain little wren like me.

"Just to think that Davidson has a job at the electric light plant at Covert! When I go down to commute next month I want to see him. Davidson always did entertain me, and he has helped me in school. The story of how he was cured of his lameness is just like a fairy tale.

"Just to think of his father: a very wise man, so wise that the children called him Elphaz, the wise man—being kind to a seemingly degenerate boy, to whom no one spoke kindly but the minister's wife, and then that boy becoming a great physician and healing Solomon! Oh, Puck and Towser, do wake up, you dear dogs, and let me tell you that every time I get discouraged with a bad, unruly boy in school, I think of what Elphaz, the wise man, did.

"I wonder where Hal is tonight? I wonder if he is alive? I wonder if he knows where I am, or if he cares

whether I am alive? He has brought joy and sorrow into my life—joy and sorrow—those two great teachers of the human race. Without him my life would not have been complete. One cannot come in touch with a large soul without being a different person than they were before meeting. His influence will go with me all through life. Think of him I sometimes shall. Grieve for him I will not. Yet I am changed, and I would not have it otherwise.

\* \* \* Now, then, Harriet Maynard, you have been calling up the spirit of Hal Vernon again—a nice thing for a self-respecting girl to do anyway, isn't it? Now, let me see if I am all right for the night. Towser, old doggie, you must go out and stay with the horse; Puck, you lie down by the bed. Pedro, you sleepy cat, curl up on the bed.

"I'll see that my gun is all right. I'm glad I'm a first-rate shot. I feel timid tonight. I'm so glad that there is only a month more of this, and then I'll go back to civilization. Oh, sometimes I think I can't wait. I'm so lonesome. If it weren't for the dear dogs and my little school I don't know how I'd stand it."

#### VI.—THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

Gay little sprite Ardis, spirit of the West, with eyes grey, frank, boyish; with locks like unwashed gold, framing a round, chubby face! Ardis was the product of the West. Ten years had the Chinook winds tanned her cheeks to a ruddy brown. Here was no fairy, lily child, but rather one like some brilliant poppy or marigold. Ever her merry laugh rang out, as she performed circus tricks on the back of her little grey pony, or romped with Booster, her dog.

She was the pet of the village, and she called every one her friend. She represented the spirit of the West. The far West does not ask, "Who were you?" "What have you got?" but, "Who are you?" It asks not, "Was your grandfather respectable?" but, "Are you respectable?" Not, "Are you proud of your ancestors?" but, "Will your descendants be proud of you?" Democ-

racy showed in the child's every look, every sentence, and in the way she breathed the air into her stout little lungs.

Ardis's mother was away for the day, and the little girl was lonesome: so she mounted her pony and started to meet her father.

Just at sundown Coverta missed her. Her father still lay in a drunken slumber and could not be aroused, so Hal asked the electrician to stay with De Vore, while he, the sheriff and the forester went out to look for the child.

form of the man. With gentle, cradle-like motion, the mare, Ramona, bore the half-dead body up the steep grade into the forest, into a ravine, where gurgled a beautiful stream. In the ravine they found little Ardis asleep and the pony quietly grazing. The light of the early moon lit up the child's tear-stained face. The engineer told how he and an Indian had blazed the trail a few weeks before, that they might be able to again readily find the spring. "I thought of this," he said, "and I knew that I must come. She is the only friend I have, and the



THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

Ere the three men had set out on their journey they were joined by a fourth—none other than De Vore himself: who had arisen from his bed, dressed, and insisted on accompanying them. Hal's pleadings and threatenings were of no avail; so the engineer was mounted on Mrs. Marlow's fine Arabian horse, gentle as a kitten, easy-gaited, and strong in endurance.

For the first time in his life, a feeling akin to admiration for the engineer filled the forester's heart, as he beheld the proud military bearing and graceful

rest of you have only condescended to be kind to me, and I'm the equal of any man."

It was the last words he ever spoke, for he fell dead from his horse into the forester's arms.

Tenderly, they bore him to the teacher's cabin. Hal, being a poor rider, was left behind. The sheriff, the forester and Ardis went to town for aid.

They buried him, and Coverta paid a loving and costly tribute to his memory. The cowboys came from the ranches and the miners from the mines;

and the people of Coverta came with their offerings, and gave them to the nurse to expend. They gave as the Western man gives—lavishly, freely, ungrudgingly. Nights spent in the open, sleeping, with only the stars to watch, deepen the heart and expand the soul.

wool." Led by Ardis, twelve little maidens went before the casket-bearers and scattered pure, white roses all the way to the grave. In a private vault they laid him, Mr. Marlow's, the richest man in the village.

The forester sighed as he said, "Per-



"HE FELL DEAD FROM HIS HORSE."

The minister took for his text, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend", and the nurse, in his magnificent tenor, sang that beautiful solo, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as

haps he had a great deal to forgive, poor fellow, and he felt hard toward God on account of it. Why couldn't he forgive his Creator, even as Christ forgave him?"

"Maybe," said the nurse, "he couldn't forgive himself for the wrong he had done others. It is sometimes easier to

forgive others than it is to forgive ourselves. Did you ever know of a case like that?"

"No, Hal, I don't think I do."

"I have. I've lived it. I've done it. You know Harriet Maynard, the school-teacher, at whose cabin we stopped with De Vore? We were old friends, lovers, and are still. I did not know that she was out here, nor did she know that I was here. We parted six years ago. I was angry because she pretended she was not at home when she was. The next day she wrote me a pretty note, asking me to visit her sick brother, but I paid no attention to it for two weeks, thinking to punish her. When at last I called, I learned that her brother had become violently insane and was taken to the hospital the evening I had received Harriet's note. They had needed my help. My love had seemed of so poor a quality that it was unable to stand disgrace. Harriet was not there and I did not make a return call. I was too proud. I brooded over it for days. I never slept a bit for a week, but still I would not yield. When I came out here I was too proud to write. Over the cold form of De Vore we made it all up. She had forgiven me long ago. In fact she had understood my nature better than I did myself and was not surprised at my action. I never could forgive myself, nor do I now. I am going East next month to finish my medical education. Harriet will then commute on her claim. I'm not going alone, you see."

"I congratulate you, old boy, though you did make an ass of yourself. I wouldn't have thought it of you, but 'All's well that ends well'. You are built for love and home; but as for me, give me the hills and the forests and the free, untamed life of the plains. Old fellow, I must thank you for that song. It was meant for me. Self-righteousness is a very scarlet sin."

"I sang it for myself, Brown, for cowardice is a crimson sin. Poor De Vore, he wasn't brave enough to live, but he was brave enough to die. I'm a coward, through and through."

#### VII.—THE MINER'S WIFE.

In the most beautiful of Coverta's homes lived Marvin Marlow, the miner, unimportant in himself, save that he had made a lucky strike. All the love of his family and all the love and reverence of the village centered around his lovely wife.

Mrs. Marlow was a woman past sixty, of slight and delicate build, and not strong. She was of that rare type, who in youth possess no extraordinary beauty or charm, but who grow from year to year in loveliness. Time had not faded the dark brown eyes. Her hair was still abundant, though white as snow. Her skin rivaled the lily, and on her brow time had written no message, save the story of a life of content, of self-sacrifice, patience, and purity, and love. Not of her love alone, but of her wealth, she freely gave. Oh, the sick she had helped; the young people she had sent to college; the latent talent her wealth had developed; the many happy marriages she had made possible! How she had helped beautify the village; how Coverta loved this silver-haired woman, always gowned in silver-grey!

A Sabbath hush lay on the village, and the children ceased to play in the streets as the groups of men and women in silence waited for the news. Somehow in a village everybody knows and everybody cares; there is no stranger in the midst. The miner's wife lay sick unto death. They had taken her to Hal's little hospital. While racing with another horse, Ramona, with swallow-like swiftness, had passed under a bridge, and neither horse nor rider had realized how low the structure. The terrible had happened—a fractured skull. Only a miracle could save the beloved life. The electrician had told of a great Eastern surgeon who had caused him to walk, he who had been lame from his birth. The great man came to this little out-of-the-way corner of the earth on an errand of mercy, but for a price enormous, fabulous; but what mattered the cost? for here was a woman rich

indeed; for her, earth gave up her long-hidden treasures; and many in Coverta would have gladly given of their wealth if it had been needed to restore to health the most beloved of Coverta's women.

The miracle had been performed, and Mrs. Marlow was resting quietly. Hal had gone out to give the word to the people.

"You, too, are an Eastern man", said the surgeon, inquiringly, speaking to Dr. Deleplane.

"Yes, I came here ten years ago from Cleveland, Ohio."

"Why, I was born and raised about fifty miles from there, in a little village

called Newcastle. I don't suppose you ever heard of the place."

"No, I do not now recall such a place. My memory is very faulty."

"It is just a little mite of a place, not even honored with a position on the map; not a bit of Paradise like this. It is very dear to me, however, and in my heart is a very tender place for its people."

And because of the wise man's wisdom and the helpfulness of the wise man's son, the poor, over-worked, unknown Western practitioner clasped hands with the bad boy of Newcastle in the little obscure hospital in the blue mountains of Washington.

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## New Poems by Margaret E. Sangster.

### Our Mother-Land.

DEAR mother-land, from coast to coast,

Benignant, beautiful and free,  
Thy native-born who love thee most  
Uplift their prayers to God for thee.

What time thy wealth was all undreamed,  
What time thy homes were wide apart,  
The vision of thy future gleamed  
Star-bright in many a hero's heart.

Ere yet thy virgin fields were tilled,  
Or mines gave up their golden store,  
The cup of life with joy was filled  
At lowly hearth, by humble door.

The pioneer with ax and gun  
Went boldly through the forest land;  
At eve his wife and little one  
Came singing forth to clasp his hand.

There were who loved thee to the death,  
Whose blood for thee was poured like rain:

There were who spent their latest breath  
For thee upon the stormy main.

O mother-land, thy heart hath room  
For weary ones who come from far;

Who leave the Old World's chill and gloom

To dwell where mirth and plenty are.

Beneath thy flag the foreign-born  
Find rest, and shelter, and a chance,  
In radiance of thy splendid morn,  
To win the fight with circumstance.

Bring close, we pray, O mother-land,  
Unto the faith the fathers held,  
And by what wind soever fanned  
Forget not truth their valor spelled.

O mother-land, great names are thine,  
We hold them dear, we love them still,  
While owning yet the Name Divine  
And looking for the Father's will.

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### Saint Valentine.

HITHER again ere the winter is over,  
Cometh our Cupid with gifts for the lover.

Bravely he cometh with arrows and bow,  
Gaily he speedeth the errands we know.  
Come he to palace, or come he to cot,  
Cometh he never where welcome is not.  
Dear little Cupid, swift greeting is thine,  
Sweetest of saints is our good Valentine.



## Two Nieces of Robert Burns.

BY THE EDITOR.

**I**T is generally a pleasure to meet those whom we have read and admired, whether they come up to our ideal, or not. It adds a local interest for us, to everything they have written; and the fact that we have grasped them by the hand, and looked into their eyes, seems to bring us nearer to their hearts and souls. Likewise is it a privilege to talk with any one who has known them, and who can depict to us, their look, their ways, and their *feel*.

But alas! the great majority of the brain and soul-friends whom we keep in our libraries and our hearts, have gone on into The Land of the Ideals. Their personal acquaintances did not stay very long behind; and so we can physically get no nearer them, than through written or printed descriptions. These are often quite faithful and graphic; but they will not answer any new questions, or transmit a spark of that subtle magnetism with which a master mind will often charge its associates.

Sometimes, however, may be found among the relatives or descendants of departed great ones, one or more who can retain and exhibit, to a certain extent, physical or mental characteristics of the great ones gone; whose blood-seeds have grown into similar flowers, if not fruitage; and who, if they do not write, can at least look, act, and talk, much as we may have supposed their kinsmen to have done. In such case, it is natural for us to conform, reconcile, and idealize them, into semblances of those we have loved, but never seen.

"Poor (and yet why poor?) Robert Burns" went through "Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode", into the society of those who watched and waited for him, over ninety years ago; and we can not hope to find, nowadays, any one who personally knew him. But that clear flood of mingled sense, tenderness, and passion, which surged through the Burness race, until it gained a fountain-outlet in the man who made them all famous forever, was too copious not to have left its traces in some of his relatives. Proofs of this, I have had the privilege of seeing; and two of them, I will now endeavor to describe.

It was several years ago, and it was "Fair Week", in the large Scotch city of Glasgow. Industry had suspended. All the work-people were on a peaceful, amicable, and temporary "strike"; and long excursions, by train, boat, and foot, were the program, by day and night. My host, the Consul, discovered that relaxation was in the air, and decided that we needed an outing. He wanted another day in The Land of Burns. Would I go with him? "Would I! It was always a pleasure to visit the haunts of the distinguished dead, in company with the distinguished living." He smiled warily, and offered me a consular cigar.

We took an excursion-boat, well crowded with lads and lasses, in Sunday suits, and various degrees of exhilaration. They offered no objection, tacit or otherwise, to our studies of human-nature-away-on-a-lark, and did not conceal their entire independence of observation. It was just such a throng



MISS AGNES BURNS BEGGS.

as the Mohammed of our pilgrimage would have liked to mingle in for an hour or two, in his youthful days. It was full of amateur music, impromptu dancing, and surreptitious love-making.

We disembarked at Ayr, walked through the quaint old streets that have been so often described, drove to the small, rough cottage where that very valuable baby was born, and examined the monument, a vision of which would have astounded the boy who became the cause of it, and greatly puzzled his hard-headed old father, and sympathetic mother. We lingered awhile at that deserted ball-room of ghosts, "Kirk Alloway"; and finally stood upon the "brig o' Doon", where that heroine of equestrian literature, the gray mare Meggie, lost her tail, and gained immortality.

Our fellow-excursionists had arrived in the vale below. They were singing in chorus, "Ye Banks an' Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Foliage hid them, and the valley itself seemed to sing.

"That's what I call true ability, and genuine fame," said the Consul, dreamily. "Here's a young fellow, who, trudging behind the plow, thinks and feels out a song, that sets this whole valley (to say nothing about the world in general) to singing. Oh, it is a great thing to write the songs of a nation!"

"And not a discreditable thing to fight the battles of a nation, Colonel," I suggested. He eyed me warily, and offered me another consular cigar.

"Now my boy," he said, "I have one more attraction (or rather two more) for you, which can not be said to form part of the regulation tour. Come with me."

We returned to our carriage, drove a mile or two, and stopped in front of a toy-cottage, with ivy necklace and rose-gemmed scarf.

We went into a tiny, well-kept parlor. Burns was there before us; he smiled upon us from portraits upon the wall; he wrote to us in framed autograph let-



MISS ISABELLA BURNS BEGGS.

ters; he showed us tributes to his genius, from all countries. It was a little apotheosis of the poet.

Pretty soon, he came to us, in the faces of two ladies, somewhat past their prime, but with sparkling eyes and brisk manner, and looking enough like the Nightingale of Ayr, to be birds from the same nest, which they were, almost. They were own nieces of Robert Burns—daughters of his sister, Mrs. Begg.

They greeted the Consul cordially as

of wine, and some genuine auld Scotch oat cake?"

She paused a moment for breath, and the other took up the pretty little speech, exactly where her sister left it, and continued their kind assurances of good will and hospitality. In the discourse that followed, the same plan was carried out: whenever one paused for want of breath or other cause, the other took up her theme, and proceeded, in exactly the same strain. This was with no dis-



THE BRIDGE OF DOON.

an old acquaintance, and accepted me as a new one. Their slowness of physical movement, was in striking contrast to their quickness of thought and manner.

"We are baith lame an' lazy," chirped one of them, apologetically, as they came in, slowly, from the garden. "But for a' that we are ower fast to meet friends, ever."

"And will ye bide a wee, gentlemen," said the other, "while we get you a glass

position to capture the conversation; it was simply a tacit and amicable division of labor.

A bonnie and exhilarating sight they were, those two women, who had never seen their illustrious uncle, but who had so many of the conversational qualities attributed to him, and, especially when animated, so near a resemblance to his portraits upon the wall. They were both genial and racy story-tellers; and gave us many old and some new stories



concerning the hero of our journey. They were almost two Burns in crinoline.

Their anecdotes of the distinguished people who had visited them, were very entertaining. Some of our presidents had been there. One visitor, they said, was a distinguished American general, who was making a tour of the world. "An' when he went awa'," said one of the sisters, pointing to the other, "he gi' her a kiss." The elderly but still attractive spinster joined merrily and heartily in the laugh.

I afterwards jokingly repeated this little anecdote to the eminent general in question, who was no other than the illustrious Grant. With his well-known faculty of getting out of a predicament by going through it, he replied, smiling grimly: "I kissed them both."

A few years later, I was upon another trip to Ayr. The Consul had gone back to America; but I was not alone. My present companion offered me, not cigars, but various and sundry suggestions concerning the colors of the foliage, the probable domestic life in the cottages we passed, and the becomingness or otherwise of the costumes of the ladies we met upon the way.

After we had purchased specimens of all the pictures, for friends and albums at home, we drove to the little toy-cottage, where the two nieces used to live. The same diminutive parlor was there—the same tokens of admiration for the Bard of the Heart—and the descendants of the flowers I had seen a few years before, bloomed on all sides. But no sweet ladies came slowly and smilingly to greet us. One was a prisoner of rheumatism, in her lonely though cozy room at the head of the little stairway; the other was in a grave, in the old family burying-ground, just in front of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

The sister who was yet living, welcomed us to her tiny room, picked up deftly the threads of our former short acquaintance, welcomed the new-comer with that feminine free-masonry that knows no race or country, and entered

with us into a pleasant, and at times a merry conversation.

So, on this June afternoon, the winsome lady sat—erect and cheery, in the upper room of her little ivy and rose-covered cottage. It was observed by one pair of eyes, that upon her right, was a large fuchsia plant, in full bloom; on her left, a fine geranium, branches of which reached down and almost touched her silvered hair. On a shelf near by, was a large cottage Bible—just in front of her a little table—and upon that, two little books—"Bible Forget-me-nots", and "Golden Grain." She was dressed plainly, but tastefully—her collar fastened with a brooch containing Burns' picture. Nearer the stairway was an alcove, in which was a clean, dainty bed—with quaint thread-knitted curtains. Over the tiny mantel, were portraits of her mother and uncle.

Two or three elegant carriages passed, while we sat there, evidently driven by wealthy and perhaps titled residents of the vicinity. In every case, the sweet old lady was saluted with a respect not far from homage, as she glanced pleasantly from her little window, and gracefully bowed.

Her conversation was witty, wise, and at times fanciful; and showed that she was able to draw somewhat from that sparkling stream of Scotch wit and wisdom, which may have been generations accumulating, before it flashed in the eyes of the world.

As my wife and I bade her what proved to be the last farewell, and went on tiptoe down that diminutive staircase, we caught a glimpse, through the half-open door, of a small kitchen, where tea was being prepared. The feminine eyes appertaining to the expedition, noticed in a flash, a shining tea-kettle puffing and steaming away; the pretty ingle-side, and the iron crane that graced it; and all the varied white jewelry of a well-ordered kitchen. "It is a Scotch ballad in itself," was the whispered remark.

As we drove through the green country, back toward city turmoils, this thought travelled, not far away: "It is

always a privilege to meet relatives of the dead authors whom we admire, though not invariably a pleasure. But in these two sweet, refined women, and their surroundings, I can not but feel, that I have met something like that which was noblest in Robert Burns.

After a few more months, word came to us across the broad Atlantic, that our friend had been borne down the tiny winding staircase, and gone to rest amid those whose pleasures, toils, and sorrows, her inspired uncle sang so entrancingly.



Burns' Birthplace.

## Thirtynine Thoughts.

Prayer is not of any use, if the one who prays is not.

A friend in need is a friend indeed very hard to be found.

A fraction, if well cared-for, soon develops into a whole.

A well-conducted fight often saves a dozen ill-conducted ones.

A long engagement is dangerous: and a short one more so.

A "threatening day" is no threat to one whose body is sound.

If you must fight, do it cleanly: never indulge in a fracas.

Rudeness may cover a good heart, but it is very likely to get into it.

A great deal of "encouragement" is given in a very discouraging way.

Sin is a "transgression of the law":

but the law itself is sometimes a transgression.

"Curses, like chickens" not only come home to roost, but they often stay and hatch more.

Cats seem partly human: they often climb trees from which they are unable to descend safely.

Do not "speed the parting guest" so blithely and enthusiastically that he will be sorry he came.

Practice is one of the greatest curses on the planet—if one practices wrong or trivial things.

Do not fleece your sheep too soon or too closely, or you may never get another chance at them.

A monument to heroes, generally has a way of looking mortified because it wasn't erected sooner.

Whosoever funeral it is, be decorous and respectful: there is liable to be

grief there, such as you will soon be called upon to endure.

The grasses are patient when we tread them under our feet: they will soon return the favor.

The fruit of a bad action may, happily, soon decay: but its seeds will still be looking around for mischief.

Do not trifle away your energy in being disgusted at a "crank": employ him as an amusement.

To be self-conceited over one accomplishment, is like a boy trying to walk on half a pair of stilts.

The proverbial "soft answer" may "turn away wrath"—and at the same time provoke imposition.

When you encourage a prize-fight, you help to prepare the kindlings for a future war between nations.

Reading merely to "pass the time away", is the very worst dissipation in the world—that of the body and the soul.

Probably, if it were not for fire, which man can generally escape, vegetation would conquer the whole human race.

Some men are good because they are not clever enough to be otherwise: but that very lack of cleverness is their real salvation.

Never be sure that you have really lost a valued friend, until you have used a reasonable amount of exertion to get him back.

Add up everything you expect from friends, then divide it by ten or more, and go to work yourself, to make up the difference.

A dunce of a boy often turns out to be a genius in disguise; and a preco-

cious youth frequently becomes a mere clod of a man.

Some people, even if they had as many eyes as there are windows in a house, would see just about as much as the house does.

There are so many different kinds of love, that it is not at all curious if any one does not always know whether he is in love or not.

If you learn how to thoroughly admire and appreciate other people's property, you can be a millionaire without a millionaire's care.

Ignorance of the law ought to be accepted as an excuse, unless the Government has given the people a good chance to learn it.

They say that no man is a hero to his valet—and, indeed, there is a good reason for it: if he tried to be, he would not have time for anything else.

A man acquired the reputation of being brave, and became reckless: he acquired the reputation of being reckless, and became a coward.

As soon as Christmas is good and gone, commence figuring for the next one—and you will get out of it much more satisfactorily and cheaply.

Clannishness is a powerful but dangerous institution: when discord breaks out, the blows that are struck are nearer, more accurate, and deadlier.

All mathematics is simply addition and subtraction, carried on in different ways. Multiplication and division are merely addition and subtraction several times repeated.

Keep on the train, in society matters, even if it contains things you do not like, and which you may have a chance to improve: it is ever so much better than going afoot.



## The Passing of Capital Letters.

BY REV. DANIEL M. PARKER.

**I**T is determined that among all changes and transitions the tendency to disuse of the capital letter shall for purpose of dissertation have constructive pre-eminence: by what sortilege, or by what oracle sounding from what tripod, boots it not to tell.

That the capital letter is being dropped from stations where it has been thought essential for the expression of dignity attaching to theme, and for the formal dignity of the written or printed page, need not be argued. That the tendency of the present time is quite rapidly and extensively toward its disuse, needs but few illustrations.

When such words as "galvanism" and "galenic" are written without capitals; when "douglassi" as the name of a species following the name of genus, though derived from a proper noun, has its initial letter lower-case; there is something in the wind, and it is blowing a pretty gale. The anemometer must register high when a standard, up-to-date journal prints a book-title thus: "A century of preparation for world-angelism."

This same wind has blown away many hyphens, and carried the italics out of such words as "mot", "amende honorable", "esprit de corps", "penchant", etc. It has spirited away many such words as "badinage", "debris", "verve", "hau-teur", and deposited in their place respectively, "chaffing", "wreckage", "snap", and "pride."

For centuries the marking of written language was rudely done. Finally the

enlargement of a first letter to a capital marked the beginning of a sentence, and relative rank and dignity were indicated by capitals.

Two conditions would seem to precede and accompany the creation and continuance of capitals: a good degree of reverence, and ample time for the majority of writers to distinguish and accent degrees of reverence. From the spirit of ancient Hebrew Rabbins, who saw in every large letter of their sacred text, unmoved by any consideration that it might have been enlarged by accident and inadvertence of transcriber, a mystic and recondite meaning, is a decided change to the spirit of the modern printer, who is quite prone to cry vociferously "down" when discussion of capitalization is on.

From the days of those who could frame their philosophy and theology and shape their heaven and hell upon such graphic minutiae, and quarrel for a letter more or less in some hard word, which, spelled in either way, not their most learned scribe could understand—to these roaring times of criticism—is appreciable advance; but not always of discernible reverence for aught of earth or heaven or hell.

Language is unquestionably exponent and measure of mind, heart and habit of peoples. Letters "show the very age and body of a time, his form and pressure." All learning was once cultivated and conserved by gray-haired monks, who in cloister sharpened the blunted weapons of logic, transcribed the rec-

ords of old battles, read from the muster-roll of ages, then counted their beads, muttered their prayers, and died.

In that age was expended upon some illuminated missal the patient care that should prove to observant Heaven the fidelity of a consecrated soul. Not without pecuniary recompense sometimes; for professional copyists received more for their beautiful manuscripts of Aristotle and Plutarch than came to authors for centuries under the printing-press.

Such was the pressure of that bygone age. The pressure of this present is to the exigencies of a speed exemplified by typewriter and linotype. The representative of one age is cloistered monk. The representative of the other age is alert multimillionaire, with adjunctives of ready manipulators of typewriter, skillful stenographers, and swift operators of telegraph.

This urgency animates our time and people in much that is done; and impels us "with fountain pen and typewriter by window of Pullman" to write the great instructors of mankind, such as Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, and Reade, as slow; while we read, ephemerally, the books that have been written and published over-night.

Some one asserts that we are in danger of forgetting how to spell, and begs for the restraining and demulcent influence of the quill pen. No wonder, with newspapers so abominably printed! But let us be charitable to those who set the pace. The great and admirable journal, the "Blanket News", must be so hurried in all its processes, in order to publish all baseball reports, divorce-court proceedings, glowing accounts of our national glory, our protestations of friendship for weaker nations: such haste is necessary that there may be prepared a proper Sunday supplement—save the mark!—that we may not ask regard for the eyesight of the coming generation, nor for taste and accuracy in minor details. The disposition to simplify is commendable. This movement is apparent even in an evolution of accent, as "*revenue*",—not "*revenue*"; "*formidable*"—not "*formidable*."

The spirit of the time and the present stage of evolution decree that "president", "congressman", or "bishop", shall often lack capitals. The Chicago Society of Proofreaders announces that we should write "President McKinley", but "president of the Smithtown Bank." We are to write "Cook County", but "county of Cook"; "Lyons Township", but "township of Lyons."

There are some customs that appear anomalous, and the "rule canonical" would seem to be the rule of fast and loose. Sometimes the difficulty may be almost enough to justify a writer in passing it to the printer for decision as the supreme passing of the capital.

In the Bible, where especially there is inculcation of reverence, pronouns and adjectives referring to Deity are not capitalized—contrary to general usage. Here, too, the word scripture is not capitalized, while elsewhere it is usually so written. In the English sentence of address, the person spoken to is put first—"you and I"—the person speaking being second in order; yet the pronoun "I" is capital letter, while "you" is small letter.

Is this reversal and denial of the respect expressed by the chosen order of the pronominal words? Does this justify against us the charge of arrogance made by M. Zola? Is this the acme of reprehensible self-consciousness? Do we occupy racially the proud attitude of the man who held that the First Meridian passed generally, not through Greenwich, but through his own skull, and always through his own study? Perhaps, however, this expression of the ego is but exponent and reflex of our own nearness to the great I AM. Perhaps we are most truly the Sons of God. M. Demolins, a Frenchman, has written a notable book to demonstrate Anglo-Saxon superiority. Assuredly, he may adduce our language in support of his position. A Frenchman, referring to himself, writes his "je" with small j. A German, though he may give capitals to all his substantives, uses small i in "ich." A Spaniard uses small y in "yo", while the

word by which he addresses another begins with a capital.

Is our custom, then, one of extreme egotism; or is it the sign of inevitable, ineradicable and praiseworthy self-respect? It has been said: "Magna Charta could never have been forced from kings or aristocrats by people who swallowed their 'ego', hissed their 'ich', or coughed or hiccoughed with their 'ik.'" Men sufficient for great historic deeds were they, who rolled forth a manly "I"; men who represented ideals, and spoke individuality with absolute vowelization. In the name of liberty and development, the name of the personal life is pure tone; "you" and "we" are slightly modified with sound of consonant.

The French elide frequently the vowel-half of the words for "you" and "me." The French are versatile, but too certainly they are also volatile. With the Anglo-Saxon, such elision is impossible from the form of speech. With French and Spanish alike for centuries there have existed "weaknesses which the cloak of external and verbal politeness does but the more powerfully expose." The German, clinging generally to the capital letter for substantives, evinces sturdiness that is strength, albeit sometimes it may be slowness.

Language is made with the course of time. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, at a somewhat advanced period of his life, that were he young he would head the cause of spelling-reform. Something, doubtless, he could have accomplished: something he could not, even with his life on earth amplified a few hundred years.

The French Academy proposed to Cardinal Richelieu that by his patronage they would "cleanse the language of the impurities it has contracted in the mouths of the common people, from the jargon of the lawyers, the misusages of ignorant courtiers, and the abuses of the pulpit." The Cardinal wished the French language to take the place of the Latin. In some measure the labors of such a society might serve to render a language pure and eloquent, but protest

against due innovation would but ossify and stratify. Conservation would exceed creation.

Learned men may gather by the stream of speech, and with other words of "learned length and thundering sound" stone a word beneath the surface; but they can not stop the undercurrent, and the submerged word may "bob up serenely" when they are gone.

The tendency to drop the capital letter is obvious. Will it eventually be eliminated?—No!

The swiftness of modern life may accomplish much. Mechanism and mechanical existence may make many demands; but reverence and regard, real or assumed, will still be expressed for something. If Christianity shall be written "down", Chaos will be written "up." Individuality may be lower-case, but then mammoth Trust will have its capital. We may conceive of a Susanna Wesley, in a letter describing the rescue of her children from a burning building, writing the word "Mercy" with a small letter; we may fancy Sir Thomas Browne without capitals: "In this Mass of Nature there is a set of things that carry in their Front (though not in Capital Letters, yet in Stenography and short characters), something of Divinity, which to wiser Reasons serve as Luminaries in the Abyss of Knowledge, and to judicious beliefs as Scales and Roundles to mount the Pinnacles and highest places of Divinity." But Podsnapery, be it American or be it British, "with watery smile and educated whisker", will require capitals to write, Very Rich, and to put into print Mr. Podsnap's sentence, when "with his favorite right arm flourish" he puts Europe, Asia, and Africa nowhere, and says: "No Other Country is so Favored as This Country."

Furthermore, whatever wholesome changes may be developed in the direction of simplicity of language, Fad and his Father will still be on the turf; they will parade with accoutrements plentifully bespangled with capitals, and the crowd will follow with the speed of a Gilpin.



## The Stove and the Funeral.

I WAS sixteen years old, and thought I could "keep school." A Yankee tin-peddler, whose wares did not gleam alluringly enough in frigid weather, had taught *our* last winter school as a change, and had made his callow subjects believe that they knew about ten times as much as they did. The peddler-schoolmaster said I myself could teach, next winter, almost as well as *he* could. "Try it, anyway", he said. And Janie Treadwell, the girl with whom I exchanged surreptitious rose-is-red-the-violet's-blue literature, said I could teach, if I tried good and hard. I taught.

The schoolhouse was seven miles from any place where a fellow could go, fifteen from my childhood's happy home, and sixteen from Janie Treadwell. It was as large as a barn, and dreary enough, for me, when children were not inhabiting it. There was ink enough stained on the various desks, if it could have been extracted, and rebottled, to write a President's message every year. Knife-blades had wandered all over them, and stabbed and stung them with boys' initials—three in every case, and sometimes six. On the wall hung the remains of various maps that looked as if there had been a series of earthquakes in every country that ventured to put in an appearance; and the two hemispheres looked as if the world had grown discouraged, and decided to come to an untimely end. Mottoes had been put up on one of the walls, by some ambitious predecessor of mine, which had at one time firmly stated that Perseverance was the price of Success, and that "I can't" had never accomplished anything—but these had made

themselves into alphabetical puzzles in losing about half of their words. Sixty-three "scholars", by dreary and persistent count, of various ages, from toddlers of five to a demure maiden lady of thirty, huddled wherever they could, and "scrapped" for the most comfortable desks in the environment.

I had always been unable to do any work, unless mixing it with sentiment. A farmer without sentiment is merely a hedger and ditcher; a lawyer, a hired liar; a soldier, a murderer; a banker or merchant, a robber; and a teacher, without sentiment, is merely a conveyor of compulsory statistics.

I thought over all the romantic things I could, concerning my new occupation, including statements about "these young budding minds", "these little untutored souls", "these future hopes of our country", etc., etc., etc., and assailed myself with them for as much of their worth as I could command.

I also used my imagination, to as full an extent as its limits would allow. Like many ambitious young fellows. I expected some day to go through college: and now fancied myself as the President of a University out there in the country—my Freshman class just learning its a-b-cs, and my Senior Class entangled in the intricacies of square root, and trying hard to get out. I tried to love every one of my pupils as much as was proper, and meanwhile kept an eye on the poker, hoped for the best, and prepared for the worst.

Everything settled down, in a few days, and order was produced fairly well from chaos, when one considered that the chaos was alive and squirming. Really, I began to feel that the cause

of education in the United States of America, was making vast strides, and I was told confidentially by one of the big girls, that she believed I was intended by the Almighty, as one of the very very best teachers which they ever so fur hed hed, in that deestrick. Janie Treadwell smiled half-approvingly, when I told her of it.

There are always, however, troubles, in every environment: and the sooner you make up your mind to meet them, the sooner you will settle into your natural vocation. Puddings do not grow upon forest trees, in any climate where life is worth the trouble to procure it: and the threshing of a few "husky" boys, and the harmonizing of the feminine instincts of a few wilful girls, are only initial ceremonies toward keeping a good school.

I had one enemy—always present in my schoolroom—always implacable—always grimly smiling at me—always threatening me.

This was a STOVE—a great, uncouth, rusty creature, of about the same shape as the schoolhouse, and occupying a considerable portion of it. I felt, the very first time I looked at it, that it was my natural foe. The huge billets of wood that we piled into it so as to maintain the normal heat of our still living though perishing bodies, were treated by this rude old house-furnace, with fervor or indifference, just as it happened to feel that day. Like some larger and more complicated heating apparatus, it was likely to sulk in cold weather, and grow wildly enthusiastic when the mercury was ambitious and aspiring. It was, in fact, a sort of cast-iron genius: you never knew what it was going to do with itself, or with you.

Among the eccentricities of this agent of thermometrical despair, had been that of burning loose a portion of its architecture, so that its rear end had one day dropped helplessly on the floor, and when replaced, remained there only under protest—though encouraged and incited by two or three short bars of iron brought from a black-

smith-shop, and "stood up" against it.

These bars were themselves unreliable, having caught the distemper from a swaying floor beneath. In fact, sometimes the whole symmetry of our scholastic proceedings would be rudely marred, by the falling-down of this unfortunate slice of hardware, accompanied with a nice little shower of coals.

The Chairman of my Board of Trustees, Squire Hawley, knew of this, after I had told him three or four times: but when it came to spending money, he was not a Progressive, and he strongly objected to repairing the stove, at that time. "It would cost seventyfive cents," he asserted, after having made an estimate, "and I guess we'll put it off till next winter." "But, I will pay half of it", I suggested. "You *can't*," said he: "there *ain't* any half to seventyfive cents."

This argument had no refutation that could be attached securely to it, and I decided to withdraw from the Committee on Repairs, to "keep school" with such material—animate and inanimate—as was considered proper for me to possess, add "Watch the Stove" to the mottoes on the walls, and go on with the University.

One day, a sad though interesting event took place in our little bailiwick: a man died. He was very old, and what Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller would consider poor: but he left money enough to bury him in a fairly decent manner, with a few of the regular funereal complications. There was no church within two or three miles, and the "late residence" of the deceased was too small even for the relatives that suddenly revised their family-tree-records when it was found that there was a little money lurking around to his credit.

So I was informed that it would be necessary for the public good, to have the funeral take place in my schoolhouse: and the University took a day's vacation. The function was of great interest to the whole surrounding vicinage, and the schoolhouse was densely populated—so much so that it was hard work to bring in the old gen-



tleman's remains. The maps had all been rolled up, with the countries they represented, so as not to draw the attention of the audience away from the next world, anent which a young man who intended to study for the ministry, discoursed with considerable relish. The mutilated mottoes had been removed from the walls, including the one "Watch the Stove." My old enemy had been divested of ashes for the occasion, and cleaned up as well as its previous habits would permit. The day was not very cold, and the old engine of calorics seemed disposed to do its best, according to custom whenever the mercury grew a little ambitious and aspiring. The iron monster had never been attended by a funeral before, and it seemed proud of the fact, and inclined to compete with the casket for the glory of the solemn occasion. The weak spot in its helmet had been unobtrusively braced up afresh, and the front of the stove had entirely forgotten its rear—not far from where the poor worn old body lay, with marks of grief and sadness upon its face—yet, I thought, with a little look of pleased surprise forcing its way through—as if some old friends had just been met once more. The body lay across a couple of desks, not far from the rear of the stove, and the minister stood still farther back, timidly mentioning his conjectures of what the Great Beyond might be like. I sat bravely by the prettiest girl in the school, ready to soothe her, in case she should be too much agitated by the impressiveness of the occasion. The only thing she said, however, was to inform me, in a soft whisper, that she hedn't hed so interestin' a time, sense her gran'mother died.

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees, however, was not permanently located in any part of the room: he was, so to speak, the Marshal of the Day, and his duties kept him in a state of almost constant activity. He ambled about the place as well as he could through the constituency, climbed over and crept around people, pulled down a curtain here, let up one there, raised a window and lowered it again, mal-

treated an old lady's corns and secured her pardon, and finally came and sat down mostly on a shrinking little boy's lap, at the other side from me of the pretty girl.

"Don't you think we're having a pretty good funeral?" he inquired of me, talking across the young lady.

"As funerals go," I admitted, "this seems to me a first-class article. But isn't it getting a little cold, here?"

"Yes, I think it is," he replied, hastily, rising, to the intense delight of the small boy: "I'll just put a stick of wood in the stove."

He had forgotten our conversation of a few days since. He opened the stove door, raised a large billet of wood, and poised it for accurate propulsion. The prettiest girl was about to exclaim out and warn him against too much precipitation in the matter: but I soothed her. The little boy's face lighted up, as if there was going to be some fun, to variegate the solemnity.

For my own part in the lurid transaction, I remained silent: although I probably should have said,

"My dear sir, it behooves me to say, that if you insist upon hurling that huge catapult of timber into the depths of the flaming vortex before you, there'll probably be something doing at the other end of the stove."

I did not feel at liberty to interrupt the young incipient minister, who was just then listing the virtues of certain martyrs who had been incinerated at one time and another. Besides—it wasn't my funeral.

So, in sped the stick of wood; out jumped the rear-end of the stove; the aged creature seemed to realize that it now had an opportunity to become the star-actor of the occasion, and it exuded coals and flaming cinders all over the obsequies.

The bearers did their duty with unprecedented promptness and celerity; or there would have been a cremation instead of a burial. Our mortuary congregation adjourned to the open, leaving the consideration of the Early Christian Martyrs for another date.

The next day, the stove was repaired:

public sentiment having been aroused on the subject. To be sure, a man had to die in order to have the improvement consummated: but that is often the case in communities, when progress and improvements are desirable. Only, in this case, the wrong man died.

"It was an exceedingly singular circumstance," said Janie Treadwell, when I talked it over with her afterward, "and one that should impress upon us the instability of all human appearances."

"It was the five-minutes of my life", giggled the prettiest girl in the school, next day. "Kids a yellin' an' hustlin' between the old women's feet, an' climbin' their fathers an' mothers; bearers scramblin' tords the door, one of 'em hollerin' 'Make way fur the dead!' little preacher tryin' to crawl out of the winder; Squire Hawley runnin' all over everything except the ceilin'; teacher with his arm aroun' me, protectin' me when I didn't require it; an' the old stove a-standin' there grinnin' through it all. I don't want anybody to die—but ef there is another funeral in the school-house, I shall be there, now I tell ye!"

### The Lady and the Parrot.

**A** LADY who is very much interested in zoology, ornithology, etc., was relating some time ago to an attache of EVERY WHERE an incident that annoyed and displeased her very much. Still she laughs at it, as a striking illustration of the intelligence either of birds or of the human beings who train them.

She happened to step into a room, at the further end of which hung a cage containing a parrot. She went to the bird deferentially and affectionately, and enunciated the words "Pretty Polly."

The parrot did not reply, but gave her a stony stare. She next said, "Does Polly want a cracker?" The little winged beast paid no more attention to her than if provisions of this kind were fully out of her line of knowledge and observation.

Several other pleasant little things were said to the bird by the lady, which elicited no more reply than if she had been talking to a creature of the kind that had been killed, stuffed, and put on exhibition. Still, there was an acute glance of her new acquaintance's eye, that showed intelligence, and a restless motion of the head, as if Polly understood what was said to her.

But finally the lady became tired of conducting only one part of a conversation, and left the room.

Just before leaving, she turned to take another look at her late companion, wondering what the parrot was doing then.

The bird spoke for the first time: enunciating the word, "Rubber?"

### Thoughts at a Funeral.

**M**Y memory holds one thing intact,  
That he, who lies so low,  
Did me a generous, kindly act  
In the long years ago.

Since then, the teachings of the brain  
Or feelings of the heart,  
Have held for each a different reign,  
And kept our paths apart.

But now amid death's awful night,  
With tapers burning dim,  
I hold my screen to catch the light,  
And not the shades, from him.

—David Barker.



## Editorial Comment.

### THE BLACK CAP.

**T**HERE is more than the ordinary amount of newspaper-discussion, just now, concerning capital punishment. A wealthy young man in Richmond has been killed by law for murdering his wife, and a talented and handsome young clergyman is under sentence of death for poisoning his sweetheart—each case producing a profound impression upon the whole country.

These cases—both of them concerning very depraved and subtly-malicious creatures, are no doubt the cause of this present increased-discussion: but there was always a steady and persistent effort on the part of certain humanitarians, to have legislatures discontinue capital punishment.

One very prominent instance of this, was the late General Newton M. Curtis, an ex-congressman, and a brave and efficient soldier during our civil war. His book, "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville", is one of the standard works in the history of the great American temper of blood and death.

Gen. Curtis was, to us who knew him personally, one of the sweetest, strongest and most genial of men. He was as tall as was Lincoln, and a great deal handsomer. He was a forcible and fluent orator, and he employed many of his later days in opposing capital punishment.

His record shows that he was not opposed to the shooting down of those in the ranks of the enemy during the war, and executing them in that way for their error: they were shedding man's blood, and by man their blood had, of course, to be shed. They were law-

abiding citizens when at home, but outlaws when in "the enemy's" ranks.

But when it came to killing a man because, with malice afore-thought, he had murdered a fellow-man, in time of peace, when there was no partisan-sentiment for doing so—then General Curtis did not want him executed, and he spent much time and money in combating the custom. Dr. Webster, who killed, dissected, and concealed his victim Parkman, he would have aided to escape the gallows. Captain Kidd, who murdered almost hundreds of people on the high-seas, after the preliminary ceremony of robbing them, he would have confined in one of our prisons, at the public expense. The Bender family would have survived, and been given opportunity—not enjoyed by some of their victims—to gain, by good conduct on earth, an immortal crown in Heaven. The unspeakable La Porte Indiana widow, who for a number of years kept a private cemetery in her back-yard for men whom she had robbed, if she had not been cremated by an enraged assistant, should have merely gone to the state-prison, there to teach the other women how to be good.—And so on.

There are two legitimate purposes of capital punishment.

One is, to prevent the murderer from killing more people—from despatching prison-keepers, from escaping, from getting pardoned, or otherwise released, and then going on with their slaughter. One convict at Ossining had a record of poisoning three wives, at different times he was out of prison.

The other purpose, is to frighten would-be murderers from their deadly deeds. People are not so afraid of imprisonment, with its chances of es-

cape, as of the gallows, or of the death-chair.

Upon this last consideration alone, if none other existed, capital punishment ought not to be abolished.

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STILL SOME HOPE FOR THE HONEST.

**A** RECENTLY enacted law makes it a crime for any one, in New York State, to keep weapons in his home.

If a burglar, a tramp, a bad beggar, a disrespectful treater of women, or some other unwelcome personage comes into the house, there is no way of getting rid of him, except overcoming him with fists, furniture, or bric-a-brac—until some one can sneak out of door or window and find an officer or send a tardily-answered telephone-call to the nearest police-station.

The intruder may be armed from head to foot: but that, so far as he is concerned, is a part of the business. Provided he can get the goods and shun the evils, long enough to escape capture, it is none of *his* funeral.

Fortunately, it was not stipulated, in the thoughtful, discreet, and luminous law, that the householder, if he contemplated attacking the trespasser on his property, should first put on boxing-gloves: and sometimes, a home-defender has been able to offer the intruder quite a nice little battle before he is overcome.

The law does not, either, forbid the possession in the house, of silver pencil-cases. This fact enabled Mr. Maxwell, a resident of New York City, to capture a burglar, and prevent the transportation of sundry valuables which the thief had bundled up for removal to his own haunts.

The fellow thought that this penholder, as it gleamed in the gas-light, was a revolver, and retreated precipitately toward a window, whence he fell two stories with a deplorable thud, and

remained under guard of the wielder of the silver utensil until a policeman arrived. His companion escaped—the penholder having only one barrel.

Whether the householder will be arrested for deceiving the robber, may be a question, in some minds: but most people will not believe it—or that much of anything will happen in consequence of the curious law, except that it will finally settle down into the dead-letter family.

The originator of the enactment probably meant well: but he left out the necessary and reasonable proviso, that a distinction be made between the character of those who possess the weapons—as to whether they are law-abiding or non-law-abiding characters, and whether the offending articles are, evidently, kept for the purpose of defense or depredation.

The same distinction ought to be made, as to carrying concealed weapons upon the street—by night or day.

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THE BOONES AND THE JEFFERSONS.

**A** GREAT deal is expected from well-descended people. For instance, who does not look for extraordinary things from the more-or-less great-grandchildren of Thomas Jefferson? And who would not be proud to say that he or she was a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, the famous American hunter—and try to live up to it?

Especially would it be the case, if a Boone married a Jefferson, and a Jefferson a Boone, both at the same impressive function, that neighbors should envy them the double distinction, and expect them to shine all over the adjacent territory.

But a couple out West who are thus distinguished, have been setting a bad example, and disappointing their neighbors very much. They have not only been disagreeing, but quarreling; and their murmurings against each other

have not ceased, until they reached the divorce-court, and afterward.

The milk and the meat of the huge cocoanuts of reproach that they have been flinging back and forth, seem to have been the comparison of their ancestors, and of each other. The woman in the case is said to have frequently informed her husband that he was a "stiff old Virginia guy", and he to have returned her compliment, by informing her that she looked like a "blowsy old washerwoman", the best she could do.

They seem, then, to have worked gradually back into history, until they pitted several of their ancestors against each other. When they finally reached the distinguished Daniel and Thomas, the struggle is said to have grown exasperatingly hot. Jeffersonian simplicity was attacked with great enthusiasm, and Daniel Boone's crudeness was set forth as above described, and in other ways too numerous not to mention in a stand-up legal fight.

Hence springs a bit of advice to those about to marry: try to live in the present rather than in the past. Remember that whatever your ancestors did is no credit to you: and what they did not do or did wrongly, is no real disgrace.

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#### THE MILLIONAIRE HIMSELF AMUSES.

**N**EWs comes flashing over the broad-  
acred land and through the deep blue sea that Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt has tried his luck at gaming in Monte Carlo, and lost around \$250 or \$300. There is where you sit down at a long table (of which there are many in the room), and put your money on a certain number, and then if that is the lucky one (as proved by the manipulation of certain ivory balls by the "croupier", or master of the table), you (perhaps) get as much more thrown out to you as you laid down, or, more likely, observe with sorrow that your original investment

has vanished forevermore from sight—pulled in by a long rake-like contrivance held by the above-mentioned croupier.

Well, Mr. Vanderbilt sat down at one of these tables, and more-or-less gingerly ventured a hundred francs (which means about twenty dollars) upon a certain number, and in twenty seconds, his twenty dollars were invisible. Twenty more went out of sight in the same expeditious way—and twenty more, and twenty more.

This amused Mr. Vanderbilt very much indeed, in that it was a sort of change in his financially fortunate life. He was lucky enough to be born, not in the purple, but in the yellow, with a cradle awaiting him upholstered with high-denomination, highly-colored bills. Streams of money without ceasing had flown past him constantly, and he had little to do except reach out his hand, and catch what he wanted of them. To see a mustached Frenchman hauling his investments away from him so regularly and invariably, seemed to him as something like a joke.

A lady who sat in the next chair, also trying her luck, pitied Mr. Vanderbilt very much, at each successive loss. She did not know who he was, and considered him as an ordinary mortal, possessed of the regulation amount of means, or less. She kept saying under her breath, "That's too bad!"—and these little feminine exclamations of feminine pity also amused Mr. Vanderbilt. He knew that she did not know that a twenty-dollar gold-piece was less to him than one cent is to most people.

Finally, after having lavished all the money he had with him, upon the sordid little duke who mis-governs the little gambling municipality, the incipient railroad-magnate left, after noticing once more, with an increased amount of amusement, the cumulative sympathy if the lady who had sat next him, and who perhaps thought he would be found next morning self-hung to one of the trees in

the spacious groves near by, as many ruined gamblers have been.

"This teaches us", as the fables and allegories say, that nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the world do not know how much the other thousandth whom they casually meet, are worth, in lands, stocks, bonds, and coin; also that there are a number of kinds of amusements.

We would suggest to Mr. Vanderbilt, still another kind—although we hope he has already tried it: and that is, the taking now and then of \$250 or \$300 into poverty-stricken districts, and risking them among the freezing, the starving, and the disease-maimed-and-tortured.

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#### "WE DEMOCRATS."

**W**HILE EVERY WHERE is not a political journal, and while it ministers to members of all parties, creeds and conditions, it cannot help enjoying any good smart slap that one side gives to another. The following is a good square one, from the *New York World*, upon the cheek of Mr. W. R. Hearst, who has hovered all around the Democratic party during the past few years, only occasionally stepping in: and is just now, apparently inclined, for some reason, to step in and stay awhile. The *World* says:

"'We Democrats,' said William R. Hearst in his Jackson Day speech at Washington—'are celebrating,' etc.

"What an inspiration the presence of We Democrats must have been to every guest at the dinner!

"In 1902 We Democrats was elected to Congress on the Tammany ticket from a New York City district.

"In 1904 We Democrats was an

unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination for President and sulked throughout the Parker campaign.

"In 1905 We Democrats ran for Mayor of New York City on a municipal-ownership ticket against George B. McClellan, the regular candidate.

"In 1906 We Democrats nominated himself for Governor on an Independence League ticket and then through a deal with Murphy obtained a Democratic indorsement after Grady had 'done the dirtiest day's work of my life.'

"In 1907 We Democrats nominated a Fusion county ticket in partnership with the Republican bosses.

"In 1908 We Democrats put an Independence League ticket in the field against Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for President.

"In 1909 We Democrats ran for Mayor on an independent ticket in the hope of defeating Judge Gaynor, the Democratic candidate for that office.

"In 1910 We Democrats ran for Lieutenant-Governor on an Independence League ticket nominated to help elect Roosevelt's candidate.

"In 1911 We Democrats again joined with the Republican bosses in naming a county ticket.

"In 1912 We Democrats, once more a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, attends a Jackson Day dinner to assist William J. Bryan, Woodrow Wilson, Alton B. Parker, Champ Clark, Joseph W. Folk and various other Democrats in celebrating, etc.

"Times change and We Democrats changes with them. But one thing remains fixed and immutable, which is, that if William Randolph Hearst is a Democrat everybody—except the Democratic party—is Democratic."





## The Perfection of God: a Five-Minute Sermon.

BY REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE, D. D.

**"B**E ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect!" said Jesus to His disciples.

What did He mean by saying this to those poor fellows? How could they be like the great and glorious God?

Now let us see if we can understand what Jesus meant! If we examine the context we shall find that he was telling them that the Father in heaven caused His sun to shine on the evil, and the good, and made His rain to fall on the just and the unjust alike. That is, according to Jesus, the perfection of God consists in the fact that He keeps no small accounts with His creatures; but treats all alike. His perfection consists in the fact that He still hopes for, loves, and cherishes mankind, undaunted by their stubbornness, unvexed nor grieved by their heartlessness and infidelity. The perfection of God, according to Jesus, consists in His communicating life to the smallest things, in His doing the most ungracious tasks for the most ungracious people, in His drudging at enterprises that men think too unclean for their dainty fingers. When Jesus knew that he came from God and went to God, and that the Father had delivered all things into his hands, he rose from the table and girded himself with a towel as a servant and washed the disciples' feet. This was something that they felt too good to do for one another for it was too humbling a task; but

Jesus, though their Lord and Master, did it for them, and therefore he could say, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father!" "I am among you as one that serveth", he said. "God is the great servant of all, Who serves all, loves and cares for all, and so, he that hath seen me hath seen my Father also." This was his ideal for all his disciples. "So live", he taught, "that when men see you they may, in you, see your Father in heaven!" That Father who makes his sun to shine on the evil and the good and sends rain on the just and the unjust alike.

The perfection of Jesus was like the perfection of the heavenly Father he taught them to imitate. Jesus Christ was far from perfection according to human standards. Socially he was not great. He was despised as the friend of publicans and sinners. He was a great affliction to the "saints" of his time and shocked them terribly. He was a kind of a radical, a "come-outer". He associated with publicans and sinners and what was worst of all "ate" with them! He met a bad woman on the street; he did not pick up the skirts of his garments lest they be contaminated by contact with her; but he talked with her in real human fashion, and, respecting her, made her respect herself. He woke the better woman there was in her. So far as mere intellect is concerned, Socrates was greater than Jesus. Plato was beyond him in all the levels of the human mind, and Aristotle was a giant in things of mere abstract thought. Where, then, is the perfection of Jesus Christ, and how is

he like God so as to reveal God to men? The perfection of Jesus Christ lies in the fact that he was so great that he could talk with the woman and not despise her; that he could associate with the very lowest of mankind as one of them without any word of scorn ever dropping from his lips, and that he had a heart of compassion for every form of human guilt and misery. He associated with the obscure, the weak, the overborne, and the crushed, and bore their sorrows and carried their griefs.

This, then, is to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect, when we, like Jesus Christ, can believe in the good in men who have lost all belief in themselves, and have hope for those who have lost all hope for themselves. When we, like God's sun and God's rain, are willing to help the evil and the ungrateful; when we have that charity that suffereth long and is kind; which beareth all things, endureth all things, and hopeth all things.

Some years ago in the City of New York a faithful missionary was seeking a man who had been in the mission but who had fallen back into a life of vice and crime. One night, cold, dark and cheerless, he met him on the street. "O Jerry, I have been looking for you! thank God I have found you at last!" he exclaimed. "Don't look for me," said Jerry. "I ain't a-going to be a hypocrite any more! I'm never a-going inside your mission again!" "Where are you going, Jerry?" asked the missionary.

"I'm a-going to steal, if you want to know! It's steal or beg for me. That's the only way I have of getting a living!"

"Wait a moment, Jerry!" said the missionary. Right opposite was a pawnbroker's shop. Jerry looked on in amazement as the missionary rushed into the pawnbroker's, and, pawning his overcoat for three dollars, rushed up to Jerry and crushing the money into his hands said: "Here, Jerry, take this money and begin to be an honest man", and then vanished in the darkness. Jerry used to tell the story in after years and say:

"That three dollars was hot in my

hand! It was hot with the love of God. And those words, 'Take this money and begin to be an honest man', they burned in my soul!" Then Jerry had a vision of the Father—the God and Father of Jesus Christ—and from that moment it was his one desire to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect, and to show the Father to others as the poor missionary had shown him. This is to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect.

### If Many Churches Would Advertise Honestly.

BY REV. ALVA J. BRASTED.

**W**ANTED: A pastor who will preach two times every Sunday during the year, preferably without vacation.

Wanted: A pastor whose every sermon will be practical, interesting, instructive, inspiring, without repetition.

Wanted: A pastor who is just as enthusiastic and inspirational when preaching to empty seats as he is when preaching to a vast audience.

Wanted: A pastor whose sermon will please everybody and hurt no one's feelings, especially those of the contributing members.

Wanted: A pastor who has a pleasing voice and manner and who uses the best language and who has all the arts of the ward politician and practices them without the people knowing it.

Wanted: A pastor who preaches every Sunday just as well as he preaches on special occasions when special preparation is required.

Wanted: A pastor who will teach a Sunday School class and build up the Sunday School.

Wanted: A pastor who is always ready and willing to give special talks whenever called upon and when not called upon, provided such talks will help to increase the congregation and swell the sum in the contribution-baskets.

Wanted: A pastor who can do janitor work, who can ring the bell, sweep



the floors, gather up the books, and help the ladies set up tables and do odd jobs when they are having socials for the purpose of raising the salary.

Wanted: A pastor who can raise money for anything for the good of the church without hurting any body's feelings so that he or she will not give more.

Wanted: A pastor who is able to lead the singing and who can make noise enough to take the place of the choir when the choir is conspicuous by its absence.

Wanted: A pastor who is a "good mixer", and who will mix with all classes, and make friends, and thus cause more people to come to church and help swell the amount in the contribution-baskets.

Wanted: A pastor who will call on all the parishioners very often, and jolly them up by telling them jokes and how good they are, whether they are good or not.

Wanted: A pastor who will call not only on the members of the church, but everybody else in the community who might possibly come to church and make a contribution.

Wanted: A pastor who will reach and win to the church a large number of outsiders and young people without using methods to which any one is opposed.

Wanted: A pastor who will call on the sick and who will never fail to know whether a parishioner is sick or trying to be ill.

Wanted: A pastor who is married, and whose wife will entertain and call upon the people, and sing and attend all services, and take part in the prayer-meeting and young people's meeting, and who will serve on all committees to which she is appointed, and be President of the Aid, and teach in the Sunday School, and sing in the choir, and attend the W. C. T. U. and Mission Circle, and be ready at all times to receive callers, and who will dress well, and always appear well, and be willing to be gossiped about and found fault with, without resenting it. Wanted, a pas-

tor's wife who will do all these things and countless more, without expecting any salary or pay.

Wanted: A pastor who will set such an example and so preach and conduct himself that no one can criticise him adversely.

Wanted: A pastor who will dress well, and keep up with the times by taking up-to-date magazines and papers, and who will buy books and travel, and will lead the church in giving, and who will furnish his house well and pay rent for it, and who has spent at least four years in College and three in a Theological school, and who has paid no less than three thousand dollars for his education, and who will demand not more than seven hundred or one thousand dollars a year and less if possible, and who will wait patiently, provided the good, God-fearing and God-loving brethren are loath to pay up promptly, and who will get out and hustle for his own salary when other people don't want to do it.

Wanted: A whole lot for nothing.

### An Idea Free to Pastors.

SEVERAL hundreds of ladies sat in the church one Sabbath evening, with their hats all on, and several people behind them vainly trying to see over their shoulders. Rev. Franklin W. Irvin, the pastor, was equal to the exigency.

"The study of ladies' hats", he said, has always been a very interesting one to me. The willow plume, the French plume, the aigrette, the bird of Paradise, the clusters of flowers and ribbons, are all very attractive and becoming; and they all show good taste. They"—

But while he was saying these appreciative words, the ladies were busy taking off their highest-up adornments; and by the time he had gone thus far, the hat of every lady was off, and the exercises were ready to proceed.

"Did you ever do that before?" he was asked.

"No," he replied, "but I have no copyright or patent on it."



### The Gospel of Hot Water.

**W**E find this interesting information in the "Healthy Home":

"Nearly everyone knows that to plunge a burned hand into cold water gives immediate relief from pain. But not everyone knows that in cases of burns which cover a large portion of the body one of the accepted ways of successful treatment is to immerse the burned portion of the body in a continuous bath—that is in water warm enough to be comfortable without chilling the patient.

"The action of the continuous bath is manifold. It gives almost immediate and even complete relief from pain and can be considered as the most excellent anodyne. Even if it offered no other advantages, it would be of great value on account of this soothing effect, when the pains are most excruciating.

"Another advantage of the warm water treatment is that the water penetrates the burnt tissues, in consequence of which they remain moist and soft. Without the immersion the cuticle which has been destroyed in its whole depth would harden and form an impenetrable cover over the underlying parts. Immersed in water, tissues which have become gangrenous can not dry up, but remain moist. They detach themselves easily and are washed away after having become detached. Thus the wound is constantly kept clean.

"There is no accumulation of pus, no crusts of dessicated wound secretion and, which is most essential, no dressing is required. The patient has not to suffer the often painful procedure of

change of dressing. Langenbeck, who in the year 1850 introduced continuous immersion as a method of treating surgical wounds, characterized it as the mildest method, not requiring dressings, securing clean wounds in a way which could not be surpassed by any other method.

"The most essential advantages of the continuous bath in case of burns are those which we understand from its physiological action on circulation and innervation in general. The principle in using the continuous warm bath is to eliminate the products of inflammation and infection.

"It is almost a universal custom in the navy and among naval officers, on rising in the morning, to begin the day with a cup of hot coffee. Even to this day Admiral Dewey on rising, and he rises early, makes for himself a little hot drink, not necessarily for the stimulating effect of the coffee or the tea, but because experience has shown that a little hot drink in the morning is good for the stomach, good for the digestion. People are finding out that this hot drink need not be tea or coffee or some alcoholic stimulant, but that all the advantages of the plan may be derived from plain hot water.

"The average person of temperate habits usually fails to take enough liquid anyway. This same average person is often troubled with more or less indigestion. Many an occupation is sedentary, and the stomach and bowels never get a decent shaking up with exercise from one week's end to the other.

"Is the remedy a dose of physic?

"A dose of physic will frequently

make such people feel better, but a better way is to drink hot water. The advantage of the hot water is, when taken a half-hour before meals, that it draws the blood to the stomach and stirs it to activity. It also affords needed liquid for the stomach.

"With many people it seems to work like a charm. Remember that this is a remedy for a disordered condition. There is no sense in people who have neither constipation nor stomach trouble in 'sozzling' their stomachs with hot water. Water at the ordinary temperature is good enough for them. But hot water is good for the inactive and the dyspeptic. It is plain that the hot water will often cleanse where the cold water will not."

### The Old "Sextant" Poem.

**E**VER since we can remember, the following rough, substantial old nugget has been running through the various quartz-mills of the press—always coming out whole, with the gold in it as visible as ever. We consider it as one of the best sermons that has ever appeared in our pages. We do not know the author's name, but wish we did.

O sextant of the meetinouse, wich  
sweeps  
And dusts, or is supposed too! and  
makes fiers,  
Ann lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves  
a screw loose,  
In wich case it smels orful,—worse than  
lampile;  
And wrings the Bel and toles it when  
men dyes  
To the grief of survivin pardners, and  
sweeps pathes,  
And for the servases gits \$100 per  
annum,  
Wich them that thinks deer, let em try  
it;  
Getin up, befoar starlite in all wethers  
and  
Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold

As zero, and like as not grean wood  
for kindlers;

I wouldn't be hired to do it for no  
some—

But o Sextant! there are 1 kermodity  
Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost  
nothin,

Worth more than anything exsep the  
Sole of Mann!

I mean pewer Are sextant, I mean  
pewer Are!

O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it  
doant no

What on airth to dew with itself, but  
flys about

Scaterin leavs and bloin of men's hatts;  
In short, its jest "fre as are" out dores.  
But o sextant, in our church its scarce  
as piety

Scapes as bank bills wen agints beg for  
mischuns,

Wich some say is purty often (taint  
nothin to

Me, Wat I give aint nothin to nobody)  
but o sextant,

U shet 500 men, wimmen and children,  
Speshally the latter, up in a tite place  
Some has bad breths, none aint 2 swete,  
Some is fevery, some is scrofilus, some  
has bad teath,

And some haint none, and some aint  
over cleen;

But every 1 on em breethes in & out  
and out and in,

Say 50 times a minit, or 1 million and a  
half breths an our.

Now how long will a church ful of are  
last at that rate,

I ask you, say 15 minits, and then wats  
to be did?

Why then they must brethe it all over  
again

And then agin, and so on, till each has  
took it

At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and  
wats more,

The same indivisible dont have the priv-  
elidge

Of brethen his own are, and no ones  
elss;

Each one mus take watever comes to  
him.

O sextant, doant you no our lungs is  
bellusses

To blo the fier of life, and keep it from  
Going out; and how can bellusses blo  
without wind,  
And aint wind are? i put it to your con-  
schens.

Are is the same to us as milk to babies,  
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to  
clox—

Or roots & airbs unto an injun Doctor,  
Or little pills unto an omepath  
Or boys to girls. Are is for us to brethe.  
Wat signifies who preeches if i cant  
brethe?

Wats Pol? Wats Pollus? to sinners  
who are ded?

Ded for want of breth? why sextant,  
when we dye

Its only coz we cant brethe no more—  
that's all.

And now, o sextant, let me beg of you  
z let a little are into our church.

(Pewer are is sertin proper for the  
pews)

And do it weak days and Sundays tew—  
It aint much trouble—only make a hole  
And the are wil cum in of itself;  
(It luvs to come in where it can get  
warm;)

And o how it will rouze the people up  
And sperrit up the preecher, and stop  
garps,

And yarns and figgits as effectooal  
As wind on the Dry Boans the Proffit  
tells of.

### And of Course He Died Young.

**I**T is well for anyone to have enough  
enterprises on hand to keep him hap-  
pily and usefully employed: but not  
enough to swamp his life and wreck his  
vitality.

One man was president of the follow-  
ing corporations—all, of course, requir-  
ing more or less attention, and involv-  
ing a certain amount of vitality:

Long Island Railroad Company, At-  
lantic Avenue Elevated Railroad Com-  
pany, Brooklyn and Coney Island Tel-

egraph Company, Huntington Railroad  
Company, Inter-State Terminal Con-  
struction Company, Metropolitan Ferry  
Company, Montauk Water Company,  
Montauk Steamboat Company, New  
York and Rockaway Beach Railway  
Company, Ocean Railway Electric Com-  
pany, Prospect Park and Coney Island  
Railroad Company, New York and  
Long Island Terminal Railway Com-  
pany, Northern Traction Company, and  
West Jamaica Land Company.

He was twice president of the Mon-  
tauk Company, and a director of the  
New York Connecting Railroad, New  
York City Railway Company, Pennsylv-  
ania, New York and Long Island Rail-  
road Company, Equitable Life Assur-  
ance Society, Equitable Trust Com-  
pany, Corn Exchange Bank, American  
Surety Company, Metropolitan Secur-  
ities Company, Union Exchange Na-  
tional Bank, and Nassau Union Bank.

Query: Was he not, to the compa-  
nies for which he toiled so constantly  
and so arduously, as truly a slave as the  
veriest laborer upon the street?

Query: How much time or strength  
had he for the real objects of life, while  
turning the wheels of all those money-  
making mills?

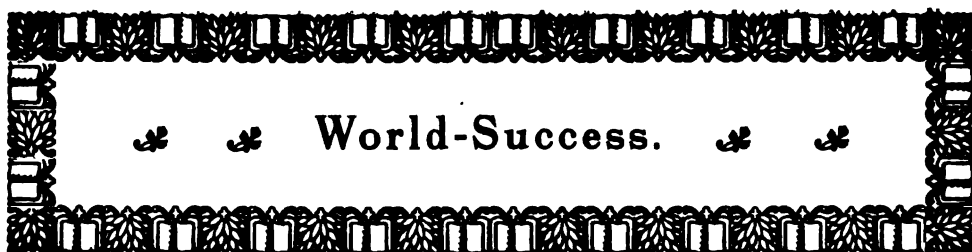
Query: What good did the large  
salaries he received, do him?

Query: Is it any wonder that he  
died when not quite fortytwo years  
old?

### The Druggists, The Board, and the Prescriptions.

**O**UT of one hundred and thirtynine  
decoy prescriptions sent out by the  
State Board of Pharmacy to the Chi-  
cago druggists to be filled, twentythree  
contained no trace of the drug called  
for, sixtysix were eighty per cent. im-  
pure, ten, twenty per cent. impure, and  
only thirtyone were pure.





## World-Success.

### Failure and Success.

#### I.

**T**O be a complete failure on the earth, is to exist as a terrible mistake of nature—a flaw in the economy of this world—a something inferior even to many of the “lower animals.” Indeed, the majority of these initial zoological experiments are successes in every thing for which they were intended—and most of the failures among beasts have been caused by man.

Few people are utter and entire specimens of collapse; but the existence of every one is thorny and muddy with petty failures. There is not a day of any life in which some of these do not occur. Every mistake is a failure—every false step of the tongue is a failure—every unintended glance of the eye is a failure—and all of these are important—some of them possibly matters of life and death.

We have been trained to realize that dollars grow from cents and half-cents; that years and thousands of years are composed of half-hours and half-minutes; but we have scarcely yet learned the momentous truth, that great failures are made out of little ones. The man who slips twenty times a day, has as good as fallen outright once or oftener; if he have made a hundred mistakes of the tongue, he may have accumulated enough blunders to be set down as an ass.

We reach out the hand and try to grasp a certain object; the mind is maybe touring somewhere, the fingers stumble, and we make three or five awkward motions where only one suitable effort was necessary, feeling meanwhile an irritation of the nerves that

tires and weakens. We undertake with the fingers of thought to grasp a word, an image, an idea; it escapes us, or yields only after a series of tumblings up and down caused by uncouth clutchings of the brain. We have tried to picture a fact to some friend; we feel that it was not more than half accomplished, and if he understands it the credit must be given to his intuition rather than our own ability. All these mistakes—these failures—produce an influence within us as well as without us—do their best to make us less agile—less strong—less formidable—than we would otherwise have been. A failure is a benumbing blow to the nature that commits and suffers it.

No person ever makes one, but, so far as his direct power is concerned, it weakens him, at least for a time, against future efforts in the same direction. The marksman who mistakes the aim, must give his nerve two extra twists before he ventures another shot, if he would have any chance of reaching the bull's eye. The wrestler who catches a fall has, in the succeeding bout, both the mind and soul of his rival to subdue. The orator who yields to platform-fright must have the bravery of Demosthenes or Disraeli, in order to try it again. The army defeated in one battle, is already half routed in the next. Failures are the parents of failures; and lamentably prolific.

If, then, we accumulate petty defeat upon defeat, some of which are ten times as important as they seem, and all at least miniature calamities, will not the aggregate go far toward making our lives perfectly weak and insignificant?

But although one of these uncanny

happenings renders it harder for us to succeed next time, it is not an unmixed disaster; failure need not be a cannibal, and devour man, or his hope and resolution. With the right kind of a nature, it has a tendency rather to jar awake the victorious qualities that had otherwise continued dreaming, but are now summoned by the watch-cry of peril. A ruined attempt has thus often been the wounded but invincible general that led to a series of conquests. Some people are so proud, so high-mighty, so rotund from having continually fed upon the successes of themselves and others, that they estimate the delectable bundle of fragments constituting their ego, as invincible, and stand in great need of a few good healthy failures to discover to them the dry-rot that is consuming their better natures. And so the Valley of Humiliation has contained a great many excellent work-shops for the building of substantial ladders to the heights of success.

There is also such a thing as false failure:—this dire coin of human weakness and carelessness knows how to counterfeit itself. A man often thinks he has met with disaster, where he has not really done so; when that which he in his panic and sense of loss defines as failure, is only the lopping away of some useless branch of his nature.

A queer-looking fellow undertook to be salesman in a small but earnest grocery-store; and never was a colony of respectable customers more grotesquely mal-served. He forgot which was the butter and which the lard; he peppered the salt and salted the pepper; he neglected to turn back the spigot of the molasses-barrel. He became a toss-ball of alternate mirth and reproach between customers and employer. He was vaguely surprised, one morning, at receiving a permanent leave of absence, with recommendations toward a hard-working patient farmer who had ditching to do. He performed this work almost as inaccurately as the other, and was given leave to rest permanently from his labors before a quarter of a

day had passed. He lounged idly and sadly by the roadside, and sat down on a stile, and absently began fashioning an image of the indignant agriculturist's face, out of some of the clay that he had lately been shoveling so wretchedly and inartistically. A passer-by saw it—was interested—felt impelled to champion the awkward young genius—and lived to see him a sculptor, famous and wealthy.

A banker found himself in the very depths of insolvency—became so poor that he had to toil with his hands to protect the hearts and stomachs of his family. But in doing this, he developed powers of mind and heart that no one ever had suspected; he fell in love with his family, they with him; he found that Federal Currency was employed to estimate only a very small portion of the possessions of human nature; he was a hundred thousand times more happy and useful than he ever could have become, as the temporary treasurer of a few thousand dollars.

So, not all that glooms and glowers, need be a failure: it may flash and gleam in the sun, upon the other side of it; and may be a success temporarily capsized.

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### Rosebery on Lincoln.

**L**ORD ROSEBERY is a man of many parts. Although not classed with the statesmen called great, and most of whom are aggressive, he is a gentleman, a scholar, and a level-headed man, by no means devoid of statesman-like ideas; and it is gratifying to remember his tribute to the immortal Lincoln:

"Lincoln was one of the great figures of the Nineteenth Century. To me it has also seemed that he was the second founder of the great Republic. His strength rested on two rocks—unflinching principle and illimitable common sense. One distinguishing feature that disassociated him from all the other great men of history was his immense fund of humor."

To show that Lord Rosebery's opinion was the result of study and investigation, he stated that so anxiously did he and his fellow-students at Eton study the details of the American Civil War, that they seemed to hear the very clash of conflict across the Atlantic; and as soon as he had sufficient liberty and funds, he crossed the Atlantic to try to become acquainted with some of the places and men illustrious in that war. He saw Grant, Sherman, Jefferson Davis, and many others, and even after this lapse of years everything seems as familiar to him as then.

The lottery-wheel of time brings about marvellous changes. While Rosebery was studying and being thus impressed, a large majority of the members of the British aristocracy were calling Lincoln a baboon, and Grant a butcher; and an examination of American newspaper-files shows that distinguished editors and statesmen in United States were doing the same.

But history is the great threshing-machine of public sentiment; it is sure to separate the wheat from chaff; not always, however, during the lives of the victims of temporary misrepresentation and injustice.

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### **Sandford's Manual of Color: by John Ithiel Sandford.**

**D**O you wish to learn, in a few brief pages, the science, the theory, underlying the harmony of color? Do you wish to obtain and to apply, in dressing, in house-furnishing, in art generally, a knowledge of the true and beautiful relations of color? This volume will supply the need in brief.

The author defines the primary, secondary, tertiary, and intermediate colors, and analyzes their relations to each other. He illustrates his points by means of an ingeniously devised hexagonal color guide which shows the three primary-colored hexagons dovetailing in the centre, and the secondary ones each coinciding on two sides with their respective primaries; the remaining colors, tertiary and intermediate, in

limits hexagonal or diamond-shaped, hold a correspondingly logical relation to the colors of which they are formed.

Following the analyses of the principal colors are brief chapters, explaining color harmony, what is meant by complementary and by contrasting colors, and the modifying effect of one color, shade, and tint, upon another, when two are placed in juxtaposition.

The author discredits the value of the Color Wheel in the attempt to demonstrate that White is a combination of all colors.

When we realize how much an appreciation of color and color harmonies increases a person's capacity for enjoyment in this world of beauty, it seems strange that its simple elements are not taught to every child.

A knowledge of color harmonies is an essential part of the equipment of the floral decorator, the modiste, the gardener, the rug manufacturer, the dyer, of many artists and tradesmen.

To be taught to recognize the beauty of color in bird and flower, in sunset and responsive stream,—to be taught how to choose colors for one's garments so that each tone enhances the beauty or softens the brilliancy of the other—to be shown how to select the wall-paper that best adorns the West or the South room, or the draperies that bring out the subtle charm of the new rug; to be able to study a painting intelligently, or to express in harmonious color the pictures in one's own mind—all these inexpensive joys may belong to him who takes the pains to observe, to read, to think. This little book will be a useful means to this end.

It is wonderful, how much "color-blindness" there is in the world—to say nothing of color-ignorance—or lack of technical knowledge. Many engine-drivers are so, or become so: and this is no doubt the cause of numerous railroad accidents. Even the lighthouses, with their differently colored flames, often fail to prevent wrecks, because mariners misunderstand them.

The book is published by Hugh Kelly & Company, New York.



December 26—W. Morgan Shuster expressed his readiness to hand over his accounts when his successor was named.

The Vatican refused to annul Count Boni de Castellane's marriage to Anna Gould, who divorced him.

27—One of the greatest lockouts in the history of English cotton began with the closing of Lancashire Mills on 160,000 operatives.

28—Russia decided to take control of Northern Persia.

The Russian Council of Ministers decided to bar out the Salvation Army from Russia.

Yuan tendered his resignation as Premier of China, but it was rejected; the throne consented that a national convention should choose the form of the new government.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen was elected first President of the Chinese Republic.

Mongolia declared independence.

29—Dr. Sun Yat Sen accepted his election as President of the Chinese Republic.

The Russians took possession of Tabriz after a nine-day siege and a loss of two hundred men.

30—The Turkish Cabinet resigned, because the Opposition obstructed debate on the modification of the Constitution.

The Western Union announced a further extension of the half-rate cable zone.

31—Federico Boyd resigned as Secretary of Foreign Relations of Panama.

January 1—President Taft's arbitration treaties were warmly approved by the British Ambassador at the French President's New Year's reception; President Falliere's reply was equally favorable.

Fighting was resumed around Hankow in ignorance that the armistice had been extended.

Solar ed Dowleh, brother of the deposed Shah, defeated the Government forces under Azam ed Dowleh, at Kermanshah.

Daniel Howard was inaugurated at Monrovia President of Liberia.

2—Seven hundred imperial Chinese troops guarding the Lanchow arsenal mutinied in sympathy with the revolution in the south.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen was inaugurated provisional

President of the Republic of China, at Nanking.

The Dowager Empress contributed \$2,000,000 to the anti-revolutionary fund of China.

3—The Ulster (Ireland) Unionist Council declared that a provisional government would be set up in Ulster as soon as a Home Rule measure passed the British Parliament.

Rear-Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans died suddenly.

A \$400,000 fire burned out several stores in Louisville, Ky.

4—Lanchow was captured by mutinous Chinese troops, looted and burned; Shan-haikwan was taken and all railway trains held up.

Sharp earthquake shocks were felt in California and at Santiago de Cuba.

5—A private school building fell in Seville, Spain, killing many children and teachers.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen issued a manifesto to the foreign powers pledging strict adherence to all obligations incurred by the Chinese Government.

6—Four more Nationalists were hanged near the Russian camp in Tabriz; the Russians began the destruction of the centuries-old citadel walls.

7—The torpedo-boat destroyer Terry was reported by wireless as disabled off Cape Hatteras and the Navy Department ordered the Salem and the Prairie to go to her assistance.

W. Morgan Shuster turned his office over to F. E. Cairns, his chief American assistant.

8—The Democratic National Committee overwhelmingly defeated Colonel Bryan when he attempted to oust Colonel Guffey.

Six battleships and cruisers of the Atlantic fleet were sent in search of three missing torpedo-boat destroyers.

The Republican Assembly in session at Nanking, voted the introduction of a gold standard modelled on that of Japan.

Wang Chung Wei, a graduate of Yale, London, Paris and Berlin, accepted the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in President Sen's Cabinet.

9—The Equitable Life Assurance Building,



- New York City, was destroyed by fire, with \$1,500,000,000 in securities in its vaults. Six men were killed.
- Five hundred American troops were ordered from Manila to China to help protect the railroad from Peking to the sea.
- The torpedo-boat destroyers Mayrant and Drayton were reported safe; the McCall was still missing.
- The National Democratic committee decided to hold their convention at Baltimore, June 25.
- 10—Premier Caillaux and the entire French Cabinet resigned.
- A bill to promote cotton-growing in Turkestan was introduced into the Duma by the Russian Minister of Agriculture.
- 11—The Lodge compromise resolution amending the treaties was laid before the Senate. Dr. John Grier Hibben was elected President of Princeton University by the trustees.
- W. Morgan Shuster left Persia for Europe. Orders were issued to a brigade of British troops in India to get ready to go to Persia.
- Robert Bacon announced that he had resigned his post as Minister to France.
- 12—Italian cruisers sank seven Turkish gunboats in the Red Sea.
- Persia's Treasurer-General threatened the Americans left by Shuster with dismissal and punishment if there was delay in turning over the treasury. Secretary Knox said the Americans seek release and pay.
- A battalion of United States Infantry sailed from Manila for patrol duty on the Peking Railway.
- Some California aviators were sworn in as deputy sheriffs, the first "policemen of the air".
- Leon Bourgeois and Theophile Delcasse both declined the Premiership of France.
- 13—Nine firemen were injured and \$200,000 worth of property destroyed by a fire in Philadelphia, in the heart of the business district.
- The first snow in eleven years fell in Charleston, S. C.; Atlanta had a fall of four inches.
- 14—Premier Yuan informed his representative in the Shanghai peace conference that the Emperor would abdicate and that the Manchus would accept the terms of the Republicans.
- Postmaster-General Hitchcock declared in favor of Government ownership of telegraph lines.
- The Spanish Cabinet, of which Jose Canalejas was Premier, resigned.
- The membership of the newly organized French Cabinet was announced, with Raymond Poincare as Premier.
- 15—The United States Supreme Court unanimously upheld the Employers' Liability law, which Governor Baldwin of Con-
- necticut, when on the bench, had declared unconstitutional.
- A massmeeting in London, England, called by the Persian Committee of the House of Commons, protested against England's backing of Russia in Persia.
- By the breaking away of an ice-floe 100 fishermen were driven out in the Caspian Sea and drowned.
- President Liberato Rojas of Paraguay was forced to resign by revolutionaries.
- 16—Premier Yuan Shi Kai narrowly escaped assassination by a bomb-explosion which killed a soldier and a policeman and injured fifteen other persons.
- United States warned Cuba that she would intervene unless conditions improved there.
- The Revere House, Boston's most famous hostelry, was destroyed by fire; no lives were lost.
- 17—President Taft urged the removal of all distinctly administrative offices from the field of political patronage.
- 18—President Taft commuted the fifteen-year sentence of Charles W. Morse and ordered his immediate release.
- The crisis in Cuba was reported as passed.
- 19—The Chinese Republic cabled an appeal for recognition to Washington and other capitals.
- Italian destroyers seized the French steamer Manouba, bound from Marseilles to Tunis; the Italian Government telegraphed the authorities at Cagliari to release the French steamer Carthage.
- 20—The new 18,000-ton Cunarder, Laconia, sailed on her maiden voyage, being the first British ship fitted with anti-rolling tanks.
- Twenty persons were injured in a wreck on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Phillisburg, N. J.
- 21—Nearly 4,000,000 people of the Yangtze Valley, in China, were reported starving.
- 22—The Manchu Princes decided not to give up the throne.
- The financial attaché of the Russian Legation at Washington was ordered home to give advice about tariffs and a treaty.
- Four prominent railroad men were killed in a collision on the Illinois Central Railroad.
- Italy proposed to France to submit to the Hague Tribunal all the questions relating to the seizure of the French steamers Carthage and Manouba.
- 23—Two prisoners escaped from the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan, N. Y.
- 24—Italy retained the Turks seized on a French steamer, maintaining her right to search any ship, and asserting willingness to pay indemnity if the Hague Court so decides.
- The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederick the Great was celebrated throughout Prussia.

## Some Who Have Gone.

### DIED:

**BIGELOW, JOHN**—In New York City, December 19. He was born in 1817 in Malden, N. Y., and was graduated from Union College in 1835 and then studied law. Accepting William Cullen Bryant's invitation to share in the ownership and editorship of *The Evening Post*, he became a successful managing editor. During the crucial years of the Civil War he was appointed Minister to France by President Lincoln and had a distinguished career. Throughout a long lifetime he never lost interest in all that pertained to the highest welfare of his country, but kept abreast of all important civic questions.

**CALIFF, BRIG. GEN. J. M.**—In St. Louis, Missouri, January 4, at the age of sixtyeight years. His birthplace was East Smithfield, Pa. He was an honor graduate of the Artillery School and saw hard service throughout the Civil War. He was in command of a six-gun battery that fired the first shot at Gettysburg. He rose from rank to rank and was retired in 1904 as Brigadier General.

**COOKE, FREDERICK HALE**—In Brooklyn, N. Y., January 11. He was born in Woonsocket, L. I., in 1859, and was graduated from Williams College. Studying law, he became the author of numerous treatises on legal subjects, including several works dealing with insurance law.

**CRANE, RICHARD T.**—In Chicago, January 8, in his eightieth year. His place of birth was Paterson, N. J. He was a self-educated man, employed in machine-shops and foundries. He started a brass foundry in Chicago, in 1855, a brother joining him later, forming the R. T. Crane & Bro. Company. Some months ago he severely attacked the kind of education represented by the modern college and university.

**DAHN, PROF. FELIX S.**—In Breslau, Germany, January 3, at the age of seventyseven years. He was born in Hamburg, and studied law and history in Munich and Berlin. In 1857 he became Private Docent in Munich, and later on Professor of Law. He achieved a more than local fame, however, as a historical writer, novelist and

poet. One of his historic romances, "Der Kampf um Rom", passed through thirty editions, despite its four-volume length.

**DICKENS, ALFRED TENNYSON**—In New York City, January 2, while on a lecture tour in America. He was born in London, in 1845; the son of Charles Dickens, the famous novelist. He was educated in Boulogne, France, and at a military school in England. He engaged, as a youth, in sheep-raising in Australia, and recently entered the lecture field, his subject being his father's life and work.

**DUTTON, MAJOR CLARENCE E., U. S. A.**—In Englewood, N. J., January 4, in his seventyfirst year. Wallingford, Conn., was his birthplace. He entered the army during the Civil War and later was connected with the Geological Survey. In 1901 he was retired at his own request. He was the author of several geological works.

**EPES, HORACE H.**—At Newport News, Va., January 16, at the age of sixtythree years. He was well known as an educator and had been identified with schools and colleges in Kentucky and Alabama.

**EVANS, REAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D.**—In Washington, D. C., January 3, in his sixtysixth year. Though born in Virginia and educated in Washington and at Annapolis, and son of a mother Southern in her sympathy, he went to sea in defense of the Union upon graduation in 1863. He was seriously wounded at Ft. Fisher. He showed great tact when sent, fifteen years later, to prevent seal poaching by the British in the Behring Sea. He gained the name of "Fighting Bob", at Valparaiso, in 1895. As commander of the Iowa, at Santiago, he showed equal courage and decision and was raised to flag rank. He was made Commander-in-Chief of the fleet that sailed round the world, but relinquished it on account of ill health. Four Admirals, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of the Abruzzi, Louis of Battenberg, and Lord Charles Beresford, were intimate friends.

**FARMAN, JUDGE ELBERT ELI**—In Warsaw, N. Y., December 30. He was born in New Haven, N. Y., eighty years ago. He

studied international law in Germany from 1864 to 1867 and was United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul General at Cairo, Egypt, from 1876 to 1881, and was a member of the International Commission to revise the judicial codes of Egypt, and of other important judicial bodies. He obtained, in 1879, the gift from the Khedive to New York City, of the obelisk known as "Cleopatra's Needle", and made large collections of Egyptian antiquities, which he presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. He was the author of "Along the Nile with General Grant" and "Egypt and Its Betrayal".

EYTINGE, ROSE—At Amityville, S. I., December 20, aged seventy-six years. Her birthplace was Philadelphia, and she was educated there and in Brooklyn. In 1852 she entered upon a successful stage career, playing in the companies of Edwin Booth, Davenport, Lester Wallack and Mrs. John Drew, and achieving great popularity. She made several trips to London. She wrote a novel, besides many articles on acting and the theatre, and was three times married.

FRAENKEL, PROF. BERNARD—In Berlin, Germany, November 13, aged seventy-five years. He was a noted specialist of nose and throat diseases, and for many years a professor in the University of Berlin. He was prominent in the crusade against tuberculosis. He declined a seventieth-anniversary dinner five years ago, consenting instead to an exhibition illustrating progress in laryngology during the last fifty years.

HAUSMANN, CAPT. THEODORE—In Washington, D. C., December 28. He was born in France eighty-four years ago, and served as a young man as an officer in the French Army. Coming to America, he settled in Cincinnati. He enlisted in the Civil War, and as a drill officer, drilled William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes. He was appointed by President Hayes Consul to several of the smaller South American Republics.

HENRY, HAROLD OLIVER—In Peking, China, January 1. He was born in Paris in 1887, of American parentage, and was educated in Paris and in Washington. He represented some American exporting firms in Europe for a few years, and in 1908 was appointed a student interpreter at the American Legation, Peking.

KOOREMAN, BYAK—In Berkeley, California, January 13. He was a portrait painter, who for many years had been the decorator of the Royal Academy of Leyden, Netherlands.

LABOUCHERE, HENRY — In Florence, Italy, January 16. His age was eighty-one

years; his birthplace, London. Eton and Cambridge educated his youthful years. Entering the British diplomatic service in 1854, he was attaché at Washington, Munich, St. Petersburg and other cities. He was sent to Parliament in 1866, and was one of the Paris "Shut-ins" during the Franco-Prussian war. As a Radical he served twenty-six years in the House of Commons, a foe of all shams and frauds, fighting these also in his able and entertaining journal, *Truth*. His exposures resulted in many lawsuits, which he won.

MEIGS, DR. ARTHUR V.—In Philadelphia, Pa., January 1, aged sixty-one years. He was a well-known physician and writer on medical subjects and was of the third generation of a family of noted physicians and surgeons.

METCALF, ALBERT—In West Newtown, Mass., January 3. He was among the early converts to Christian Science, joining upon persuasion of Mrs. Eddy herself. For a time he was President of the Mother Church. He was one of the original incorporators of the Dennison Manufacturing Company. He was a trustee of Tufts College, to which he gave Metcalf Hall, a dormitory for women, besides an extensive musical library.

PERKINS, E. R.—In South Orange, N. J., January 18, aged forty-four years. He was a brother of George W. Perkins and was born in Ohio, following his brother's example by entering the life insurance business. He entered the ranks as office boy and rose to be Vice-President of the New York Life Insurance Company.

RADOWITZ, JOSEPH M. VON—In Berlin, Germany, January 16, aged seventy-three years. He had been German Ambassador in Constantinople, Madrid and other important posts. He helped draft the Treaty of Berlin, and he represented Germany at the recent Algeiras Conference on the Morocco question. He was probably the last living colleague of Bismarck in building up the modern German Empire.

RAPISARDI, MARIO—In Catania, Sicily, January 4, aged sixty-eight years. He was a noted Sicilian poet, born in Catania, and for a number of years held the Professorship of Italian Literature in the University of Catania.

WHITE, JOHN E.—In New York City, January 15. He was a survivor of the Maine, being severely injured by the explosion. He was thirty-nine years old and received a Government pension.

WHYTAL, JAMES—In Brooklyn, December 17. He was born in Nova Scotia sixty-nine years ago, and for forty-seven years had been an Inspector of United States Customs.

## Various Doings and Undoings.

The oldest universities on the continent of Europe are those of Bologna, Paris and Salamanca. In England, Oxford and Cambridge are the most ancient.

Lightning kills about one person in ten millions each year: so says some one who has statisticized the vagaries of our bright-eyed messenger from the clouds.

Fool-faddism could not go or be carried much farther than the other day at a New York reception, where a snake was made the guest of honor. The first case on record was in the Garden of Eden.

Swiss watchmakers have now added a phonograph to some of their wonderful watches. A small rubber disc is put in the watch and arranged in such a way that the record is repeated in words every hour.

The much-marrying comedian, Nat Goodwin, has detached himself from his latest bride, by paying her a certain agreed-upon sum in cash and real estate. Probably both are discontented with the sum, as neither will tell how much it is.

One of the principal actresses of the day says that laughter is the antidote of age. If she finds it so it must be that, like George Washington, she does all her laughing inside: perhaps so as to keep the wrinkles that hilarity causes, out of sight.

The latest recorded ghost evidently passes part of its time in Lockport, New York. It chases couples who are out promenading in

the evening, scares them apart, and then vanishes. The police are trying to prevent it from doing the last-named act.

The Museum of Natural History has received from the Duke of Bedford two specimens of the rare prjewalsky, the only surviving species of true wild horse. They were captured with others in the desert of Mongolia and brought to England by an expedition sent out by the Duke.

Admiral George Dewey is seventyfour years old. He celebrated his latest birthday by getting down to his office at the Navy Department at nine o'clock and plunging into work. When asked how he was going to celebrate his natal day, he said: "I am going to work and try to earn my salary."

Circus people claim that they are getting more and more industrious, frugal, and saving; that they have yearly less time and money to spend in dissipation; that an atmosphere of refinement is growing up around the business; and that some very exemplary families continue in it from generation to generation.

The Norfolk and Western Railroad's fast Washington-Chattanooga train actually froze to the tracks one day when it stopped at Lynchburg, Va. Dripping water from the pipes hardened quickly in the zero weather and the wheels were locked so securely in the ice that three engines bumping the train from the rear were required to move it.

A boy ran away from Connecticut and came

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to New York, to see if the city was really so much bigger than Hartford. After walking from the Battery to 242d street and back to 63d street, he "surrendered" to a policeman and begged him to "get Hartford on the wire": saying that he "had no idea that the old thing was anywhere near half so big."

Motor bonnets for men are the latest masculine fashion. They are now being shown in London and there is said to be quite a demand for them. "The bonnets are very pretty in shape," says a woman fashion writer. "They are made of fur and tie under the chin with satin ribbon about an inch wide—in fact, an exact copy of motor bonnets worn by women."

Not many minutes after a statesman has finished a speech nowadays the news is selling in the streets and has been flashed to every capital in Europe. It was different in the elections in the time of Pitt. He made a memorable speech one March, and the eager public only learned exactly what he said from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the following November.

Juarez, Mexico, is believed to be the only town in the world in which the direction and control of the city parks have been turned over completely to women. The parks in Ciudad Juarez still will be cared for by men, but above the men will be a board of eight lady managers, composed of four dames and four señoritas, who have exclusive control and direction of all parks.

A Philadelphia woman cheerfully admits that she has striven to emulate the woman of Samaria, by marrying five husbands, all of whom are still living in a state of more or less loneliness. She sees nothing particularly objectionable in the arrangement, and would evidently enjoy it all as a fine little lark, had she not been landed in jail on a charge of bigamy made by her latest victim.

Republicans of Buffalo have nominated for a seat on the bench of the Children's Court George E. Judge, a leading lawyer of the Lake Erie metropolis. If he is elected he and the public are likely to suffer some confusion. How is he to know when some one calls him "Judge" whether he is being treated with due respect or with familiarity? Still, there have been Major Majors in the army and Bishop Bishops in the church.

One seldom stops to think what some of the freight trains carry. Generally it is everything under the sun. A freight train over the D. L. & W. from New York, bound for western points, passed through Oswego one day last week. In addition to the general

bills of mixed freight and coal, there was a carload of cigarettes, a car of whiskey, two cars of fast automobiles, and a carload of strychnine. At the end of the train was a large consignment of coffins.

Lord Cromer, speaking at a meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund in London of the fundamental resemblances between ancient and modern Egyptians, said that: "It was not only conceivable but highly probable that during those centuries most inaccurately enumerated by Napoleon as forty, during which the Pyramids had frowned down on the Valley of the Nile, Egyptian manners and customs had, relatively speaking, undergone less striking changes than was the case with any other community of which we had any precise knowledge."

There has come to light a heretofore unpublished poem of William Cullen Bryant. The verse, which was found in a letter sent by the poet to Mrs. Mumford more than twenty-five years ago, is as follows:

"There's a dance of the leaves in the poplar boughs,  
There's a flutter of wind in the beechen tree,  
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook as it runs to me."

A farmer of the town of Portland, Conn., decided to take his family to the grange fair at Haddam Neck, and as there is no railroad running between the two points, he decided to make the trip in the grand old style. He owns ten yoke of oxen himself, and by borrowing all his neighbors' managed to collect forty-eight yoke, or ninety-six oxen. With these attached to a gayly-decorated ox-cart, he made the trip, covering the distance of twenty miles in five hours. The services of twelve drivers were needed to guide the animals on the road. The line of cattle stretched for about a quarter of a mile along the road, and it took them five minutes to pass the legendary "given point".

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Dibbs—Women are invading all kinds of masculine occupations. Gibbs—There are no women rat-catchers yet!

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Mrs. Slumdwell—Yes—the coward!

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Ambitious Wife—What, Elijah?

New Member of the Legislature—I'm going to introduce a bill to have convicts all executed at the county fairs! You've no idea how it'll draw!

### JUVENILE KNOWLEDGE OF PARENTS.

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it's not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said

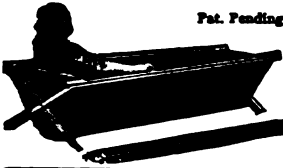
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so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nelly—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man and he knows more about lying than your father does."

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Mr. MacTavish attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, mon," objected the host, "ye're not goin' yet with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish; "I'm no' goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good night while I know ye."

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VOLUME XXX

MARCH, 1912

NUMBER I

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THE SHEEPFOLD. (SEE PAGE 22.)



A Tribute to Dickens.

BY WILL CARLETON.

[The following poem was written at the time of the great novelist's death, and may perhaps not improperly be re-published now, in this centennial year of his birth.]

ACROSS the foaming, word-lashed sea of thought,
Where heavier craft were struggling with the storm,
The winds, one day, an unknown vessel brought,
Of flaunting streamer and fantastic form.
Old captains shook their grizzled heads in doubt,
And vainly strove to make the stranger out;
And critic-gunners raised their ready hand,
To fire at what they could not understand.

But crowding sail she rode the dangerous waves,
Swept past old wrecks and signals of distress,
And o'er forgotten hulks and nameless graves,
Straight glided to the harbor of Success!
The weary world looked on, a little while—
Its care-worn face grew brighter, with a smile;
Until its voice caught rapture from its gaze,
And swelled into a thunder-peal of praise!

The outstripp'd jester, smiling, dropped his pun;
The sage looked up, with pleased, instructed eyes;
The critic raised his double-shotted gun,
And jubilantly fired it at the skies!
The laboring throng, when their day's toil was o'er,
Crowded along this unaccustomed shore,
And viewed with wonder and delight oft-told,
The varied treasures of her deck and hold.

For there, arrayed in quaint and genial pride,
Stood Pickwick, captain of the motley crew;
The sturdy Samuel Weller by his side,
And many a passenger the people knew;
And, stored among this cargo of new mirth,
Flashed forth the brightest diamonds of earth;
Treasures of Nature's undissembled arts;
And stores of food for hungry, yearning hearts.

And ever as they gazed, and rushed to gaze,
Came sweeping o'er the sea another gale!

And gleamed upon their glad eyes, through the haze,
 The welcome whiteness of another sail!
 Rich loaded was one bark, and fair to see,
 But aimed great guns at petty tyranny;
 And as she swiftly glided safe to land,
 Young Captain Nickleby was in command.

There came a ship of stranger seeming still,
 With "Curiosities" in plenty stored;
 And thousands crowded 'round her, with one will,
 To view the passengers she had on board.
 And one there was—her name was "Little Nell"—
 The people much admired, and loved full well;
 And many wept, and lingered at her side,
 When, wearily, she laid her down and died.

So one by one to port the vessels came,
 Laden with comforts for both rich and poor,
 But hurling bolts of scorn-envenomed flame
 At tyrant, rogue, and snob, and titled boor.
 And each new ship the multitude flocked 'round,
 Rejoicing o'er the treasures that they found;
 And as each new sail flashing came to sight,
 Broke forth a thousand plaudits of delight!

And so the millions, eager to confess
 The pleasures they from his creations drew,
 Hastened to praise, and glorify, and bless
 The toiling man whose face they hardly knew,
 Who, in his lonely room, worked for his goal,
 With busy brain, and tender, yearning soul;
 And with his good pen built and rigged and manned
 The noble argosies his genius planned.

But one dark day the news gloomed o'er the earth
 That he, beloved guest of many lands,
 Had gone where first his clear-eyed soul had birth,
 Led by the pressure of down-reaching hands.
 No monarch resting on his crape-strown bed
 Had e'er such tears of sorrow o'er him shed,
 As this untitled king of grief and mirth,
 Whose subjects mourned in every clime of earth!

O master of the heart! if in yon land
 Thou canst but wander through its streets and vales,
And then before the countless millions stand
 And tell thy merry and pathetic tales,
If thou canst yet thy daily toil prolong,
 Plead for the right, and battle with the wrong,
 The happiness of heaven will o'er thee spread,
 For thou thy path heaven-given still wilt tread!



"The House of Harper."

ONE of the most notable and distinctively American books recently published, bears the above title and was recently issued by Harper & Brothers, of New York. It relates the story of one of the most distinguished—perhaps the most distinguished—book establishments this country has yet produced, and in such a way that it must be interesting, not only to those who have a special pride in the House, but to the general public as well.

The author is Mr. James Henry Harper, a grandson of Fletcher Harper, one of the founders of the establishment; and he shows that he is thoroughly qualified for the task. So interesting is the subject-matter, that we take the liberty of quoting a few paragraphs from it.

Here is a vivid description of James Harper's first arrival in New York, in 1810, to enter the printing business. He was the oldest of the four brothers who afterwards gained a world-wide renown in their vocation as publishers:

"It was a bitter cold day when Joseph Harper and his son James drove in from the village of Newtown. They followed the circuitous route from which Fulton Street, built along the old post-road, still descends to the ferry at the foot of Brooklyn Heights, and then, crossing the stream in an old scow, propelled by long sweeps, drove up on the other side to the boy's place of business, the printing establishment of Paul & Thomas on the corner of Burling Slip and Water Street.

"James Harper's entire capital was a sound mind in a strong body, the latter qualification being in those days important, if not essential, to the practical

printer. Steam-power had not yet been applied to printing-presses—in fact, the art of printing had made but little advance since the apprentice days of Franklin. The press was still worked by hand, and under these circumstances printing was slow and laborious, so that the largest circulation obtained by the most successful daily newspapers was very small.

"Two men, known as 'partners,' were required to work a press. One applied the ink with hand-balls, for even the ink-roller was not yet invented, and the other laid on sheets and did the 'pulling.' They changed work at regular intervals, one 'inking' and the other 'pulling.' Both operations required dexterity, and 'pulling' much strength as well. James Harper's vigor and weight gave him a special advantage, and so, if he found himself hampered by a personally unpleasant partner, he could always work him down and so be rid of him, being thus enabled to choose his own associate. During the early days of his apprenticeship he would remain at his press after the other men had quit work, whenever he could secure a partner to assist him. The product of such extra work was a perquisite, whereby he managed to increase his income to a considerable extent. Thurlow Weed was an apprentice at the same time, and they usually worked together, often remaining late into the evening.

"Thurlow Weed, long afterward, when he had become the Warwick of New York politics, in speaking of these early days, said of James Harper: 'It was the rule of his life to study not how little he could do, but how much. Often,

after a good day's work, he would say to me, 'Thurlow, let's break the back of another token [two hundred and fifty impressions]—just break its back.' I would generally consent reluctantly, 'just to break the back' of the token; but James would beguile me, or laugh at my complaints, and never let me off until the token was completed, fair and square. It was a custom with us in the summer to do a clear half-day's work before the other boys and men got their breakfast. James and I would meet by appointment in the gray of the early morning, and go down to the printing-room. A pressman who could do twenty, or even ten, per cent. more work than usual was always sure of a position. James Harper, Tom Kennedy (long since dead), and I made the largest bills in the city. We often earned as much as fourteen dollars per week—liberal wages when you remember that good board could then be obtained for ten dollars a month.'

"James Harper's good humor and geniality made him a general favorite, but his strict principles sometimes subjected him to rude persecution. His homespun clothes and heavy cowhide boots were often objects of ridicule among his companions, but as a rule he bore their taunts with good-natured silence, for he was never afraid of a jest, even if it were ill-timed or unfair. Once, however, provoked beyond endurance, he retorted in a manner which showed that he was not to be trifled with. Under pretense of feeling the fineness of his coat, one of his companions gave him a sharp pinch on the arm, asking James at the same time for his tailor's card. James responded with a vigorous and well-directed kick. 'There,' said he, 'is my card; take good care of it, and when I am out of my time and set up for myself and you need employment, as you probably will, come to me and I will give you work.' The merry-andrew slunk away, effectually cowed. Nearly forty years later, when the Harper establishment had become known throughout the civilized world, and the

young apprentice boy was Mayor of New York, the comrade who had ridiculed his homely clothes applied to James for a place as workman, and claimed it on the ground of that old promise. It is hardly necessary to say that it was granted, and so, curiously enough, the prophecy was fulfilled."

The remaining three brothers, John, Joseph Wesley, and Fletcher, having combined to make this one of the largest establishments of the kind in New York, sustained their first great catastrophe in 1853, in the shape of a fire, which practically wiped out the whole establishment. The event is vividly narrated, as follows:

"To clean off the rollers in the press-room camphene was found to be the best medium, and for this process a small room had been selected on the third floor of the lower building in Pearl Street. It was lined throughout with zinc, and the rollers were taken in there from the adjoining press-rooms, cleaned and then returned to the presses. In this room, on Saturday, December 10, 1853, a plumber was at work making some repairs. He had occasion to use a light, and having lighted his lamp, he looked about for a place to throw a match. A pan of what appeared to be water was at his feet, and, as an extra precaution, he threw the match into the pan, which was full of camphene. In a moment the room was in a blaze, and the plumber had barely time to escape. The flames, pursuing him, burst through the thin partition, and the camphene ran in rivulets of fire along the floor. This building was stored from top to bottom with combustible materials, and the flames spread through the building with fearful rapidity. The fire broke out just before one o'clock, and within two hours the establishment was in ruins.

"The cry of fire produced a panic among the employees. Fortunately at that hour many of the hands were away at dinner; those who remained rushed for the stairs, and some in their terror fled to the windows and cried for help. A young man from Appleton's had just

received an order for books, and the package had been tied up by him when the alarm was given. He had no knife ready to cut the string, and was obliged to leave the package so rapid was the progress of the conflagration.

"There was but one room in the establishment in which there was no panic, and that was the counting-room. The instant the fire was reported its significance was realized. 'The camphene-room on fire?' said John Harper; 'then we are lost; save the hands.' This one thought was predominant. 'What part of the property shall we save first?' cried a frightened employee. 'Never mind the property,' said John, 'save the lives.'

"When the fire was announced John Harper was making up his deposits; he took the checks and money lying in the cashier's drawer, called a clerk, and bade him take them to the bank. He then went to the head of the stairs leading to the press-room, saw the hopelessness of endeavoring to save anything, and directed the engineer to make his way to the boiler and let off the steam, in order to prevent an explosion. Meanwhile the other brothers gathered together the subscription orders, books of accounts, receipts, and similar valuable papers at hand, and put them into a large safe. This was dragged out upon the sidewalk and its contents were saved. Wesley Harper was still employed in the counting-room when a policeman touched him on the shoulder and said, 'It's not safe here'; and Wesley took the hint and retreated with the others to the opposite sidewalk. Five minutes afterward the counting-room was wrapped in flames. Young Joseph W. Harper, Jr., who at high tension was assisting his father at the time, said that James Harper, who was coolly hunting around the office for something, came to him and asked him if he could find his rubbers, as it was damp outside, and he did not like to go without them. When they were satisfied that every one employed in the establishment was safe, the four brothers joined the excited

throng in the street and calmly watched the heroic efforts of the firemen.

* * * * *

"The firemen did their utmost to save the buildings, and long after the fierce flames had beaten back the bystanders from the open square these courageous men continued their exertions. One fire company raised a large door upon the sidewalk opposite, and from behind this shelter continued to play upon the flames until the shield ceased to protect them. The telegraph wires were melted and dropped from their fastenings, and the hose in the street was burned to a crisp and fell in pieces. 'From two to four o'clock,' said a representative of the New York *Tribune* who witnessed the fire, 'the crowd in Franklin Square was beyond conception. All the avenues leading into it had become packed with human beings, and the awful heat from the Harper buildings had driven the crowd back against the Walton House opposite until they were shoved against those behind and closed in like the case of a telescope. Fortunately we got a position between an engine and a broken-down cart, where the view of both sides of the street and down the square and through Pearl Street, under an arch of fire, was magnificent. In rapid succession, the fronts of the tall buildings had gone down, crash after crash, as the beams gave way with the weight of thirty-three power-presses, while the burning contents of all these rooms glowed up like a sea of melted lava, and north and south the flames were pouring out of the windows of the five-story buildings, from basement to attic, reaching their forked tongues over the wide street, and ever and again interlocking with those from the roof and upper windows of the tall hotel opposite.'

"About two o'clock Brother John coolly took his watch from his pocket, looked at it, and quietly remarked that it was dinner-time, adding by way of suggestion to the other three brothers that they 'had better come to his house that night and talk it over.' They accordingly left the scene where the results of

many years of toil lay destroyed, agreeing to meet after supper at John's home.

"At length the flames began to diminish, the heat grew less intense, the glare subsided; the engines again took up a position where they could contend with the flames, and by five o'clock the fire was entirely under control. In three hours sixteen large buildings had been destroyed, embracing property estimated as worth over a million and a half of dollars. Of this loss nearly, if not quite, a million was borne by Harper & Brothers, their entire insurance amounting to less than two hundred thousand dollars. This was said to have been the largest fire loss sustained up to that time by a commercial house.

* * * * *

"That evening the four brothers met for consultation at the house of John Harper. Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the *MAGAZINE*, was invited to join them. The disaster had done nothing to abate their usual confidence and cheerfulness. At the close of the interview Raymond remarked, 'This seems more like an evening of social festivity than a consultation over a great calarr-

ity.' As the brothers were able to meet their loss, pay all debts, and still retire with a competence, a suggestion was made that they wind up the concern, as they were too advanced in years to attempt to revivify the House, but this alternative hardly received a second thought. John pointed out that they all had sons for whom they should provide, and it was accordingly resolved to take instant and energetic measures to rebuild and to repair, as far as possible, the injury suffered. A telegram was sent to the Adams Company for twenty new presses. This promptitude saved nearly three months of valuable time, for the telegram reached its destination a few hours in advance of some orders previously sent by mail. That night John commenced his plans for the construction of the new buildings, which were built and occupied in less than a year after the fire occurred, John being the chief architect supervising the construction."

The remainder of the book—part of the history of the country—details the re-development of that wonderful business, which still continues, in full force and with all its old-time energy.

Just a Bit of Patience—By Margaret E. Sangster.

JUST a bit of patience, and the task will reach its end;

The tangles straighten out and you may fold your hands, my friend.

Just a bit of patience, and the baby at your knee

Will stride along in manhood's day, your fond support to be.

Just a bit of patience, and the clouds will roll away,

The glorious sunshine pouring out will bless another day.

Just a bit of patience, and the sharpest pain will cease,

Or, like a chrism, God will send amid it, perfect peace.

Just a bit of patience, and you'll know what meaning lies

Behind the darkness veiling now God's blue eternal skies.



The Watchmaker's Guest.

AT the time I knew Thomas Adams Hill, he was a little, dried-up old man, who looked as if he had just been taken out of an imperfect cold storage plant. About all of his youthful beauty that remained was that of his eyes, which were by turns coal-black and piercing, and languishing and dreamy. These changeable orbs, his old good-wife doted upon.

He once had a beautiful large store in San Francisco; they said he founded it just after discovering his only gold-mine, somewhere about Marysville. While the mine and its proceeds lasted, it was good times for any one who knew him and had his confidence. He sowed the entire vicinage with riches—both physical and mental. His generosity and charity advertised themselves, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, all over the city and surrounding country.

In matters of thought and invention, he was likewise lavish and beneficial. For some years, he was perhaps the most skilful clock- and watch-maker in the world: many artists in golden time-indicators had very much more reputation than he, and only a thousandth as much ability. The Mayor of San Francisco gave him one day a perfectly-working watch that weighed less than an ounce: bearing upon it the words, *MADE IN PARIS*. A month from that day, the Mayor was given in return a still more beautifully-running watch weighing less than half an ounce—and upon it, the words, *MADE IN AMERICA*. This little bit of golden sarcasm was mildly relished by the Mayor, and intensely by all his friends.

But Thomas Adams Hill, Watchmaker and Jeweller, did not prosper, financially, in San Francisco: it is one

thing to be charitable, and another, as some do, to make money by it. He seemed all the while to have more and more business, and less and less cash and credit. He finally had to sell out, and take a smaller shop; a still smaller one followed, on a more modest street; a still smaller one, on a still obscurer street; and meanwhile the poor man dropped more and more into debt. A few of those whom he had helped, now bravely tried to help him, but could not: most of them still needed assistance, or imagined they did. A larger number of those whom he had helped, kept still with him, in a way, but did their trading where they believed they could get more help. And most of those to whom he had been of assistance, ridiculed him, and said he never had a right to be so foolish with his money.

So he glided, sometimes perceptibly, sometimes imperceptibly, along down the slippery incline of failure, and finally found that he was unable to perform at all that necessary process in this world of "getting along", and remain in the bustling, overriding town of San Francisco.

About this time an old friend and mechanical admirer, wrote him from New Orleans. "This town is a wonderful chance for such a jeweler as you", he averred. "I will pay your expenses, coming here, and start you in business. There is no genius in the city that can compare with yours. Money will run into your till like water into the Gulf. Come on."

He went on: and although at first very homesick, was charmed with the way "the money came in." But it also went out, in just the same manner as at San Francisco. He learned quickly,

that he had not left all the borrowers and beggars in California. He finally found himself as poor as ever; his true friend and benefactor was taken away by death, and after a time, the usual bankruptcy came rolling and rumbling along.

Then, after various struggles, another friend said, "Come to New York: it is the natural center of everything great." He came; the friend himself soon went into bankruptcy: and there he was

poor dingy little shop, with his wife and grandchild, he said, suddenly,

"Dear ones, my ingenuity and invention are failing. My hand has lost its eyes. My vision has given up its power to see the relation of the lever and the wheel.

"There was sent me here three weeks ago, a most wonderful clock—the most so that I ever saw.—Small, but how many things it could tell!—hours, quarters, minutes if you wished, phases of



"MY HAND HAS LOST ITS EYES."

again, starting another small establishment of his own. He always refused and scorned to become any one's employee. He humbly dropped his surname, and used his middle one.

But something much worse was to come. One evening, as he sat in his

the moon, time in all national capitals, and a different tune for each day when it struck. He said, 'It is out of order. No one seems able to repair it. The chimes are all wrong. Some one told me you could do the job. And can you?—I live with this clock. I love it.

Fix it right, and it's a good deal of money in your pocket.'

"Well, I repaired it as well as I could, but he sent it back: it would keep time, but it would not strike the hours and quarters correctly, or play the tunes right. I fixed it so it would strike, and then it would gain or lose time—just as it took a notion. He sent it back each time—each time with a worse and worse letter. I had lost my former skill: I grieve much, for I loved that clock—even more than he did. Little blame to him for being angry: I can almost see him coming here himself with his charming little time-piece, and in a rage. Ah! ah! And here he is!"

Here he surely was, and certainly enraged.

"Bungler! blacksmith!" he shouted. "Do you know that you have every time made my clock worse than ever? Are you aware that you have spoiled it—ruined it—tumbled it into a wreck? All the jewellers to whom I have shown it, say it cannot now be repaired to run as it used to do!"

"I did not certainly wish to spoil that clock!" moaned the old man. "I have done my best. Somehow, I may not be so skilful as I once was"—

"Skilful!" sneered the visitor, shaking the compact little clock at him as if it were a fist. "Skilful!—what do you know of skill? I would not bring even a wheelbarrow here for you to repair! You *never* learned your trade!"

"He was once the best jeweller in San Francisco", interposed the old good-wife, stepping partly between them, and weeping softly.

"'Was once!'" repeated the visitor, scornfully. "San Francisco!—far across the continent! I wish he was there now!"

"He was the best watch-maker in New Orleans!" spoke up little Jessamine, the granddaughter, stepping still farther in between them—her eyes flashing.

"Ah—ah—in New Orleans? In New Orleans?" said the owner of the clock, glancing for the first time at the

pretty girl and speaking much more quietly than he had yet done. "I know New Orleans. I was there when a boy. A man lived in that town, who could have done this work. It was not you, sir: he was a good workman—a genius. I have hunted this man, for many a year. I never saw him but once, and if you can tell me where he is or how to find him, I will give you the money for fixing this clock, and much more besides. He seems to have sunk down into the earth."

"We will do our best, sir, to help you find him", said the old lady, humbly, but brightening up a little. "We knew many people there."

"I was part boy, and part man", continued the visitor, as if he were speaking to himself. "I came into his shop, desperate. He saw that I had been crying, and asked me courteously what was the matter. 'My mother and I are on our last penny', I said. 'If I had a few dollars with which to start, I know I could make a fortune. I see my way clear to it.'"

"Do you swear that this is the truth?" demanded the jeweller, looking me straight in the eye. 'In God's name, it is', I replied. 'Take this, and pay me back when you can', said the jeweller. It drew my breath away—for it was a hundred-dollar bill.

"That money made me. It bred hundreds of more hundred-dollar bills. I am now one of those half-happy, half-miserable creatures called millionaires. But on the day I find that jeweller I shall be the happiest man in America."

"You have found him, only to insult him and make him your enemy for life", said the old jeweller, quietly but grimly. "Here is the note that you insisted on giving me."

"But your name is not the same!"

"I dropped it in trying to drop my troubles, and the name on my little sign out-of-doors, is my middle one. Here in this portfolio is many a letter with my real name upon it. Here is my watch, that I have carried many a year through all my troubles—I would not sell it or

pawn it. Here is my name upon it. And here is your note—excuse me for first tearing it into pieces—and here is your confounded clock, and there is the door. Out of here—you who called me a blacksmith! Go! I am poor, but this is my shop yet a few days! Go!

"I want none of your money! What is money?—Nothing. You attack my art, my talent—and what is that?—My life: for that is what a man's special gift really is."

"But I didn't know that it was you!" said the other—almost grovelling at his feet.

"Certainly you did not know that it was the one that long ago gave, or as you call it, lent you a few dollars when you needed it. But you knew that I was a human being! You knew that I belonged to your race! You had not patience enough to give me a little more time to fix your confounded clock—to rally my powers—to give my genius a chance to rise to the surface again—no, you must come to a man of my reputation, and call him a blacksmith!—a blacksmith!—before his wife, that has known him for many a year—before her—and his grandchild!"

"He did not mean to say so much," interrupted the wife, with the usual wifely dexterity at amiably opposing her husband when he is engaged in an argument with some one else: "he was just irritated, and angry, or he would not have said it."

"No indeed, I would not", said the millionaire. "If I had not been 'mad', I would not have said it to any one. Much less, to *you*, sir. And here is the money that I borrowed of you, with interest. And you surely will accept it."

"No"! was on the old man's lips: but he happened to glance for a moment at his wife—thin and sallow, from want of proper food, and stress of struggling to enable the forks of the dining-table to come to the mouth, bringing something that would make them welcome: and he retreated a little from his proud position. "You may pay me the amount of the loan if you insist upon calling it so—

although it was merely a little gift: I am not a money-lender. Interest?—legal rate: no excess, mind. Anything more? Not on any account. I am not a usurer. But before you pay it, take out a hundred dollars to pay some goldsmith—not some blacksmith—for getting your confounded old clock into good shape again."

The millionaire still showed great patience—for a millionaire. He pretended to make a computation on various pages in his note-book, and handed the oldwife a package of money. The watchmaker sat looking steadily and gloweringly at him.

"I shall buy an annuity for twelve thousand dollars per year, for you and your husband, as long as you live", he heard the millionaire say to the wife. "I shall see that the grandchild is properly educated, subject to your and your husband's approval. I shall leave the clock here, for him to repair at his leisure: and if it never comes right, I know where to find another. You are all provided for, financially, as long as you live. Good-bye for the present: I shall see you again, soon. No, no, Madame: you are entitled to a part of this money, and a good deal of it: if it had not been for your good husband there, I never should have had it myself."

The old clock-maker started up to forbid the transaction: he commenced vetoing the whole project. But a look at his beautiful little granddaughter staggered him. She was fitted by nature for a high position in the world, but instead of growing up in it, she was scantily fed, shabbily dressed, meanly clad, and living in a social atmosphere that could never do her any good. "Girls are sometimes spoiled, as well as clocks", something seemed to say to him, repeatedly, as if to beat the truth into his brain.

His pride gave way: he laid his head down upon the table, and was still thinking, when the goodwife and the grandchild came to him with joyful though anxious faces, and, one taking him by each arm, led him to the evening tea.



The Largest Republic in the World.

HAIL to China!—If she makes good, and keeps in the family of republics, of which she is now the big sister, she can help the cause of civilization in a way that will enable this twentieth century to be remembered forever, and ranked with the eighteenth, which produced the Republic of United States.

The new republic is, geographically, about in the form of a square, and is eighteen times as large as the whole of Great Britain. Its population is estimated by more or less enthusiastic statisticians, as from 360,000,000 to 500 and 600,000,000. There is no very accurate statement of it, but the smallest estimate is immense.

China has long been noted as one of the most remarkable countries in the world, and the more we know of it, the

more we will be convinced of that fact. The outside world has as yet a very small idea of what we would call the queernesses of this wonderful people, but which they consider as the real and necessary thing.

We do not yet know whether the new republic will be divided into states and territories as ours is: but we know that there are already eighteen provinces, each having a governor. These officers will probably have to be elected by the people, now, instead of appointed by an emperor or his guardians.

These provinces are divided into districts, departments, and circuits. It will be interesting to note how they go to work under the new regime to elect their President, and what their different legislatures will be like. Whether they will



A FAMOUS SHANGHAI TEA-HOUSE.



THE MATCH-MAKER MATCH-MAKING.

copy from the ancient Republic of Rome, or the tiny one of Switzerland, or the oft-repeated one of France, or the sturdy and enduring one of United States.

Perhaps the last-named: for the far East has been steadily learning from its far West, during these many years; and its energy and progressiveness have, it is admitted, largely been derived from ours. Japan would not be what she is today, if she had not sent her learners over here; and people who have been in each country, say that the Chinese are naturally superior to the Japanese.

We call their ways and customs quaint, and so they are, from our standpoint: but really, we are the ones that are queer, for they are more ancient than we. It would take a library of volumes to tell how the Republic of the West differs from this new one of the East.

For instance, the ceremony of marriage is such an intricate and complicated matter, that it is a wonder if anybody there decides

to marry twice. After all sorts of goings and comings during the betrothal, the day of the wedding arrives, and everything is arranged and done according to ancient custom. There is a band of music to play while the bride is rising and bathing, in order, probably, to harmonize her mind with the ceremonies that are coming. She goes to her future home in a sedan, attended with music and the explosions of firecrackers. The ceremonies that follow are so numerous and complicated, that it is a wonder that the bridegroom, afterwards, does not have to be content with her remains.

Their funerals are still more curious. The ceremonies are so many, that the detailing of them is tedious to a western mind; but everything they do has a very solemn meaning to them. All of them show the steady and abiding belief in the future.

Their amusements, also, seem very odd to us. They do not have any bull-fights or prize-fights: but they set little insects to warring with each other, and



THE WEDDING FEAST.



WORSHIPING AT SHRINES OF ANCESTORS.

bet upon them the same as if they were as large as elephants.

Those of us that have heard the song of some cricket in the corner of some old house on a long evening, never dreamed that these little creatures could

be made to fight with each other for those who wished to gamble on their strength and endurance. Boys in China go and pry them out from their hiding-places, and sell them to people who wish to pit them against each other. The people often bet large sums upon which cricket will come out ahead in the fight. Finally one of the combatants is killed, the other disposed of as tired and useless, and new ones are produced for more sport.

Among the more whimsical curiosities of China is the wheelbarrow sail-boat. A sail is rigged with bamboo mast, and if the one who is propelling the vehicle is going with the wind, he finds that it helps him very much. Freight

and passengers both, are often transported in this way. This same plan is resorted to for the purpose of transporting larger vehicles across the country.

But the railroad has already "come out of the West", and invaded this new



A NATIVE COBBLER.

Republic; and, doubtless, within a few years, large portions of its trade will be honey-combed with iron. Many other western improvements will no doubt follow, and we all hope that they will redound to the well-being of this singular but wonderful race.

It is to be hoped that now China is a sister-republic, she will send over more specimens of her very *best* population,

to show us what she is really like: that the two nations may dwell in peace and unity for many years; and that many of our own people will find that it is a pleasant thing to sojourn for more or less time in the "Celestial" *Republic*, either for pleasure or profit, or both.

In case this occurs, perhaps we will not have so much use for exclusion-laws.

Guest-Spies.

BY EDITH H. DREW.

I HAD always enjoyed the visits of Eleanor Sanders, because we had few school-friends, and thought enough of each other to continue the acquaintance after academic days were over. She was such a frank, engaging little thing, that no one could help liking her; she was the class valedictorian, and wielded the pen more ably than any of the rest of us; and we petted and admired her.

So when Dave and I were married, I told him that we *must* have Eleanor come and visit us, as soon as it could be arranged. She made a very pleasant guest: she was bright, sparkling, and generally a great entertainer at the table; and amused Dave very much in her rendition of ancient and current gossip.

She spent a good deal of the time in her room, industriously engaged in writing; and although she had never stated it as among her ambitions, I was quite sure that she was really writing a book. I was curious at least to know the title; but did not like to ask her about her private business.

One day, however, as Nora the maid was emptying a waste-basket from my friend Eleanor's room, preliminary to burning the contents, I noticed a page or two of manuscript, or at least I thought it was that—which she had evidently spoiled with an accidental ink-blot, rewritten, and thrown away.

I was about to burn it, when my eye caught not only my name, but Dave's; and feeling that when she threw the pages away they were everybody's property, I ventured to look at it.

It was not the preliminary work upon a book, unless the same was to take the form of letters—as perhaps it was. But a page or two of it read as follows:

"You know, Albert, I always thought Ruth and her husband lived together without a flaw in their connubial happiness; but as a guest I of course have exceptional opportunities of observation; and am obliged to say that they are addicted to their little spats—the same as other couples with whom I have visited, the same as you and I will be, maybe, when we are married—although I hope not. The house-keeping bills do not always suit 'Dear Dave', as she persists in calling him, and he has twice stayed out a little too late at night to suit my sweet but somewhat precise little friend. I wrote about this to Ethel Allen, and she replied, laughing through her pen: 'Oh, never mind, Eleanor: there's more or less trouble in all families, you know, only they keep it to themselves, if they're smart.'—Dave is awfully odd in some of his domestic ways; he lacks practice, you see. I think I shall 'do him up' as one of the characters in my first book. But don't tell anybody"—etc., etc.

Well, it was rather startling, to learn that everything we said and did was as faithfully reported as if there were a phonograph and a flash-light moving-picture camera in every room: but I tried to be equal to the emergency, and think I was. I wrote a letter to the aforesaid Ethel Allen, who was also one of my guest's correspondents, and an acquaintance of her fiance.

"Dear Ethel: I want to tell you what fun it is to watch Eleanor flirt with a young clergyman who comes here to dinner once or twice a week. I don't know whether her 'Dear Albert', as she persists in calling him, would like it; but then he will of course never find it out: I as a hostess, you know, have exceptional chances of observation. I have written to Bessie Bennett about this, and she says"—etc., etc.

Well, I left this letter carelessly (?) where I knew Eleanor would run across it: and she came to me with it, that same day.

"Oh, Ruth! how *could* you write such a cruel letter!" she exclaimed. "You *know* I didn't mean any harm in walking and visiting with the young minister, and Albert, if he should find it out, would feel like breaking our engagement: he's *awfully* jealous! And Bessie will tell him, as sure as the world: she's a great gossip. Oh, how *can* you be so derelict in your duties as a hostess, as to take advantage of the situation, and tell all the little things that happen! Oh, Ruth!" And her eyes filled with tears.

"The letter is only a parody on yours,

my dear Eleanor", I replied, holding out her own. "There are duties that guests owe, my darling girl, as well as hosts. Both are in very intimate relationship to each other, and both have a chance, if they wish, or are careless, to do a great deal of harm.

"Do not be afraid of the results of this letter, dear: I have not sent it—do not intend to, and wrote it just to show you how disagreeable and perhaps harmful it is, to have one near you who is telling everything that happens, out of which gossip could be made."

Eleanor threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. "You have taught me a very useful lesson", she murmured. "I did not realize what I was doing. I will be a guest-spy no more."

And I believe she kept her word.

Three Thoughts.

Almost the greatest kind of power is that of making others use their own power in accordance with your wishes: but the very greatest, is the power of making yourself do the same thing.



Clouds that look as if they weighed thousands of tons, are lighter than air; and sorrows that seem as if they would crush us, may be brushed away by the lightest of breezes.



Cleanliness and godliness submitted one time to a vote the question as to which was the more popular: but loveliness was induced to enter the lists, and carried the election twenty to one.





Francis Joseph—Oldest of Emperors.

EIGHTYONE years old! Sixtythree years on a throne! And for many years on a throne that bore much likeness to a rocking-chair, during the critical decades of the middle of the last century.

Dangers threatened Austria from without and from within, during the thirties and forties. Francis I. was the incompetent but kindly Emperor. His brother, Francis Charles, was heir apparent, and the latter's son, Francis Joseph, was next in line. Metternich had ruled with despotic power. To pave the way for better things the Emperor, (persuaded thereto by his consort), abdicated, and his brother renounced the unsteady seat of Empire in favor of the youth of eighteen, his son and heir.

From early childhood this right royal prince had a truly tender sympathetic heart. We hear of him as a child of four noticing a sentry, standing in misery in the scorching rays of the mid-day sun. Seeking his grandfather-Emperor, the latter gives the boy a coin or so for the poor man. The sentry presents arms but mutely declines the gift, as discipline demands. Greatly disappointed, the child returned to his grandfather, who went back with him and lifted him up, so that he could drop the gift into the soldier's cartridge-box.

Severe, indeed, is the training of a prince—no drawing with diamond pencils on golden slates as pictured by the fertile fancy of Hans Christian Andersen.

Not only must he learn the classic languages of old, and the usual modern foreign tongues, but he must study to

address Magyar, Czech, Pole, Slav, each in his native idiom, and this he did with such good effect as to captivate his disaffected Hungarians when he spoke to them in purest Magyar accent.

Francis Joseph was fortunate in his mother, the beautiful, clear-sighted, masterful Archduchess Sophie. Skilled teachers trained him in statecraft, and in the important military studies, which were practical as well as theoretical, for he wore in turn the uniform of a horseman, gunner, and lancer. He became also an expert horseman and huntsman.

The history of this reign is the history of Europe from 1848 to 1912. 1848-9, the years associated in *America* with the discovery of California gold, and a great westward migration, recall to *Europeans* those uprisings of the people in Austria and Germany and Italy against what seemed to them unjust and unbearable oppression. Though Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, were well off economically and industrially speaking, the people wanted more than mere bread—they could not live by bread alone. Liberty to think, liberty to speak, a voice in the government, they craved, and so the kindest and best-intentioned of Emperors and ministers would not suffice, especially as the people could not read his good intentions, his paternal kindness, in some of the acts promulgated by himself and his ministers.

A melting-pot presents a serious problem when the ingredients are bad mixers and the recipe is still a matter of experiment.

Mistakes were made by both sides of course, and when rigid press censor-

ship followed upon violent uprisings, many of the most brilliant youths of Germany and Austria came to America. Thus, when our great conflict broke out, these risked gladly their lives for the country that had given them the liberty so much desired. The writer knew one such man who, while a youth, lay in wait, weapon in hand, in the Tyrolean mountains, to kill the Emperor, who, fortunately for himself and his country, took another road: for it is generally believed that the Emperor's personality and record have held together elements that otherwise might long ago have flown apart.

Yes, the Kaiser's rule fell in a period of storm and stress well described by Lowell:

"At the birth of each new Era
With a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation
Standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-
child

Leaps beneath the Future's heart."

With Kossuth in Hungary, Garibaldi in Italy, Father Jahn, and the thinking folk of Prussia and the other German States, all beginning to stir and throw off the swaddling bands of ages, nation did wildly look at nation; and driven from Italy by France and Prussia, defeated by Bismarck and Moltke abroad, Francis was obliged to grant the Hungarians their independence, for it proved impossible to knit together into one body politic all of these jealous, self-sufficient races. Great were the rejoicings, brilliant, gorgeous, the picturesque pageant, when Francis Joseph was crowned King of Hungary in 1867, galloping up the artificial mound and waving his sword to the four corners of the earth, according to ancient pre-Copernican custom.

The brave, high-minded, magnanimous Emperor, may, perhaps, reviewing his long life and reign, ask, Have I been a failure?

But those who can mirror to themselves, however dimly, the mental and

moral earthquake that shook Europe to its royal foundations in the last century; those who can guess, though but vaguely, at the manifold perplexities incident to ruling many various races in days when monarchy is in its last convulsive throes, before final dissolution, may well say, "no." "He that loseth his life, shall save it", may be true of a national body, as of an individual. When Italy and other foreign provinces are lost, the powers thus necessarily concentrated at home, may well lead to an Austria richer in all those forces that make for true life.

The Emperor was most happy in his wedded life, marrying his cousin, the lovely Princess Elizabeth, whose tact and kindness, mingled with good sense and a strong individuality, lightened and glorified the burdens of State. But many tragic incidents saddened the private life of the devoted couple. Alas, what pitiless Furies appeared to have pursued him and his lovable consort!

When he was still but a youth of twentythree, an attempt was made upon his life; his brother, Ferdinand Max, was the ill-fated Maximilian, for so short a time called Emperor of Mexico (his Queen Charlotte losing her mind and dying but a few months ago.) A sister of the Empress Elizabeth was burned in the fatal Charity Bazaar fire at Paris; the Crown-Prince, Rudolf, the son on whom the Empress doted, heir to the throne, drowned himself,—sin most heinous in Roman Catholic eyes; her well-beloved cousin, King Louis of Bavaria, became mad, and therefore must be kept a royal prisoner; and, last sad blow of all, the Empress herself fell by the assassin's hand in the year that was to be celebrated as the Emperor's jubilee. Truly, Father Time has filled the shadows in heavily, as he has spun the web of the Kaiser's life.

Bismarck thus describes the youthful Kaiser, as he appealed to him in his early days:

"The young ruler of this country has made a most agreeable impression upon me. The fire of his twenty years

is joined to the dignity of a riper age. Were he not an Emperor he would seem to me almost too grave for his years."

The heir of the Hapsburgs, though doomed to participate in many wars, chose to be somewhat neutral during the Crimean trouble, and it is said that Francis Joseph was the last human being that Czar Nicholas was induced, on his dying bed, to forgive, because the Emperor had failed to support him against Turkey in return for his (the Czar's) help, in subduing the belligerent internal foes.

The Emperor's habits are of the simplest. From four or five in the morning he is at his desk, in an office most simply furnished. Of the early hours Carmen Sylva once wrote: "The sun wakes every one in his wide dominions excepting one—the Emperor. For *he* wakes the sun." Tea, Vienna bread, and meat, make his breakfast. These are brought in to him. He lunches at a round table, cleared of its documents and books for that purpose. Dinner is held in a small dining-room where he entertains some member of his suite, or one or another Archduke. He ordinarily retires at nine o'clock.

His bedroom is even more simple than his other rooms, with bedstead and washstand of the plainest. His great recreation is in military manœuvres, troop inspection, and in sport.

Some years ago (1851-3) he made an itinerary of his domains, traveling some 11,000 kilometres—which distance seems trivial compared with the 18,000 mile tour of President Taft.

"Farewell to youth", are the words that escaped Francis Joseph when first addressed as "your Majesty", and heavy indeed were his responsibilities as a potentate with three titles: Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, and Apostolic King of Hungary. Great are the changes he has seen in this long period. Serfdom then had still a foothold in his dominions. He has lived to see even Sleepy China kissed by the Prince—or Princess, Liberty—and awakening from the stupor of centuries. The Social-

Democratic Party gains in Austria; one by one her Archdukes are renouncing their rights, to become simple citizens, and it is doubtful if the old order will long outlive Franz Josef, last of the Hapsburgs (?).

But he has known the love as well as the hate of his subjects, and these may well sing of him, as they did of his ancestor, that other Emperor, Francis I., to the uplifting strains of Haydn:

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,

Unsern guten Kaiser Franz,
Hoch als Herrscher, hoch als Weiser,
Steht er in des Ruhmes Glanz."

The Sheepfold.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

THE fact that real genius need not search very far for its material, is well illustrated in "The Sheepfold"—a picture painted by the well-known artist, Charles Jaque, and now one of the notable works of art in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York. The picturesque and comfortable dining-room and dormitory of the woolled beauties strike one forcibly as soon as he sees the picture. The rough rafters above, through which one can almost see the hay peeping down; the quaint reed-grated window through which a little light finds its way; the cheerful, thrifty look of the boy who does the foddering, and the eager, enthusiastic welcome which the sheep are giving his offered wares—all throw a homely splendor, so to speak, into the picture.

The difference between the sheep that are being fed and those still unsatisfied, is typical of the two great divisions of mankind—those who are eagerly consuming their abundance, and those who are impatiently waiting for their share.

The three stray bits of poultry that have wandered in to see what they can find, seem all the more contented from the fact that they have no right there, but ought to be in the hen-fold. In this, too, there is something typical of humanity.



A Notable Biography.

II.

WE give this month a continuation of the wonderful character of Harriet Beecher Stowe, as depicted by her son and grandson.

"So she struggled on in the grasp of that New England Calvinism which her own father preached. Once she wrote to him, 'I feel as Job did, that I could curse the day in which I was born. I wonder that Christians who realize the worth of immortal souls should be willing to give life to immortal minds to be placed in such a dreadful world.' The letters which Doctor Beecher wrote to her at this time were considered a very able defense of New England Calvinism, but they did not satisfy her. It may be doubted if they even satisfied him, or if he from this time ever rested with the same serenity of mind on the traditional foundations. It was an epoch in the history of the Beecher family, and in the history of the New England theology. It was in this event of family history that both Edward Beecher's 'Conflict of Ages' and Mrs. Stowe's 'Minister's Wooing' found their peculiar inspiration. It is certain that, without this tragedy, neither of these works, so influential in determining the current of religious thought in America, would have been written.

"Miss Beecher passed the two years following the death of Professor Fisher at Franklin, Massachusetts, at the home of his parents, where she listened to the fearless and pitiless Calvinism of Doctor Nathaniel Emmons. Her mind was too strong and buoyant to be overwhelmed and crushed by an experience

that would have driven a weaker and less resolute nature to insanity. Not finding herself able to love a God whom she had been taught to look upon, to use her own language, 'as a perfectly happy being unmoved by my sorrows or my tears, and looking upon me only with dislike and aversion,' and gifted naturally with a capacity for close metaphysical analysis and a robust fearlessness in following her premises to logical conclusions, she arrived at results which, if not always of permanent value, were certainly startling and original.

"The conventional New England Calvinism gave her no satisfactory solution for her difficulties. She was tormented with doubts. 'What has the Son of God done which the meanest and most selfish creature upon earth would not have done?' she asked herself. 'After making such a wretched race and placing them in such disastrous circumstances, somehow, without any sorrow or trouble, Jesus Christ had a human nature that suffered and died. If something else besides ourselves will do all the suffering, who would not save millions of wretched beings, and receive all the honor and gratitude without any of the trouble?' Yet when such thoughts passed through her mind she felt that it was 'all pride, rebellion, and sin.' So she struggled on, sometimes floundering deep in the mire of doubt, and then lifted out of it by her constitutionally buoyant spirits.

"It was in this condition of mind that she came to Hartford in the winter of 1824 and opened her school. In the practical experience of teaching she found at last the solution of her trouble.

les. Turning aside from doctrinal difficulties and theological quagmires, she determined 'to find happiness in living to do good.' She says: 'It was right to pray and read the Bible, and so I prayed and read the Bible. It was right to try to save others, and so I tried to save them. In all these years I never had any fear of punishment or hope of reward.'

"Without ever having heard of pragmatism, she became a kind of pragmatist. She continues: 'After two or three years I commenced giving instruction in mental philosophy, and at the same time began a regular course of lectures and instructions from the Bible and was much occupied with plans for governing my school, and in devising means to lead my pupils to become obedient, amiable and pious.' These 'means' resulted in a code of principles for the government of her school which were nothing more nor less than carefully formulated common sense with plenty of the 'milk of human kindness' thrown in. These principles she carefully compared with the government of God, and came to the conclusion that He in his infinitely mighty and complex task of governing the universe was applying the same fundamental principles as she in the relatively infinitesimal and simple task of governing her school. This was her solution, and this the view of the divine nature that was for so many years preached by her brother Henry Ward, and set forth in the writings of her sister Harriet.

"Harriet and Henry Ward took this position with their hearts, and held it with their heads. They ever felt their way with their hearts and followed with their intellects. The reverse was true of Edward and Catherine. They were the great metaphysicians of the family. Doctor Beecher presented just the inconsistent mingling of the two kinds of mental process which one might expect in the father of such children. It was said of him that he was the father of more brains than any other man in America. It might with equal truth have been said that he was the father of

more heart than any other man in America. The view of God as manifested in Jesus Christ, which came to Catherine Beecher as the solution of her difficulties by long mental struggle, was essentially the same that came to Harriet by intuition as a child of thirteen in the old meeting-house at Litchfield. It was truly religious, non-theological, and practical. But because it was non-theological they were not to be permitted to rest in it peacefully.

"In March, 1826, Doctor Beecher, having resigned his pastorate in Litchfield, accepted a call to the Hanover Street Church in Boston. In making this change he was actuated partly by personal motives, his salary in Litchfield being inadequate to the support of his large family, and partly by the great strategic importance of the Boston church in the war against Unitarianism. In Boston his preaching, which has been called 'logic on fire,' became more aggressively theological than it had ever been before. He felt that God had placed him there to fight and crush a soul-destroying heresy. The stake was nothing so paltry as power and empire, or even human lives. It was the immortal souls of men. Now, although Mrs. Stowe's loyal soul would never have acknowledged that her father's preaching acted unfavorably on her mental development, such was unmistakably the case. The atmosphere of mental excitement and conflict in which her father lived and preached at this time drove her already over-stimulated mind to the point of distraction. Too much mental strain and too little exercise had brought her to her seventeenth year without the strength which should have been the heritage of her robust childhood.

"In February, 1827, her sister Catherine writes to her father: 'I have received some letters from Harriet to-day which make me feel uneasy. She says, "I don't know that I am fit for anything, and I have thought that I could wish to die young, and let the remembrance of me and my faults perish in the grave rather than live, as I fear I do, a trouble

to every one. You don't know how perfectly wretched I often feel; so useless, so weak, so destitute of all energy. Mamma often tells me that I am a strange, inconsistent being. Sometimes I could not sleep and have groaned and cried till midnight, while in the daytime I have tried to appear cheerful, and have succeeded so well that Papa has reproved me for laughing so much. I was so absent sometimes that I made strange mistakes, and then they all laughed at me, and I laughed too, though I felt I should go distracted. 'I wrote rules, made out a regular system for dividing my time; but my feelings vary so much that it is almost impossible for me to be regular.'" Catherine also writes to her brother Edward that she thinks it the best thing for Harriet to return to Hartford where she can talk freely with her. 'I can get her books,' continues Catherine, 'and Catherine Cogswell and Georgiana May, and her friends here can do more for her than any one in Boston, for they love her and she loves them very much. . . . Harriet will have young society here all the time, which she cannot have at home, and I think cheerful and amusing friends will do much for her. I can do better in preparing her to teach drawing than any one else, for I know best what is needed.'

"The result was that Harriet returned to Hartford where she passed a month or so and then in the spring went with her friend Georgiana May to visit Nut-plains, in Guilford, which, as we have already learned, was dear to her from childhood. The August following her visit to Guilford she writes to her brother Edward in a strain that reveals a state of mind bordering on religious melancholy, but at the same time shows that she is returning to mental health and cheerfulness. 'Many of my objections you did remove that afternoon we spent together. After that I was not as unhappy as I had been. I felt, nevertheless, that my views were very indistinct and contradictory, and feared that if you left me thus, I might return to the same dark desolate state in which I

had been all summer. I felt that my immortal interest for both worlds was depending on the turn my feelings might take. In my disappointment and distress I called upon God, and it seemed as if I was heard. I felt that He could supply the loss of all earthly love. All misery and darkness were over. I felt as if restored, never more to fall. Such sober certainty of waking bliss had long been a stranger to me. But even then I had doubts as to whether these feelings were right, because I felt love to God alone without that ardent love to my fellow creatures that Christians have often felt. . . . I cannot say what it is makes me reluctant to speak my feelings. It costs me an effort to express feeling of any kind, but more particularly to speak of my private religious feelings. If any one questions me my first impulse is to conceal all I can. As for expression of affection towards my brothers and sisters, and companions and friends, the stronger the affection the less inclination I have to express it. Yet sometimes I think myself the most frank, communicative, and open of all beings, and at other times the most reserved. If you can resolve all my caprices into general principles you will do more than I can. Your speaking so much philosophically has a tendency to repress confidence. We never wish to have our feelings analyzed down, and every little nothing that we say brought to the test of mathematical demonstration.

"It appears to me that if I could only adopt the views of God you presented to my mind they would exert a strong and beneficial influence over my character. But I am afraid to accept them for several reasons. First, it seems to be taking from the majesty and dignity of the divine character to suppose that his happiness can be at all affected by the conduct of his sinful, erring creatures. Secondly, it seems to me that such views of God would have an effect on our own minds in lessening that reverence and fear which is one of the greatest motives to us for action. For, although to a generous mind the

thought of the love of God would be a sufficient incentive to action, there are times of coldness when that love is not felt, and then there remains no sort of stimulus. I find as I adopt these sentiments I feel less fear of God, and, in view of sin, I feel only a sensation of grief which is more easily dispelled and forgotten than that I formerly felt.' This letter shows how she was driven hither and thither by the powerful and somewhat contradictory influences brought to bear upon her mind by her father, her brother Edward, and her sister Catherine.

"She is naturally drawn to the winning and restful conception of God as like Jesus Christ which both her brother Edward and her sister Catherine unite in presenting to her, but at the same time she shows how the iron of her father's Calvinism has passed into her soul. It may make her very unhappy and depressed, but still she cannot let it go immediately. For dull, lethargic souls Calvinism may be a most excellent tonic under given conditions, but on her artistic and sensitive nature it acted like a subtle poison. It appealed to her reason and left her heart unsatisfied,—nay, even wounded and bleeding. She is drawn hither and thither by conflicting tendencies within herself. Again she writes to Edward and unconsciously paraphrasing a saying of Fenelon, remarks: 'It is only to the most perfect Being in the universe that imperfection can look and hope for patience. You do not know how harsh and forbidding everything seems compared with his character! All through the day in my intercourse with others, everything seems to have a tendency to destroy the calmness of mind gained by communion with Him. One flatters me, another is angry with me, another is unjust to me.'

"You speak of your predilection for literature having been a snare to you. I have found it so myself. I can scarcely think without tears and indignation, that all that is beautiful, lovely, and poetic has been laid on other altars. Oh, will there never be a poet with a heart enlarged and purified by the Holy

Spirit, who shall throw all the graces of harmony, all the enchantments of feeling, pathos, and poetry, around sentiments worthy of them? . . . It matters little what service he has for me. . . . I do not mean to live in vain. He has given me talents and I will lay them at his feet well satisfied if He will accept them.'

"This rhapsodical, overstrained state of mind was highly characteristic of this period of her life. The high tension was naturally followed by seasons of depression and gloom.

"During the winter of 1829 she is in Hartford again assisting her sister Catherine in the school. She writes to her brother Edward, 'Little things have great power over me, and if I meet with the least thing that crosses my feelings, I am often rendered unhappy for days and weeks. I wish I could bring myself to feel perfectly indifferent to the opinions of others. I believe that there never was a person more dependent on the good and evil opinions of those around than I am!' This despair is inevitable to one earnestly seeking the truth as she was, amid conflicting counsels. She is now eighteen, but still morbidly introspective, sensitive, and overwrought. She apparently lives largely in her emotions. In closing one of her letters she says, 'This desire to be loved forms, I fear, the great motive for all my actions.' Again she writes to her brother Edward, 'I have been carefully reading the book of Job, and I do not find in it the views of God you have presented to me. God seems to have stripped a dependent creature of all that renders life desirable, and then to have answered his complaints from the whirlwind; and, instead of showing mercy and pity, to have overwhelmed him by a display of his justice. From the view of God that I received from you, I should have expected that a being that sympathizes with his guilty, afflicted creatures would not have spoken thus. Yet, after all, I do believe that God is such a being as you represent him to be, and in the New Testament I find in the character of Jesus

Christ a revelation of God as merciful and compassionate; in fact, just such a God as I need! This was the vision of God that came to her at the time of her conversion. It was the confusing and perturbing influence of her father's Calvinistic theology that had dimmed that gracious vision. Out of the prison-house of Giant Despair she had been delivered by the teachings of her sister Catherine and her brother Edward.

"But again in the same letter we have a passage that shows that her feet are still meshed in the net of Calvinistic theology. She writes: 'My mind is often perplexed and such thoughts arise in it that I cannot pray, and I become bewildered. The wonder to me is, how all ministers and all Christians can feel themselves so inexcusably sinful, when it seems to me that we all come into the world in such a way that it would be miraculous if we did not sin! Mr Hawes always says in his prayers, "We have nothing to offer in extenuation of any of our sins," and I always think when he says it that we have everything to offer in extenuation.

"The case seems to me exactly as if I had been brought into the world with such a thirst for ardent spirits that there was just a possibility, but no hope that I should resist, and then my eternal happiness made to depend on my being temperate. Sometimes when I try to confess my sins I feel that I am more to be pitied than blamed, for I have never known the time when I have not had a temptation within me so strong that it was certain that I should not overcome it. This thought shocks me, but it comes with such force and so appealingly, to all my consciousness, that it stifles all sense of sin.'

"It was such reflections and arguments as these that had aroused Doctor Beecher to despair over his daughter Catherine's spiritual condition. The fact was, he belonged to one age and his children to another. Yet the brave old man lived to sympathize with them.

"Harriet at last learned to give up her introspection and morbid sensitive-

ness, and to live more healthily and humanly. At the age of twentyone she was able to write thus to her friend Georgiana May: 'After the disquisition on myself above cited you will be able to understand the wonderful changes through which *Ego et me ipse* has passed.

"The amount of the matter has been, as this inner world of mine has become worn out and untenable, I have at last concluded to come out of it and live in the eternal one, and, as F—— S—— once advised me, give up the pernicious habit of meditation to the first Methodist minister who would take it, and try to mix in society somewhat as other persons would.

"*"Horas non numero non nisi serenas."* Uncle Sam, who sits by me, has just been reading the above motto, the inscription on a sun-dial in Venice. It strikes me as having a distant relationship to what I was going to say. I have come to a firm resolution to count no hours but unclouded ones, and let all others slip out of my memory and reckoning as quickly as possible.

"I am trying to cultivate a spirit of general kindliness towards everybody. Instead of shrinking into a corner to notice how other people behave, I am holding out my hand to the right and to the left, and forming casual and incidental acquaintances with all who will be acquainted with me. In this way I find society full of interest and pleasure, —a pleasure that pleaseth me more because it is not old and worn out. From these friendships I expect little, and therefore generally receive more than I expect. From past friendships I have expected everything, and must of necessity have been disappointed. The kind words and looks that I call forth by looking and smiling are not much in themselves; but they form a very pretty flower-border to the way of life. They embellish the day or the hour as it passes, and when they fade they only do just as I expected they would. This kind of pleasure in acquaintance is new to me. I never tried it before. When I used to meet persons the first inquiry

was, "Have they such and such a character, or have they anything that might be of use or harm to me?"

"In this new life she was able to write to her brother Edward, 'I have never been so happy as this summer. I began it in more suffering than I ever before have felt, but there is One whom I daily thank for all that suffering, since I hope that it has brought me at last to rest entirely in Him.' So she learned to suffer and to love. To suffer and to love and at last to rest. After five years of struggling she returns to where she started when converted as a child of thirteen. Love became her gospel, the Alpha and Omega of her existence, love for her God, for her friends, and finally for humanity. The three words, 'God is love,' summed up her theology. Her love of humanity was not the vague charitable emotion which the phrase usually denotes. It was as real, as vital, and as impelling as the love for her friend which she thus expressed in closing this letter,—

"Oh, my dear G——, it is scarcely well to love friends thus. . . . those that I love; and oh, how much that word means. I feel sadly about them. They may change; they must die; they are separated from me, and I ask myself why should I wish to love with all the pains and penalties of such conditions? I check myself when expressing feelings like this, so much has been said of it by the sentimental, who talk

what they could not have felt. But it is so deeply, sincerely so in me, that sometimes it will overflow. Well, there is a heaven—a heaven,—a world of love, and love after all is the life blood, the existence, the all in all of mind.'"

Forest Apple-Trees.

IN some parts of Pennsylvania are to be found wild apple forests, having been seeded by parent-growths the same as regular forest trees. Without pruning, cultivation, or any care whatever, they start out on their little careers, make their way, live their lives, bear bushels of fruit that is never gathered except by hunters or wild animals, and die when their time comes, the same as their taller and statelier neighbors.

The apples they bear are of different sizes, colors, and flavors; a bright red being one of the favorite hues. No doubt there are new and sturdy varieties gradually developed in these self-cultivated nurseries of nature; and fruit-fanciers might find in them something worth grafting into their orchards.

These wild apples are, figuratively speaking, "nuts" to the squirrels, which live upon them when storing their cold-weather food, and are even said to be learning which are the winter apples, and to save them among their eatable treasures—though not as yet in barrels.





Up and Down the World.

Savings-Banks That Won't Break.

"CAN a postal savings-bank system be established in this country?" has been asked again and again—and is just now a subject of peculiar interest to thoughtful men and women. It is a good time to examine its workings in other countries, and see if it would be a good plan for us to adopt the same system.

England, France, Italy, Holland, Canada, and many smaller states have made this institution a permanent department of their governments, and each has demonstrated its inestimable benefit to the masses of the people. It is the common experience of these countries, that only about one-eighth of the sum of the many thousands of deposits, in the course of a year, is left for permanent investment—the remainder of it being withdrawn for current uses. This indicates that many persons of small incomes take this method of laying up money for their rent, fuel, or clothing, rather than trust to the uncertainties of the future. And, it is a far-reaching and unanswerable demonstration of the fact that if one saves the pennies the dollars will soon come into evidence.

It is the daily experience of foreign postal banks to have depositors withdraw their savings of years for the purchase of a little home, or for the establishment of a modest business. Almost invariably these depositors begin again the pleasant task of accumulating their savings: for when the thrifty habit is once acquired it is abandoned only in the rarest instances. And those who are in position to know, testify that no other institution or custom has done so much

to improve the condition of the people, as that of the postal savings-bank.

Holland organized the system in 1881. There every postoffice is a place of deposit; and the postmasters, together with a large number of special agents, are authorized receivers. Any person makes application on a printed form, and gives it to the nearest postmaster, who in return presents him with a pass-book, free of cost.

The postmaster, both as an inducement and compensation, receives five cents on each new account, and one and one-half cents for each entry. Persons living more than twenty miles from an agency, may use the mails free for the purpose of making deposits. No sums less than about forty cents, in our money, are taken.

Sheets of paper with twenty blank spaces, each intended for a five-cent stamp, are distributed free, and filled gradually by the very poor people. When full, the sheet is taken on deposit. Children get these forms, with a hundred spaces for stamps. Twentyseven thousand florins, or over \$10,000 a year, were deposited in this manner. Every fifty days the receivers deposit directly with the Ministry of Postal Affairs.

The interest paid is two and three-fourths per cent.; and the money is invested in national and municipal shares, and railway bonds guaranteed by Government.

If a depositor wishes to withdraw his money, he can do so at the office where he placed it, provided the amount be less than twentyfive florins (about ten dollars); but for larger sums it is necessary to make application to the Director

—who will issue to the appropriate office an order to pay the amount in full or in such installments as the bank's balance will permit; but it has never yet been necessary to resort to the installment plan.

Since the installation of the method in Holland (1881) the cost of administration has grown steadily less, and the rate of interest has likewise increased. In twelve years it saved \$7,200,000 for its people, and chiefly for a class that, left alone, would have been practically penniless. In fact, its success has been such as to amply justify the statement of one who thoroughly believes in the idea, when he said:

"A bank that will reach out its hands to the mechanic in his shop, the child at school, or the farmer at his work; that will collect their money in small or in large amounts, make it productive within two weeks, and pay two and three-fourths per cent. (when the prevailing rate is three per cent.), with the government guarantee for principal and interest, is not only profitable to the people: it is a blessing to the country."

"It is the greatest and most important work ever undertaken by the government for the benefit of the nation", said Gladstone; and the experience of England with this method, has demonstrated the wisdom of his statement.

After paying two and one-half per cent. on its deposits, the English system has earned nearly \$7,750,000, which the Government has from time to time divided among the depositors. The money is invested in government securities only.

The United Kingdom, with half the population of this country, has accumulated nearly \$600,000,000 since 1862; but opportunities for investment here far exceed those in the British Isles.

Nearly ten thousand postoffices are open for deposits, from nine to six, and Saturdays to nine. One shilling is the smallest sum credited, but there is a stamp system, like that of Holland, where even a penny may be put away. No one may deposit over thirty pounds

a year, nor have to his credit more than one hundred and fifty pounds, exclusive of interest. Money may be deposited or withdrawn from any postoffice.

In the space of ten years, depositors increased from one to over three millions, and deposits from twentythree to nearly fortyfive millions.

The universal experience in England is that men, women and children are gradually induced to become depositors, and form habits of saving and thrift, who before were spendthrifts.

The Italian postoffice savings-system was founded in 1876, and even the farthest and most remote offices are open for deposits. The interest rate is three and one-half per cent.

Canada has accumulated about \$40,000,000 in thirty years, and is devoting the money to public improvements, making a permanent debt due to its depositors, and paying three and one-half per cent. interest thereon.

Now, why do we not have this system in United States? It has been recommended by some of our best financial authorities: what is keeping it back?

Postmaster Creswell suggested it in 1887. Hon. Thomas L. James said: "It is my conviction that a system of this description would inure more than almost any other measure of public importance, to the benefit of the working people of United States." Many other authorities might be quoted.

The question to be decided is: Would such a system furnish better security for deposits and greater encouragement to thrift, than existing institutions? Could the Government, without interfering with the present business status, and without loss to itself, carry on the savings-bank business? Would the benefits justify the necessary extension of the functions of government and the increase of public servants?

Answer: Mutual Benefit companies, Co-operative Building-Loan associations, etc., are all successful; and the Postoffice Savings-Bank would have great advantage over these.

The cost of administration at first has

been estimated at three-fourths of one per cent. The Government could easily invest the funds at two and three-fourths per cent. and that would leave two per cent. for the interest rate—a conservative estimate.

Lessons from Marconi.

"SUCCESS", though it is an abstract thing, something that cannot be seen with the physical eye, nor felt with the hand, is that ever-alluring goal toward which humanity is pressing its way, at greater or less speed. Some have been tired out by the fast pace necessary to keep up with their neighbors in the procession, and are idling along the highways of life in more or less of a don't-care attitude, but if you will stop to talk with these men and women, you will find very few who have given up all hope of gaining their little goals.

Some have become distrustful of, or disgusted with, their own ability to get on, and are slyly waiting to hitch their wagons to somebody else's easy-running equipage, and, possibly, there are a few apathetic enough not to use even this attempt to make headway in the world; but the large majority keep up a pretty constant effort to "get there."

Everybody is looking for advice on "how to succeed", and if it is true that "all the world loves a lover", it must be from this very fact—that he is successful, in one thing at least, that he has "won out."

Two or three lessons, then, from the career of Signor Marconi, a world-wide "Success", will not be uninteresting, and may not prove unprofitable.

At the age of eight years the young Italian had shown marked inventive ability; when he was twelve years old his tutor thought enough of one of the young man's devices to attempt to steal it; and at sixteen he was deep in chemical, mathematical and electrical problems, and worrying his parents about a seemingly crazy scheme to send a message "through a solid hill." And in this

illustration of youthful precocity there lies a lesson for all—especially parents. Every boy does not show the genius of a Marconi at eight or twelve years, but almost every one does evince some particular trend in his nature at that age, *and it is the duty of parents to foster and cultivate it*, instead of despising and ridiculing it.

Marconi's parents were doubtless surprised when their young hopeful told them he was going to telegraph "through a hill", but they were too considerate and wise to ridicule the boy at the very beginning of his life of imagination and aspiration. To be sure, numerous young men succeed *in spite* of ridicule, but never *because* of it, as is sometimes falsely asserted; and there is a vast difference between indiscriminate and foolish praise and judicious encouragement. It takes a cool head and a trained judgment to "bring out" all that there is "in a boy", but parents will be rewarded if they give some time and thought to this side of their children's education.

We all know men who couldn't "stand prosperity." Paradoxical as it may seem, and loudly as young men may scout the idea of its possible application to them, men ruined by success are all about us. Just what it is has never been accurately defined, but there is, in the bauble of worldly success, a glamor, or something or other, that always and forever throws back, into the consciousness of him who for the first time, holds it in his hands, the image of himself. By it he is auto-intoxicated, self-hypnotized, and wholly unfitted for harmonious relations with his fellow-men.

Not so with Marconi!

Although kings, emperors and princes are numbered among his intimate friends, and although, by reason of fortune and favor already attained by his own efforts, he might live in ease and good repute, his favorite resort is in some of his stations on the coast of England, far from the haunts of men, where he can dream his large dreams and work out his great plans, free from interruption. And when the King of an earth-

girding empire requests his presence at the royal home, this young inventor—calm master of himself and his destiny—gives the royal flunkies of the world a shock by wirelessly signaling back, in effect, that he doesn't feel like coming around today, but may drop in tomorrow.

The success of Marconi might be described as an accomplishment in the realm of scientific imagination. And to succeed in that department of human endeavor, one must use great concentration of mind. And to focus all the powers of one's faculties upon a single object you must have solitude.

And therein lies another lesson. Let those who would do great deeds have the courage to separate themselves from the distractions of people and things, and in the silence of their own souls build "houses not made with hands." Many people do this, and nothing more. They are dreamers—*mere* dreamers. But nobody ever accomplished any thing great, who was not first a dreamer and then a doer.

Restraint for Millionaires' Sons.

WHEN a young man is to inherit large amounts of money, his conduct is a matter of great importance to the people of his country. The many dollars that he is to acquire will be a formidable power, in either the right or wrong direction. It is as if he were at the throttle of a locomotive drawing a populous train of cars, or in the pilot-house of a steamer full of saloon- and steerage-passengers. He may become another Peabody or Carnegie, dispensing wealth with generosity and intellect combined; or a Johnny Steele, who smashes a saloon first and then buys it, and who ruins himself and everybody he can pick up on the way.

Several rich men's sons of New York have recently come into loathsome notoriety, on account of a murder-case. They are accused by the papers of spending their time and their parents'

money in corrupting the community and demoralizing themselves and each other. They have forged orders in stores for fine clothes, procured them, escaped detection if possible, and if not, left their doting fathers and mothers to settle the bills. They have conspired to trap and degrade the future women of the country. They have held secret meetings in which their criminal exploits were compared each with the other, and future ones arranged. They have insulted respectable citizens on the street, and made theatre-halls, concert-rooms, and even churches, uncomfortable for those who were there for something better than bestial frivolity.

They have also had in training or at least in admiring imitation a large number of younger youths, who aim to follow in their footsteps as closely as they can. Even the veriest children are sometimes corrupted by their presence and influence.

And it need not be supposed that this evil is peculiar to New York: would that it were! Almost every city in United States has a contingency of these "smart" young men. Every court-room has spent time and money over their misdoings; every serious and solicitous mother has shuddered when she saw or heard of them. There is one consolation: they die—and, generally, young. They mostly sink in the stagnant sea of dissipation, or crouch and rave in some private sanitarium, until the grave hospitably opens to receive their filthy bodies. But meanwhile they have left germs of moral disease—the smallpox of the mind—the cholera of the soul.

Neither should it be supposed that all these moral pestilences upon legs reside in the city. There are country districts that have their quota. It does not take so much money in rural latitudes to identify a young fellow as a rich man's son, and in some places he who is worth a million dimes, or even cents, is accounted a millionaire, and his children have perhaps unusual temptations and advantages for vice. Many of the poor creatures who drift into the city for a

life of shame, are the work of these petty financial lordlings.

To be sure the parents generally lament the doleful facts; but there seems little that they can do. In the first place, their eyes are naturally weakened by love, and they cannot discern faults of their own children as quickly and clearly as can others. In the second place, many of them need all their time in acquiring their wealth and keeping it—and filling the social obligations arising from it. In the third place, a young cub, if allowed to have his own way for awhile, soon gets clear of restraint, and runs his own people a race in which they never can catch up.

Now, under all these circumstances, what is to be done? It seems to us that the strong arm of the law should be brought in, to correct the evil. There should be truant-officers for rich young men who have no well-defined course of study, and no definite and steady occupation. They should be compelled to conform themselves to the public good, just as poor people's children are. It ought not to be a sufficient excuse for a young man, that his parents are willing to support him: the question should be, Is he supporting himself, or qualifying himself to do so in the future?—If not, he should be compelled into it, and that by the people—through laws that they make and enforce. In that way, he can perhaps be kept out of mischief.

Pears and Plums from Cherry-Trees.

FOR years the scientific gardener has been gathering apples from pear-trees, and picking cherries from damsons off the same branches, and, though the quest of the black tulip has so far been in vain, the blue rose, we are told, has at last been produced at Kew Gardens, England.

Years ago horticulturists were inter-

ested in the announcement that a nurseryman at Essy, in Slavonia, had secured a wild rose from Servia, which was said to give blooms of a deep violet blue, and that, after two years of cultivation, the rose retained its color. But there is still an uncertainty whether the blue tint was natural or produced by chemical means, in the same way as another horticulturist is known to have produced a black rose. Most people will be content, no doubt, with the "red, red rose that sweetly blooms in June", and nobody will very much deplore the failure of the efforts to produce roses of black, or blue, or green, or any other unnatural color.

More pardonable, perhaps, is the hobby of the man who would grow a universal fruit-tree. Even this, of course, is contrary to all the laws of nature, and ought by natural law to be abolished. But there is a farmer in Herefordshire, England, who insists, it is said, on gathering—not grapes from thistles, but pears and plums and apples from cherry-trees. Many years ago the enterprising farmer grafted these alien fruits on his cherry-tree, and by careful cultivation the four branches have been brought to full fruition. Many of the visitors to Naples have seen a famous tree there on which oranges and lemons grow side by side.

He Pities the Greatest Victims.

AN odd charity is that founded by a man who spent years in tracking outlaws and bringing them to justice. The rewards that he gained by capturing famous train-robbers and bandits amounted to \$50,000. He has made provision for the use of part of his property to start a home for the widows and orphans of such outlaws. True justice and true benevolence are twins, even if the likeness is not always striking at first.



Editorial Comment.

PROTECTION VERSUS POLITICS.

IT seems strange to have regular highway robberies occurring in the most crowded streets of New York, in broad daylight, amid thousands of people passing to and fro. One would sooner expect to hear of them in country districts, where few if any people could witness them except those immediately concerned.

Two men, or, rather, a man and a boy, are carrying several thousand dollars in money from one bank to another, up one of the most crowded stretches of Broadway. They are in a large, substantially-built automobile, with a supposedly reliable chauffeur to speed them upon their way. They have no weapons with which to defend themselves, for that is against the law in New York. There are no locks upon the doors of their vehicles, to keep trespassers out.

Right in the midst of the street-hurling, a highway robber steps up to one side of the vehicle, and another one to the opposite side; they pound the cash-custodians almost into insensibility, board another automobile that is awaiting them, and transport the money to some place not contemplated at all, in the minds of the bankers who had released it from their vaults.

A jeweller with several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds that he is intending to sell to another jeweller, is quietly walking along in the vicinity of the Waldorf-Astoria—a hotel that is almost a city of itself. He is overpowered and robbed by two rogues, and he is standing in the crowd without his gems—scarcely knowing what has happened, and in a condition that makes

him unable even to describe his assailants so the police can recognize them if they find them.

House after house is robbed, both by day and night, all over the city: and it is done so niftily and dextrously, that "the police" seem dazed, and not able to remedy the matter. Holdup after holdup occurs, and the proverbial "reign of terror" seems to be thoroughly on.

Meanwhile, the city pays well for good and reliable protection: and wonders why it doesn't get it.

If the city officers would study politics less and their duties more, this question would not need to be asked.

COWARDS OF THE MAIL-BOX.

IT may seem strange, but it is not avoidable, that the St. Valentine's Day recently passed, has been the cause of several arrests, and that some of the participants in this annual frolic through the United States mails, confront the unwelcome possibility of terms in prison.

The law is very strict as to what shall and shall not be put into postoffice boxes, and there is a vast amount of ignorance on the subject—which is sometimes speedily corrected. The process of sending "valentines" has gradually passed, among the lower order of intellects, into the dissemination on one day of the year, of slander and abuse. Almost every man in political life, from President down to ward politician, has found his mail-box encumbered with scurrilous matter on some fourteenth of February. Professional men are all subject to it, as well as thousands of people

not at all prominent. The criminals who send the things, and who thus gratify a desire to resent a real or fancied injury, are generally not aware of the personal risk they run: for people who are malicious, are often ignorant, as well.

Most of these petty attacks, we are told, are, upon being received, dumped into the waste-basket. They were bought all ready-printed for a cent or two each, and embellished with writing more or less disguised. "I pay about as much attention to these things, as I do to a mongrel dog when he barks at me", said one Congressman: "I know they are from beings who dare not say insulting things about me to my face, or to any one through whom I may hear them." Still, sometimes the dog ventures near enough so that a well-directed kick—not taking too much trouble—reaches him "good and hard": and in that case, the animal has only himself to thank, that he has to limp off on three legs, or lie down on his back with the said legs in the air.

But these same sneak-thieves of the mailing facilities, do not always stop with the annoying or attempted annoying of men: they are not above throwing their ink-mud upon that sex which every true man will honor and save from harm so far as he is able. Some of the worst and meanest of slanders are perpetrated through so-called valentines, and some heart-aches are caused, which heal very slowly, if ever. A man shakes off the silly things that are written or printed about him: a woman, unless she have the masculine nature, cannot do this. Many a wound has been inflicted by these cowardly enveloped stabs, that resulted in insanity, and even death.

We are sorry to admit, that now and then a member of the female sex—generally of acknowledged bad character—stoops to send insulting matter through the mails, in the manner above-men-

tioned. The laws do not exempt women, any more than men: and a few arrests might teach these harpies to be more careful in their literary crimes.

The Government ought to exercise a censorship over valentines that are sold in the book-stores and on the news-stands, for such care is needed, and has been needed for years. It already has made provision for punishing improper language in a valentine, for the law against such offences does not make any exception because the date is the fourteenth of February, and it makes no difference whether or not the sender or writer signs his name, if it only can be procured. This, owing to the fact that means of detection are about a hundred times greater than ten years ago, is generally an easy matter.

FURNISHING FINE ARGUMENTS AGAINST THEMSELVES.

THE disposition of a national Administration to encourage the establishing of a parcels post, does not need any arguments from its advocates: its opponents are themselves furnishing hundreds of them every day.

There comes to your office or your residence a parcel, marked "Collect": You pay the nice little bill, supposing it was sent "C. O. D." Or you wonder at the apparent fact, and question the driver or his assistant, who brings it in. He surlily tells you that that's what he has been told to collect, and if you don't want to give him the amount demanded, he can take the goods away. You are in a hurry for the stuff, and if you have not the required amount handy, you instruct your clerk or secretary to draw a check—considered good by hundreds of different people with whom you deal. You are still more gruffly informed, that "checks don't go", and the money is again demanded. You pay it, and after using time more valuable than the

amount you paid, you are informed that it was a "mistake", and the money is returned, in a gingerly manner, without even an apology for the inconvenience and insult to which you have been subjected. This sort of incident has happened, again and again, and is happening every day: and you are not allowed the satisfaction of ascertaining whether it is the driver's fault, or the company's.

It cannot always be that of the man who does the collecting, or he would not dare to take perishable property back to the warehouse, when transportation-charges upon them had already been paid. Some valuable birds from the South—rare and delicate, were thus taken away from the house of an invalid lady in New York, upon a cold winter night—when every cent had already been paid that was due upon them, as the company afterwards acknowledged. It was a wonder that they did not die during the two or three days they were stored away among other goods, and it is not improbable that their lives were shortened by the chill they received—for their tenure of additional existence was not very much extended. Sometimes nothing is said about double charges, for fear that they are not really such, and the friend who sent the package may feel aggrieved. Many of the New York drivers have openly boasted of the extra money they made, by fraudulent charging. It is not stated that the companies have also boasted—at least to the public.

This would all be changed and remedied, if the Government conducted the express business the same as it does the letters and small packages. Employees would hesitate awhile, before they boasted of stealing from the patrons of our esteemed friend, Uncle Samuel. There would of course be occasional dishonesty, but nothing like that which we have been describing. And The People would have the profits.

THE SHOP AND THE MARKET.

"**H**OW dear to my heart is the old-fashioned market!" say many of the city people today. This was in the times when the lady of the house, or her good husband, or her servant, took a basket in one hand and a portemonnaie in the other, went to some near-by collection of well-and cleanly-kept stalls, bought what provisions were needed in the house for that day, and went back home, feeling that such money as had been expended was done so, wisely and economically. If one dealer offered inferior goods, or charged an inflated price, there was another, and another, and another, to fall back upon. The sacred factor of Competition was not only in the physical air, but in the mental. The market-men were believed to charge a reasonable, living profit for the commodities they sold, and if any one of them gave short-weight, he was soon "smoked out" and tabooed by the people with baskets.

But in these telegraphic, telephonic, motoristic, aeroplaning times, conditions are different, necessities are different, and results are different. It costs much more to live than it used to do, because the materials upon which people live are of a much rarer and more expensive kind than those they used to employ. Things must be delicatessenized before they can use them. They must have everything brought to the door, carried into the house, dumped upon the kitchen-table, and left there by some boy-whistler, comedian, pessimist, or steady, straightforward messenger, as the case may be. He lingers sometimes, if the cook is attractive and amiable, but generally departs, before the eatables have been examined or re-weighed.

Under these facts, and the knowledge that over 3,000 cases of "short weight" were detected by New York investigators in one year, most people will understand that the consumer does not always

get "a square deal", and at times pays much more for his subsistence and that of his family, than he ought to do—and certainly than he would like to do.

It is asserted that very poor people, who do not have the telephone, or the cook, or the services of the boy-messenger, are obliged to pay exorbitant prices for their living, just the same. Rev. Dr. Madison Peters, who seems to think that a clergyman should look after people's bodies as well as their souls, has opened several small "stores" in New York, where goods are sold at reasonable prices, and fair weight and measure given.

The Mayor of Indianapolis, who rejoices or grieves in the not-over-melodious name of Shanks, but whose name no doubt sounds sweet to the ears of many people, has also been taking a hand, and evidently a very strong one, in this situation. He claims to have saved his constituents a large amount of money, which otherwise commission merchants and shop-keepers would unjustly or semi-unjustly have thrown into their tills. "On 10,000 bushels of potatoes," he states, "I have saved them \$7,500." This is at the rate of about seventyfive cents per bushel, and is really worth while. Such ones of his constituents as had bought of him, could luxuriate in the fact, while eating their Christmas or Thanksgiving turkeys, that they had paid eight cents less per pound

for it, than if they had patronized the old stand.

"The trouble with you here in New York," this Mayor remarked, on a recent visit east, "is that its citizens do not know enough to establish twenty or thirty markets for every section, where the consumer could do his buying directly from the farmer.

"I have asked why this was so, and have been told that it was so that the city could pay off its debts by getting big rents from such market places as are allowed to exist."

A fine idea—this starving one set of people, to help another set pay their taxes!

"That used to be the way in *my* city", asserted Mayor Shanks. "Commission merchants stocked up on foodstuffs, refused to buy any fresh stock, until what they had on hand was sold—and that, at a huge percentage of profit over what they had paid for it. Such men are useless, and a bane in any city."

One man who lives on Long Island, and who is not a mayor, but is a close student of commercial conditions of living and letting live, asserts that fifty million dollars could be saved every year, if producer and consumer could be "brought together." He should perhaps deduct from this princely sum, the cost of bringing them together and keeping them together, without the inevitable middleman slipping in between.





Five Minute Sermon.

"What is that in thine hand?"—Exodus IV, 2.

BY REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

A SHEPHERD lad, unarmed, untrained, yet called by the God of heaven to go to a great King and plead with him to let the oppressed go free! No wonder Moses cried, "They will not believe me nor harken unto my voice, for they will say, the Lord hath not appeared unto thee." Then God asked Moses, "What is that in thine hand?" Moses answered, "A rod"! A little switch! That was all he had—to drive the cattle; but God said, take that and go! Go, do what I tell thee; a rod with Almighty God behind it is mightier than all the armies and chariots of Egypt. So it has ever been, down the pages of history; when God gives a man something to do He wants Him to do it with the means he has, and not to plead that he cannot do it unless greater means be given him. When God says "go"! Go, with whatever you have in hand!

When God says "do"! Then do! with whatever you have to do with, for "Man's weakness waiting upon God,

Its end can never miss;

And men on earth no work can do,
More angel-like than this!"

When it comes to feeding the hungry, a little measure of meal and a drop or two of oil, three barley loaves and a few small fishes, are an abundance if we consecrate them.

When God asks us to do something,

He does not ask us to do it with what we have not; but with what we have. If there be, first, a willing mind, it is accepted according to that which a man hath and not according to that which he hath not. What has that shepherd lad David got to kill that mighty giant with? A bird-sling and some pebbles from the brook! What nonsense! What is that in thine hand, David? A sling and some pebbles. 'Tis enough; down goes the giant! Moses starts out to do God's command with his rod and the whole omnipotence of God flows through that rod. The woman goes to bake a cake for the hungry prophet and the whole infinite bounty of God is in the handful of meal and the few drops of oil.

Thousands of people surrounded Jesus and his disciples and they were faint and hungry. "How shall we feed this multitude?" asked his disciples. "There is a lad here with a box of sardines and a few oat-meal crackers." "But what nonsense to think of feeding this crowd on that meagre supply." "Bring them to me!" said Jesus. That is, give me what you've got! The multitude were fed and there was an abundance left over.

But it is not on the pages of the Bible alone that we read this great truth. It is the experience of God's children everywhere. One hundred years ago the boys that worked in the foundries in Glasgow, Scotland, were neglected, wicked, and depraved, and no one seemed to care what they did or what became of them. Drunkenness, fighting, gambling, and licentiousness pre-

vailed among them to an alarming extent. A poor girl named Mary Ann Clough, who had to work hard from daylight till dark, six days in the week, and whose frail body was hardly equal to the exhausting labor, heard God say to her, "Mary, I want you to do something for these boys!" She might have plead, "O Lord, I have no money, no time, no strength, no education!" But she did not! She began with what she had. She got two or three boys together and talked with them, wept and prayed over them, and made them feel that she was in very truth their friend. Then she began to plan for them and to help them in their lives. The number grew so that they could no longer meet in her tiny chamber and she got an old, dingy, dark, dirty room in one of the factories, to meet in. Her work began to attract attention. Her boys were different and better than the other boys. They were called "Mary Ann's boys." The attention of churches and ministers was attracted to her work and soon she had all the help and all the money she needed, and today that great charity, "The Glasgow Foundry Boys' Association" stands as a monument to her name. God said to her, "What is that in thine hand, Mary?" and she answered, "Nothing, Lord, but a warm, loving grasp of sympathy! I'll stretch it out to the poor boys!" She did, and all the bounty of God flowed through it!

O reader, is there not something that God is calling you to do today, and you, like Moses, are holding back and saying that it is impossible for you to do it? Is not God asking you, as he did Moses, "What is that in thine hand?" Has not God given you a hand to work with, a heart to love with, and feet to walk with? Then why are you holding back from that work to which he is calling you?

Think of William Lloyd Garrison, poor, friendless, and unknown in 1830, beginning war on slavery which was entrenched behind the Constitution, laws, social prestige, and instituted religion of the mightiest nation on the face of the earth! A poor printer, setting his

own type, and living on bread and water in a wretched garret, with his only visible auxiliary a negro boy! "I will not retract, I will not equivocate, and I will be heard!" Heard he was; and soon a storm of wrath broke upon him and an angry mob tried to hang him. Like the Apostle Paul he was hunted from city to city by those who sought to take his life; yet on he went, undaunted and unafraid, saying, "Break every yoke and let the oppressed go free!" Slavery was the sword which in the hands of God's avenging angel was destined to smite this proud nation in twain, and in that blow slavery itself was slain!

It is well to remember the parable of the talents, and of the man who, having only one, hid it in a napkin and did nothing with it. So people excuse themselves from doing anything at all because they can do so little. As if Moses had said, "All I've got is a rod, and what can a fellow do with a rod?"

After the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, Harriet Beecher Stowe heard the voice of God pleading with her to do something against the increasing power of the institution of slavery. She replied, "What can I do, Lord? I am only a poor humble professor's wife. I have neither fame, wealth, nor influence, and no one will listen to me or believe that Thou hast sent me!" Then God said, "What is that in thine hand?" She replied, "It is a pen!" With that pen she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and God did the rest!

From the Minister's Standpoint.

THERE is a spirit of remonstrance rising from the clergymen of America, and EVERY WHERE has occasionally voiced a portion of it for them. Here is some more of it:

Rev. A. O. Luce, pastor of the St. Paul, Minn., Central Methodist church, recently said, in a sermon, that it was impossible for a man to be a Methodist preacher and at the same time maintain his self-respect. He also said that the

only difference between the Methodist Church and a hired hand on a farm was, that the hired hand had but one boss, while the preacher had about a thousand bosses.

Another clergyman says:

"Are the gates of hell prevailing against the so-called 'Protestant' churches today? No matter how loath I may be to admit it, yet, as a student, (and all the way through my college career I was honest, and when in my study I saw a thing that was right I was brave enough to proclaim it), I must stand here this afternoon and as an honest man, say to you that if things continue at the present rate for a few more years, there will not be enough so-called 'Protestant' churches left to be found with a microscope; and I am prepared to back up that statement with reliable statistics.

"Think of it! will you? and these statistics were furnished by a minister, and printed in the *Literary Digest*, one of the best and most conservative and reliable papers in the world. It was stated that, last year, in United States alone, there were ten thousand churches that breathed their last breath, and that there were ten thousand more ready to breathe their last breath.

"If there were a church here and there that was being closed, why, that would not indicate so very much; but it is true the whole world over. The statistics for the churches of London show a lamentable condition—a condition appalling enough to break the heart of every Christian. The masses have ceased to attend the churches.

"You can see a Roman Catholic Church crowded, and the so-called 'Protestant' church in the same neighborhood, empty; and you will see the Roman Catholics out early in the morning to mass; but, alas, when the 'Protestant' church prayer-meetings are held, they are dead—lifeless.

"The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Rockford, said, 'The dullest thing in Rockford is my prayer-meeting, unless some other fellow's prayer-meeting is duller.'

"Here are millions of Methodists and

Baptists (according to their statistics), but where are they on prayer-meeting nights? Some of them at euchre parties, others at theatres, some at dances; and the Lord only knows where the rest of them are—I do not.

"When I was an Evangelist, I have gone into some towns where it has taken me about ten days and nights to get the 'thing' started; and sometimes at the first meeting there would be only two men there—the janitor and myself—and a few women.

"All over the world, thinking men are asking—'What is the Matter with the Churches?'

"Scholars, theological seminary professors, statesmen and magazine writers are asking—and the papers are filled with it. 'What is the matter?' And nobody seems to know, and things go on and get worse and worse and worse every year."

Pulpit Gems.

The Christian revelation is not a mere message about God. What Jesus was, God is.—BISHOP A. C. A. HALL.

Live in a higher religion, not in the dust and ashes of the past. In the religion of Jesus Christ a man lives in the kingdom of heaven.—REV. E. E. HALE.

Need we any testimony of God's goodness to ourselves? Has there been a single day from our childhood that we have not been made partakers of His unbounded mercy.—REV. THOMAS F. MURPHY.

The general conscience of mankind in all ages and all over the world has recognized the essential difference between right and wrong. The idea of right and wrong changed with the ages.—BISHOP FREDERICK COURTNEY.

Use your influence to save others. Let your power be felt. Be a helper, a worker, a savior. Do all this in the name of the great philanthropist, Jesus. Then you will answer the purpose for which you were made.—REV. PETER STRYKER.



Dangers of Milk.

THIS food is not merely a convenient vehicle for bacteria. It is a soil which is peculiarly favorable to their growth. It abounds with the necessary elements for their nurture. Hence the organisms almost invariably found soon after it is drawn from the cows, multiply with amazing rapidity, especially if the temperature is not promptly reduced.

A New York physician describes several sets of tests made by him: Five hours after milking, the average number of bacteria found in a cubic centimetre of the milk of six cows, was six thousand, and at the end of forty-eight hours there were 17,181.

This number may seem large for a mere thimbleful, but it is extraordinarily low compared with that found in most of the milk of commerce. In another set of experiments less elaborate cleansing-methods were adopted: but the milk was cooled to fifteen degrees Fahrenheit within two hours. Almost at the outset there were 30,366 bacteria to the cubic centimetre; after twenty-four hours there were 48,000, and at the end of forty-eight hours 680,000!

In ten samples of milk brought in by one great railroad to New York City and examined immediately on arrival, the count ranged from 100,000 to 35,200,000, or an average of little less than 6,000,000. In ten samples which came by another railroad, the range was from 52,000 to 25,000,000, and the average 5,406,200.

All of this milk was examined in March, when the outside temperature was fifty degrees. That of the cans,

when opened, was forty-five degrees. The milk had travelled about 200 miles.

At another time tests were made with milk obtained at places where it was retailed. The average for ten shops in well-to-do districts was 327,500, and for thirteen shops in districts where the poorer classes live, was 1,977,692.

Four general classes of bacteria are found in milk. The functions of one group have not yet been discovered, a second induces various fermentations, a third imparts characteristic flavors to cheese, and a fourth embraces disease-germs.

Only the last of these endangers health, and they occur in relatively small numbers when they are observed at all. The startling statistics just given, therefore, do not afford an accurate measure of the peril to which the public is subjected, but they emphasize the awful facility with which multiplication is liable to follow when only a few are present.

The microbes which are held responsible for tuberculosis are apparently the most abundant of the pathogenic bacteria which find their way into milk.

Because of the small number present in a given specimen, or their lack of virulence, or for some other reason, these organisms are not uniformly dangerous; but tests have been made which are painfully suggestive.

Klein, for instance, with milk from one hundred different sources, inoculated as many guinea-pigs. In seven per cent. of these cases true tuberculosis developed, in eight per cent. pseudo-tuberculosis followed, and in one per cent. there was diphtheria, to say noth-

ing of blood-poisoning. Like results were also obtained when market-butter was thus tried.

The history of two hundred and fifty epidemics of typhoid fever, diphtheria, and other disorders, which have been traced to contaminated milk, shows that the germs have come from some other source than the cow. The precise manner in which they gained access to the milk, however, has not often been clearly established.

One of the most common modes of infection is washing cans, pails, bottles, and other receptacles in impure water. Greater cleanliness and sterilization by a high degree of heat should render such vessels innocuous.

The custom of rendering the milk itself safe by raising its temperature to a given point for a short time is steadily growing in favor. The standard originally set by Pasteur was 168 degrees Fahrenheit. Even this, however, may not prove fatal to organisms which happen to be caught in the skin, or pellicle, that often forms on heated milk.

If the fluid is put into a closed vessel and agitated, no film will develop, the germs will be killed, and the ease with which the cream will rise, will not be diminished. The heat should be continued for twenty minutes.

Whether or not it is subjected to this treatment, the milk should be brought to a temperature of fortyfive or fifty degrees as soon as possible, so as to check the development of any bacteria which may already be there or gain access to it afterward.

Breathing, and Baldness.

A WESTERN physician of some note has lately promulgated a theory of baldness, that is, to say the least, unique. According to this medicine-man, scarcity of hair on the head is due to improper breathing, and experiments made with that supposition in mind, seem to give color of truth to the theory.

It was believed that air (or rather organic matter which air contains), when drawn into the lungs, and allowed to remain in the air-cells, is decomposed by the moist warmth of the body, and that a product of this decomposition is a poison called "tricho-toxicon." It was supposed that this poisonous substance is taken up by the blood and acts as a direct agent in causing the hair to fall out.

It was explained that the reason that baldness is so much more common among men than women, is that their manner of dress forces women to breathe by expanding the chest—which method gives a more complete circulation of air in the lungs than the feeble abdominal method generally practiced by men.

To prove the theory, several bald-headed men were called in, and exhalations from their lungs were stored in vessels from which the air had been extracted, and from there, the expired air was transferred to bottles partly filled with water. After permitting the expelled air to remain in the water long enough to impregnate it with the supposed hair-poison, some of the water was injected into the blood of dogs, hens, and pigeons. The result being, that the hair of the dogs, and the feathers of the hens and pigeons, fell out as long as the injections were continued, and grew again as soon as they ceased.

In more detail, the experiments were as follows:

Air was obtained from the lungs of a middle-aged man who had been bald for many years. This was transferred to a bottle partly filled with water, and placed in an incubator, where it was kept for ten days, at a temperature of ninetyeight degrees. Injections of the impregnated water were made daily in a fox-terrier and a hen. After fourteen injections, the dog commenced to lose its hair, and the hen its feathers. After fiftytwo injections, large bare patches were visible on both subjects; neither showed any signs of disturbed

health during the progress of the experiments. Their weight remained unchanged. After the injections ceased, a new coat of hair covered the bare patches in the dog, and the hen got her feathers back.

A second and more extensive series of experiments conducted under exceptionally favorable circumstances served to establish further the greater probability of this theory.

Three flasks were numbered one, two, and three, and the first filled with air from the lungs of a man who was bald, the second with the expired air from the lungs of a man whose head had its natural covering, and the third with ordinary atmospheric air. These were placed in the incubator to allow decomposition to take place. In this experiment one fox-terrier, five hens, and five pigeons, all fully grown, were used. Injections into the dog from the two flasks of expired air, one from a bald man, and the other from a man not bald, had the same effect as in the first experiment. Similar treatment of the hens and pigeons was followed by the same results, only those being affected which were treated with injections impregnated with the alleged hair-poison.

If the theory is correct, the true preventive of baldness is very obvious: the habit of breathing to the entire capacity of the lungs.

"Sighing" Is Pieced-Out Breathing.

PROF. LUMSDEN says that sighing is but another name for oxygen-starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequent worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest-walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expiration following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and this sigh is simply an effort of the

organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen. One remedy is to cease worrying; another is to habitually take long and deep breaths, whether you are worrying or not. The oxygen is likely to stop you from worrying and set you to work.

Those Curious Things—Warts.

MANY a boy, and girl, too, for that matter, has been bothered by the queer little white excrescences that sometimes grow on the hands, fingers, and other parts of the body. There are various ways of curing them: among the best, is scraping them gently each day, and applying a mild acid—like moistened saleratus or something of the kind—until the disagreeable little lodger crumbles away.

As is well known, the stories about warts and their cure by queer devices, are infinite, and in many cases are so strange that it is only on the hypothesis of suggestion that they can be explained or even believed. Needless to say, however, the theory that such solid and obvious overgrowths as warty masses can be made to shrivel and die off under the influence of such a mental process as suggestion, has bearings which reach far and can hardly be limited to warts alone.

A case is related by Dr. Dibble Staple of a girl fifteen years old who had a large number of warts on both her hands. She had counted as many as ninety-four on the right hand. Having read in one of the medical journals that a number of warts had been cured by vaccination, the doctor determined, with the consent of the relatives, to give the plan a trial. He therefore re-vaccinated the patient on June 1. The vaccination was successful, but no effect was produced on the warts until seven weeks after, when they gradually disappeared, leaving temporary white spots, and when she was examined a few weeks later all trace of them had entirely disappeared.



World-Success.

Failure and Success.

II.

SUCCESS is one of the easiest things to achieve, in the known world, if one will be content, at first, with small gains. It commences, like the learning of a language, at the simplest rudiments. It has an alphabet, without learning and practicing which, no man or woman may hope to ever master it. There is not a half-hour of one's life within which he can not procure a triumph, or a half-second that is not large enough for a failure.

The twentysix letters of Success lie in training the body to do what the mind directs. You intended to pick up that book, tie that package, write that word, inhale that breath, voice that thought, eat that morsel, sing that song, remember that fact. If you accomplished the feat, truly and exactly, it was a success, and part of a subsequent victory; not otherwise. In whatever degree the performance differed from your exact intention, it is a failure. You told yourself to do a certain piece of work in a certain manner? If you have obeyed your own commands accurately, and done just what you proposed, it is a success; not otherwise. You intended to amuse yourself a certain length of time, and then return to work? If you are not warped from the purpose by some rival impulse or power—by the undue influence of some other person or thing—you have made a success; in so far as you turned away, you failed. You tried to understand a certain subject, thoroughly and completely? If you adhered to the purpose until it was accomplished, you have succeeded; not otherwise. It is wonderful

how many victories or how many failures one can tally in a day—in an hour!

To conquer by accident, by "good luck", by the kindness of others, by any of the hundreds of things that constantly happen in our favor—is nothing over which to be proud. On the other hand, when we have done our very best toward the accomplishing of an object, we have at least gained one of the principal approaches to success, even if the results be not exactly as we hoped.

When one gets thorough control of body and mind in all the lesser affairs of life, these lead to greater and greater achievements, as surely as words of one syllable do to those of six. Every success draws compound interest, and contributes to grand results. An avalanche—that gigantic snow-flake of the mountain-side—was formed by millions of delicate crystals that came quietly one after another. The sublime drama of "Paradise Lost", was the sum and product of year after year, thought after thought, inspiration after inspiration, on the part of its blind author; and it made him famous forever.

Not only can Failure counterfeit itself, but Success can do the same. Many a man thinks he is an immortal prodigy, and may deceive the world into believing so for a time—when he is really only suitable to be one of the more insignificant inhabitants of Oblivion. A tree that had one branch covered with leaves and blossoms, while every other was scragged and bare, could not be considered as anything but a failure; and yet it ought to be the accredited banner of many of our so-called successes of the world. No tree is a success until the great majority of its branches are growing and blooming

and fruiting; no man is so until his best faculties and sentiments are in full play.

The only kind of success that will stand against the laundry-work of time, is the kind that comes from the accomplishing of that which we undertake because we undertook it, and which God undertook when He created us.

He intended that we should have good morals; and a man may be rich, honored, influential and powerful, and still a failure, if moral principle do not underlie it all. The walking moral-cemeteries and crematories that do not belong to any church, and hence think they should be allowed to sin openly and above-board, are nuisances to Heaven; and so are those who do belong to churches, and transgress secretly, under their sanctuary roofs. Sin and Meanness consort very closely together, with Meanness a little the lower.

He wants every one to have the free and healthy use of every organ of every part of the body; He often, therefore, allows famous object-lessons to appear in the world, showing how ill-health limits the capacities that might otherwise gleam up and down through the generations, in unimpaired usefulness. He has shown us Alexander Pope, whose whole life was "one long lingering disease"; Elizabeth Browning, with her days shortened and crippled by pain; and thousands of others, who have been allowed to do great and grand things enough to testify how much more they could have accomplished if the body had been equal to the mind—the casket capable of holding the diamonds.

He wants every grown person to be financially independent, reliable, and honest; not leaning any more heavily upon his neighbors than he is willing to have them lean upon him; never incurring a debt he does not mean to pay; never accepting a favor that he is not willing to requite. He does not require people to get so rich that they lose both their dependence and independence, but wishes them to be not

only rich enough but poor enough to hold their own financially in the world.

He wants educated people: not those who have tunnelled so far into a few subjects that they can see nothing else, but those who have bridged from one hill of thought and information to another, and have looked upon the world around them while doing so. An ignorant man or woman nowadays is generally an inexcusable failure.

He wants civil, polite, good-looking people; those who know how to contribute toward the smooth-running of that great complicated machine called Society—and not at the same time to be caught and lashed upon one of its painted wheels, and carried round and round and round for life. Wholesome and hearty people, He wants, whose winsomeness ceases not with the skin.

He wants people who have learned some trade or profession in which they can earn a living for themselves, and enough more to guard not only against "a rainy day", but thunder-storms and blizzards, and to help the present misfortune of friends.

He wants people who are kind to others—kind to themselves—kind to this world and the next; and nothing less than all these will He accept, and dignify and glorify it with the name Success.

When Fire's in the House.

THE home is a bad place for a conflagration. There are so many hundreds—almost thousands—of things that are more precious than any amount of money can describe! So, if we may be allowed to use a very current and expressive slang-phrase, it is "up to" us to use every effort and employ every means to keep our homes from getting afire.

The interior of houses, from year to year, naturally gets dryer and dryer, and more and more inflammable—unless special precautions are taken to the contrary. The air in most houses is apt to be too dry: indeed, it is claimed that in

many, it is several degrees more arid than the desert itself. In such a case, everything gets fearfully and ominously susceptible to the least touch of fire, and ready to go off like a rocket.

It is this abnormal dryness, produced by well-meant efforts to keep the house warm, that loosens book-bindings and causes furniture to fall apart.

Great care should be taken to keep plenty of water upon stoves and fire-places, so that the moisture proceeding from it will permeate the air of the room.

"Be careful with fire", is an old-time precept, that can never be repeated too often. There are so many unexpected ways in which a house can be set on fire, if the least carelessness creeps in! Candles, lamps, parlor-matches, cigar- and cigarette-stubs, and numerous other agencies, are all ready to start the fiery ball rolling. "Be careful with fire" ought to be framed and hung in every room—not far from "God Bless Our Home"; for unless care is taken, there will soon be no home to be blessed.

Means of extinguishing should be in every house—numerous and efficient. Several companies make fire-extinguishers, that are capable of putting out any little blaze, if it has not progressed too far. Large bottles filled with salted water are good and efficient articles to keep on hand. It is a splendid idea to have plenty of appliances at one's finger-ends: "we don't need them very often," as the railroad paymaster said of his revolvers, "but when we do, we need them awfully bad."

When anything does get afire in the home, don't open the windows and let in copious quantities of air to help the fire along. Choke the blaze if you can. Throw upon it everything you can find, of a heavy and air-excluding nature. Blankets, cloaks, shawls, ordinary wearing-apparel, rugs, all have been used as fire-extinguishers. One gentleman threw a costly overcoat upon an incipient fire in a storage-closet, and, probably, saved the house.

When water is used, discrimination

should be employed in equal quantities. If you are not careful, you are liable to deluge about everything excepting the flame itself; and spoil articles, even if you save them.

When people's garments catch afire, their first impulse often is to run out-doors for relief: and they might about as well jump into a tank of naphtha. On the contrary, they should be kept right where they are, and made into costumers for the holding of everything that can be piled on them.

One lady happened to find herself all ablaze in a room where there was nothing that could be so utilized, and her husband, called in by her screams, immediately took in the situation, and, in obedience to some instinct of better-half preservation, threw her on the floor, and *rolled* her, until the fire was extinguished, without injury to her. Instead of taking up the carpet and putting it on her, he put her on the carpet, and smothered the flames effectually.

If you are convinced that all effort is in vain, and the house has to burn, you will of course put in your time to saving as much as possible. The first thing to consider, is human life: remembering that it is better to lose everything else in the house than that living beings should be tortured and killed in the flames. Try and remember where any inmate is located that perhaps may not have heard the alarm; and rescue such as need it.

Next comes the task of saving "the things": a matter of difficulty—for it is hard to give anything up to the flames, and you are tempted to undertake too much and accomplish nothing.

Almost any one who has seen a fire, can recall some queer rescues and savings; such as the tumbling of expensive mirrors out-of-window, and the careful carrying of beds and mattresses down stairs.

Especially are people in danger of being careless, at least, when saving the articles of another. Try and not let your "assistance" in such cases contribute materially toward your friend's ruin.



January 25—Yuan was made a Marquis as a token of the throne's appreciation of his services and President Sun wired him that the republican leaders had fullest confidence in him.

Alton B. Parker in an address to the South Carolina Bar Association opposed the recall of Judges and assailed Col. Roosevelt.

A window in memorial of John Bunyan was unveiled in Westminster Abbey.

26—The tariff revision debate began, in the House, in stormy discussion.

France and Italy agreed to let the Hague Tribunal decide the law questions involved in the seizure of the French steamers, Carthage and Manouba.

27—Representatives of the textile mills of Lawrence, Mass., rejected the demands of the workers.

28—Refusing to extend the armistice, Wu Ting Fang threatened to renew hostilities at once unless abdication was accomplished.

Five unsuccessful revolutionary generals of Ecuador were lynched by a mob at Quito.

29—The House passed the Metals bill, reducing the tariff on iron and steel product 30 to 50 per cent.

The Duke of Fife died in Assouan, Egypt. Governor Foss of Massachusetts ordered additional troops of infantry and cavalry to Lawrence, Mass., where the strikers rioted.

30—General strikes in Portugal due to a Royalist plot, caused the Government to declare martial law in Lisbon.

The imperial Chinese family decided on immediate abdication of the throne.

Mayor Gaynor let off the blast that completed the aqueduct tunnel beneath the Hudson River.

31—A small man-of-war of the new Portugal republic arrived in New York.

February 1—All the Lawrence, Mass., Mills opened their gates and picketing of plants ceased.

General Chang Kuai Gai, commander-in-chief of the Chinese Imperial forces, telegraphed to Sun Yat Sen his decision to join the revolutionaries with his army.

2—A British submarine sunk, after a collision, with a loss of fourteen lives—four

lieutenants and ten members of the crew.

3—President Taft signed a proclamation inviting other nations to participate in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915 to celebrate the opening of the Canal.

4—China's Empress Dowager issued an edict directing Premier Yuan to co-operate with the Provisional Government at Nanking in transforming the empire into a republic.

King George and Queen Mary reached England from India, fourteen hours ahead of time.

A man, a woman and a boy were swept to death in the whirlpool rapids when the Niagara ice-bridge broke.

5—Owing to disquieting advices from Mexico the United States Government ordered 34,000 regular troops to prepare for immediate duty on the border.

Charles L. Sherman, head of the audit department of the American Steel and Wire Company, was reported missing.

Spain launched the first battleship (the Espana), of her new navy.

6—A complete armistice was arranged in China and peace negotiations began.

Thirtytwo indictments were returned by the Federal Grand Jury at Indianapolis, after six weeks' investigation of the dynamite conspiracy.

United States Judge Gary granted a temporary injunction restraining the Steel Trust and its subsidiaries from destroying evidence needed by United States in its suit against the Trust.

7—Emperor William opened the new Reichstag, demanding more troops and a bigger navy.

Five bandits held up a Rock Island train in Arkansas, and blowing open a safe, escaped with \$75,000.

Fifty travellers perished in a snowstorm near Ishim, Siberia.

Thirteen Mexican bandits were captured on the American side of the Mexican border, at El Paso, Texas.

8—First Lord of the Admiralty Churchill outlined the Irish Home-Rule Bill at Belfast, order being maintained by police and troops.

The Secretary to the American Legation at Peking, and the United States Consul at Nanking, paid an unofficial visit to the Chinese President.

Floods in Portugal and Spain destroyed much life and property; the Portuguese Chamber voted \$500,000 to aid the victims. The Virginia House voted against constitutional woman suffrage, 85 to 12.

9—Viscount Haldane, British Secretary of War, was the guest at luncheon of the German Emperor and Empress, his visit being presumably in the interest of peace and smaller armaments.

Earl Spencer resigned his office of Lord Chamberlain.

Despatches confirmed the reports that President Madero had issued a call for an extraordinary session of the Mexican Congress to consider measures for preserving the integrity of the nation.

10—With a temperature 22° below zero, Watertown, N. Y., was obliged to close several factories because of inability of coal-trains to reach the city.

11—Baron Lister, discoverer of antiseptic treatment in surgery, died in London, England.

Two Chinese women delivered the principal addresses at a Chinese Christian patriotic celebration in Chicago.

12—China became a Republic, Yuan Shi Kai being directed to install the new government.

The Senate Committee on Pension voted to support the Smoot Age-Service bill, which will add \$24,000,000 annually to the pension rolls.

13—The Department of State authorized Ambassador Wilson and all consular representatives in Mexico to deny reports of intervention in Mexico; United States demanded only the respect and protection of American life and property.

14—President Taft signed the proclamation admitting Arizona as the fortyeighth State of the Union.

Americans in Mexico appealed to the State and War Departments at Washington for protection.

Premier Asquith informed Parliament that Viscount Haldane's visit to Berlin was made on Germany's invitation, and "may have more than negative results".

Fortyone officers and members of labor unions were arrested charged with violating the interstate dynamite-transportation law.

15—Dr. Sun Yat Sen resigned the Chinese Presidency in favor of Yuan Shi Kai.

16—Yuan Shi Kai was unanimously elected President of the Chinese Republic by the National Assembly at Nanking after Dr. Sun's resignation had been accepted.

Three were killed and seventyfive injured when a flyer on the Pennsylvania Railroad was ditched.

It was reported that Lieutenant Field, who accidentally invaded Mexico with some infantry, would be courtmartialled. Two of the Camorristas on trial for murder in Viterbo, Italy, were discharged by the court.

17—The Governor of South Carolina signed the so-called Anti-Racing bill which prohibits betting at a race-track.

The Pennsylvania Limited crashed into a work train at Larwill, Indiana, killing four persons and injuring eleven.

18—Minister Ospina notified Secretary Knox that the latter's proposed visit to Colombia would be "inopportune" because of the failure of United States to arbitrate the Panama controversy.

It was reported that many Americans and other foreigners were fleeing from Mexico to United States or to Central American States.

19—China issued a proclamation inaugurating throughout the Republic the western system of reckoning time.

20—The British Government intervened in an effort to prevent the threatened strike of 800,000 coal miners.

A freight-train was wrecked in the Hoosac tunnel, two trainmen being killed.

The Pennsylvania "eighteen-hour flyer" crashed into a string of freight cars at Middletown, Pa.

21—The great Jungfrau Tunnel, Switzerland, 27,900 feet long, was completed, at an altitude of 13,000 feet above sea level.

22—Colombia recalled Minister Ospina because of his "inopportune" letter.

British Cabinet conferences separately with coal-mine owners and workers failed to bring about an agreement.

A Federal Grand Jury in Cincinnati returned thirty indictments against the officials of the National Cash Register Company for criminal restraint of trade and one indictment against the Adams Express Company for charging above the published rate.

23—Colombia virtually repudiated Minister Ospina by cordially inviting Secretary Knox to visit that country.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies voted to annex Tripoli.

24—Italian warships bombarded the Turkish city of Beirut.

25—Colonel Roosevelt announced himself a candidate for President.

26—Attorney-General Wickersham ordered the United States District-Attorney at Boston to investigate the Lawrence strike.

27—Secretary of State Knox was warmly welcomed in Panama, where he began his tour of the Latin-American republics.

Mexican rebels captured Juarez, Maderists ceasing resistance for fear of complications with United States.

Dr. Karl Steiniger was elected the first Mayor of Greater Berlin.

Some Who Have Gone.

The Shepherd and the Lamb.

IN the Scottish hills, as a shepherd strolled,
On an eve, with his ancient crook,
He found a lamb that was chilled and young,
By the side of a purling brook.

And through fear that the lamb might sicken
and die,
From its mother's side might roam,
He carried it up with a tender care,
To a fold in his highland home.

Mid the dreary night, o'er the cragged peaks,
Through the winds, and the storms, and the
cold,
The mother followed her captured lamb
To the door of the shepherd's fold.

Once we had a lamb by its mother's side,
It was artless, and pure, and mild,
'Twas the dearest lamb in my own dear flock,
Oh, the pale, little blue-eyed child.

But a shepherd came, when the sun grew low,
By a path that has long been trod,
And he carried our lamb through the mists of
night,
To his fold in the mount of God.

With a tearful eye, and a bleeding heart,
We must bear it and struggle on,
And climb that mount by the shepherd's track,
To the fold where our lamb has gone.

—David Barker

DIED:

ALLEN, IRA W.—In Chicago, February 9, at the age of eightytwo years. A widely-known educator, he founded the Union Christian College in Indiana, and at one time was head of Lake Forest University. For eighteen years he conducted the Allen Academy in Chicago, which closed when he retired in 1892. Hamilton College was his alma mater.

BRIE, EMILE H.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., January 26. He was born in Germany, eightyeight years ago. Coming to United States, he served his adopted country through the Mexican and the Civil Wars. For a time he was Secretary to General Butler.

BUCKRIDGE, JOHN N.—In Westbrook, Conn., January 24. He was born in New

York City in 1833. For seven years he served in the United States Navy, and was in the Heavy Artillery during the Civil War. He was connected with the Government Lighthouse Service for a quarter of a century, and for the last nineteen years was keeper of the Saybrook Light.

CLOVER, LEWIS P.—In New York City, February 11. He was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1865, and was a grand-nephew of Abraham Lincoln. He was for twenty years a well-known newspaper man in New York and was State Court reporter for the *Evening Sun*.

COX, CHARLES FINNEY—In Yonkers, N. Y., January 24, aged sixtysix years. He was born in New York, and was educated in the College of the City of New York and at Oberlin College, Ohio. He became accountant to the Canadian Southern Railroad in 1870 and later was President of various railroad lines, treasurer of the New York Central, and a founder of the New York Zoological Society. He was a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London, and was a delegate to Oxford, England, at the Darwinian Centenary. He belonged to various philanthropic and scientific societies.

CROMWELL, ELLIS—He was Collector of Internal Revenue at Manila and died while returning to that city from a trip to the provinces. He was a native of Mississippi and had gone to the Philippines as Captain of volunteers.

DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE, LOUIS — In Cannes, France, February 10. He was a noted engineer, and was Director General of one of the departments of the exposition of 1900. He was once Honorary President of the Chamber of Commerce, Paris.

DEXTER, WILLIAM H.—In Worcester, Massachusetts, January 20. He was born in Charleton, in 1823, and was the originator of the first fire insurance company in this country. Well known locally as a philanthropist, he had given away \$500,000 to churches, to Worcester Academy and to Charleton.

FORD, ELIAS A.—At Pasadena, California, January 20. He was born in 1840, in Burton, Ohio. In 1861 he became ticket agent of the Union Depot, Cleveland, and rising from position to position as General Passenger Agent on various railroads, he

became in 1887 General Traffic Manager and Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

GARGIULO, ALEXANDER A.—In Constantinople, January 20. He was born in Italy, and in 1867 entered the service of the American Legation in Constantinople. He was appointed interpreter in 1873, and in 1892 became First Dragoman to the American Embassy there. His extensive knowledge and judgment in political affairs, and his great tact, coupled with his linguistic attainments, made him of great service to the American Ministers and Ambassadors to Turkey.

GILL, PROF. BENJAMIN—In Baltimore, Md., February 11, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born in Massachusetts, and at the time of his death was Professor of Greek and Latin, and Chaplain of Pennsylvania State College, Bellefont, Md.

GRACEY, REV. DR. JOHN T.—At Clifton Springs, N. Y., January 5, in his eightyfirst year. He was born in Philadelphia, where he was educated, and entered the Methodist ministry. In 1861 he went to India as a missionary. Returning after seven years, he became a missionary writer, and for several years was an editor of *The Missionary Review of the World*. He organized the International Missionary Union more than twentyfive years ago and was its president. He served pastorates in several New York cities.

HITCHCOCK, JOHN M.—In Chicago, February 11, in his seventyfirst year. He was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and became a co-worker with Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. For more than forty years he had been a leader in the Moody Church (Chicago), and was a Director of the National Christian Association.

HOLMES, RT. REV. GEORGE, LORD BISHOP OF ATHABASCA—In London, February 3. He was a Canadian by birth and was educated at St. John's College, Winnipeg, where he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Ordained in 1887, he became a missionary for the Church Missionary Society. Until 1905 his field of work was in what was formerly the Northwest Territory. In 1901 he was made Archdeacon of Athabasca, and Bishop of Moosonee in 1905.

KIRKMAN, ALEXANDER S.—In Brooklyn, February 10, aged sixtyeight years. He was born in Manhattan and became one of the best-known soap-manufacturers in the country. He was a trustee and generous contributor to Unity (Unitarian) Church.

KNAPP, J. G.—In Auburn, N. Y., February 10, aged eightythree years. He was a pioneer in railroading in Central New York and the Middle West, and was in charge of the train used by Lincoln and Douglas in

their famous debates. He was Superintendent of the old Southern Central lines.

LIPPINCOTT, REV. DR. B. E., SR.—At Ocean Grove, N. J., January 20. He was one of the oldest Methodist clergymen in New Jersey and was one of the pioneers of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association. He entered the ministry at Baltimore in 1854, in which year he became President of the Cumberland Valley Institute.

LOYSON, ABBE CHARLES (PERE HYACINTHE)—In Paris, France, February 9, in his eightyfifth year. Born in Orleans, the brilliant boy was educated by his father and at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Eight years a professor of theology, he then entered, as "Brother Hyacinthe", the order of Barefooted Carmelite Friars at Broussay. His eloquence and magnetism won him fame and envy. He was excommunicated for apostasy, became a Protestant, and married an American of high intellectual and spiritual gifts, Mrs. E. J. Butterfield Merriam.

MCDONOGH, CAPT. JAMES J.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, January 27, aged seventy years. He was an Englishman, a graduate of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and had served with distinction in the Royal Artillery, both in Egypt and in South Africa. Coming to America, he became one of the best known cricketers in the country, representing United States against Canada and also against the Bermudans.

McLAUGHLIN, CAPT. DANIEL—In the National Soldiers' Home, Sawtelle, California, February 9, in his eightyfourth year. He served with Admiral Dewey in the Civil War, and commanded the first Government boat designed for use as a submarine, the *Ranccocas*. He was the last survivor to raise the American flag at Monterey, California.

PHILPOT, MRS. ELLEN—In Roselle, N. J., January 4, at the age of sixtysix years. She went with her husband, the late Rev. Herman Philpot, to Africa, in missionary work, and was for six years a captive among the Abyssinians. She was rescued by an expedition sent out from England under Lord Napier, and was summoned to tell her story to Queen Victoria.

TITCOMB, MRS. VIRGINIA CHANLER—In Rockville Centre, L. I., February 16, aged seventyfour years. She was a native Long Islander, and became an artist of considerable repute. She was well known for her courageous and self-sacrificing espousal of the cause of the late Theodore R. Timby in his fight for recognition as the inventor of the revolving turret. One of her fine paintings was a full-length portrait of Henry Ward Beecher standing in the pulpit of Plymouth Church.

Various Doings and Undoings.

"What's in a name?"—Villainy, sometimes. George Washington was on trial at Atchison, Kansas, for burglary.

Beautiful snow this winter has run up a beautiful bill of considerably over a million in New York City—all spent in removing it.

Elephants do all sorts of human things in Hindostan—even to piling lumber, and in one case, taking up the collection in a temple.

There is a proposition to lease the famous old crime-punishing Blackwell's Island, to the United States Government, as a national park.

"People will, ere many years, not die in order to go to Heaven, but will be taken up bodily", say some of the Seventh Day Adventists.

Do not let a horse bite you; the effect may be as injurious as the attack of a poison snake. Several have suffered that way recently, one of them dying.

John Paul Jones, "The Pilot" of one of Cooper's best novels, and a hero of the Revolution, is to have a crypt of honor, all to himself, at Annapolis.

If you ever go to jail charged with a life-and-death crime, expect to eat with fingers instead of knives and forks. Metallic substances are barred.

A steeplejack who had climbed scores of giddy spires in view of wondering people, and returned safely to earth, was permanently injured by falling from the top of a wagon

that he was repairing. Always look out for the unexpected.

What a genius for terse figures had that jurist who said, in allusion to the chances of exemption afforded by delay, "Time is the defendant's best attorney"!

Indians who visit Washington will not be sold "fire-water" hereafter, if Government can prevent it. Already, drink-dispensers have been prosecuted for the offence.

An Ohio hog, kept as a pet, died of old age: and it was proposed to embalm him as a curio—the race not being noted for longevity—that is, the quadrupedal portion.

If you happen to have in the house any of the clothes worn by Charles I. when he was executed on the scaffold, keep them for a rise. His vest was sold in London for a thousand dollars.

"Buy out the express-companies for forty million dollars, and put their business under the control of the postoffice department", is the purport of a bill just introduced into Congress.

"Whoever proposes marriage to a man in leap year, and he does not accept, is entitled to a new dress at his expense", is a sentiment being industriously circulated by the bolder class of girls.

The famous "hog case" carried on in Kentucky, has been settled—each party paying his own costs. The animal that caused the

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trouble was valued at eight dollars, and died long before the suit was over. The litigants spent over \$500 in fees, besides paying their attorneys various sums for services.

A "co-operative wolf-hunt" has been held in Kansas, to rid the neighborhood of these wilder sort of dogs. Eleven of the unintentional scamps were killed within a space of a few miles square.

Intellectual Boston has favored with monuments a great many non-intellectual people; but has thus far omitted the men who gave her greatest glory—Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes.

Lawyers who solicit business in Chicago are pronounced by the regular bar to be "unprofessional", and a list has been made of them by the Bar Association, as persons who need legal missionary work.

Always take a good look at the elephants when you go to a menagerie or "zoo". In a few years that animal will probably become extinct: there are only 10,000 wild ones, and five are being killed where one is born.

The Royal Camp English of Gypsies that camp around Cleveland, Ohio, have lost their princess, and are praying for her return, so that the dynasty be not broken. She eloped, it seems, with the heir to the Roumanian gypsy throne.

The witticisms tossed back and forth that "the finest sight in Boston is the four-o'clock to New York", and vice versa, are indirect plagiarisms from Dr. Sam Johnson's statement, "The noblest prospect a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England." From whom Johnson cribbed it (if from any one) is not on record.

Several men purchased tickets for an evening performance at one of the Broadway theatres, one evening, and upon presenting them at the door, were refused admittance on the ground that they wore the uniform of a service-man—a sailor. Naturally a scene ensued, and the only satisfaction they obtained was a return of half the money paid for the tickets.

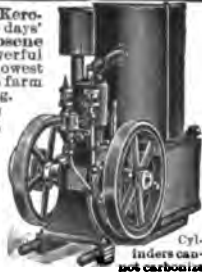
The custom of quarantine originated in Venice somewhere about the beginning of the twelfth century. All merchants and others coming from the Eastern countries were obliged to remain in the House of St. Lazarus for a period of forty days before they were admitted into the city. Taking the idea from Venice, other European cities, especially port towns, instituted quarantine during seasons of plague, and well down into modern times most nations adopted the system, applying it when it was deemed necessary.

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EVERY WHERE

MARCH, 1912.

This Magazine was entered at the Post Office in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 13, 1904, as second-class mail matter under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Every Where Pub. Co.

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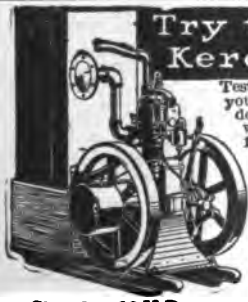
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VOLUME XXX

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MOST NOTED HYMN WRITER—FANNY CROSBY.

(See Easter Hymn, page 87.)

In the Wreckage of the Maine.

BY WILL CARLETON.

IN the farm-lands or the city
Grieved a woman—sad—alone;
'Neath God's everlasting pity
She was weeping for her own.
Cabinets had toiled and wrangled,
Statesmen could not soothe her pain—
For that weary heart was tangled
In the wreckage of the Maine.

Through the golden halls of fashion
Moved a lady tall and fair;
Round her gleamed the flames of passion
On the soft magnetic air.
Suitors bowed and bent above her,
But their wiles were all in vain:
She was thinking of a lover
In the wreckage of the Maine.

On a cot, a sailor lying
Bowed his soul in silent prayer;
Through the long days he was dying;
But his tears were falling there
For the gallant fellow-seamen
Who might rest, while Time should reign,
In that sepulchre of freemen,
'Neath the wreckage of the Maine.

On a continent of splendor
Was a nation calmly grand—
Freedom's natural defender—
Honest labor's helping hand:
And it spoke, half kind, half cruel:
"Liberty, O haughty Spain,
Soon may grasp another jewel
From the wreckage of the Maine!"

The Burial of the Maine.—By Jeanie Oliver Smith.

(Covered with roses and lilies, it was sent down to its ocean-grave March 16th; and in memory of those who lost their lives with her at Havana, there was a moment of silence over the world.)

<p>'T IS said that when a hero dies, All Nature feels a sense of loss: Winds sweep their mournful pines across, Awakening saddest symphonies.</p> <p>The flowers droop low among the leaves, And whisper, "Thus our lives we yield, To one who comes no more afield, No more our incense-breath receives."</p> <p>And every flower-heart waiting, yearns For place upon his silent breast,</p>	<p>To lie in calm untroubled rest, Till spring-time of the soul returns.</p> <p>And here, where fragrant breath of rose Is scattered with the ocean spray, The Hamadryad soul would stay Such grief as only mortal knows;</p> <p>By welding the electric chain Which passes 'neath that silent sea In strange unsolved telepathy, That hearts might find their loved again!</p>
---	--

The Funeral of the Warship.

OUT of the harbor she sought long ago,
 Harbor that welcomed, but served not to save,
 Under the clouds, bending piteous and low,
 Crept the great ship to her grave.
 Not from the battle's tumultuous breath,
 Not from the glory of victory's morn:—
 But from her travail of flame and of death,
 Lo! a republic was born.

Not in the arms of this Queen of the Wrecks,
 Lingered the dust of her far-famous dead:
 Forests of palms hailed the flag on her decks—
 Roses above her were spread.
 Long had she waited her funeral-day,
 Lying in rough state mid sunlight or gloom:
 Now the world's plaudits each step of the way
 Followed her path to the tomb.

Full sixty fathoms we buried her low,
 'Neath the rough sea and the ne'er-changing skies:
 Far from molesting of friend or of foe,
 Heedless of tempests she lies.
 Lies in the arms of the ocean-waves pressed,
 With the wet sea-roses over her spread,
 While, with the love of a nation caressed,
 Arlington cares for her dead.

Farmer Stebbins at The Rummage-Sale.

(Republished by Request.)

OUR members of the Union Church felt money's constant needs,
To hold their reg'lar services, an' voice their mingled creeds;
An' so, as every other source of earnin' had been tried,
Till all the fat was squeezed from them, with some still unsupplied,
A sister of the church, or some enthusiastic male,
Suggested that we search our homes, an' have a "rummage-sale".

An' so my wife spooked round the house, with steps that seldom ceased,
A-findin' things we didn't want, or thought we didn't, at least;
Until the cellar seemed a cave with Poverty struck dumb,
An' all the garret wondered if the Judgment Day had come;
An' e'en the other rooms was scant an' newly full of space;
But "Never mind," she says: "we'll buy some more things in their place."

An' so they worked an' fussed an' tugged, a busy week or more,
An' changed the sacred vestry to a small department store:
An' even Thursday meetin' night we had to sit an' pray
'Mongst all the various goods an' ills that set there in the way;
An' as 'twixt prayers my eye went 'round on many silent hunts,
It seemed like visiting in all the neighbors' homes at once.

'Twas worth a dime or two to see—though very hard to tell:—
I didn't suppose my townsmen had so many things to sell!
Old duds that hadn't seen the light for years, was hustled out,
An' looked like they was wond'rin' what the show was all about;
An' Rip Van Winkle, when he woke with wildness in his eyes,
Could not hev carried in his face more genuine straight surprise.

An' when the day appeared at last these hard-found things to sell,
The people wildly flocked to buy, an' done their duty well:
An' hotcakes on a winter day, in maple-syrup-style,
Was nothin' to the way them things went off, for quite a while.
At least, that's what my good old wife reported unto me,
Though, rummagin' for livelihood, I couldn't go an' see;

Till Saturday at eve I went, an' viewed the landscape o'er,
Includin' some addition'l things I hadn't seen before:
An' bought some articles to speed the good an' true an' right,
An' took 'em back unto my wife, who stayed at home that night;

An' laid my purchases in shape for her to feel an' see:
An' then she looked the things all through, an' then she looked at me.

"My goodness what a lot of truck they've put on you!" she said:
"What do I want of these old shams from Mrs. Brady's bed?
Who's goin' to wear a moth-eat shawl, an' two last-winter hats—
What can I do with this old rug, half gnawed in two by rats?
An' here's a book with which the Higgins babes have been amused,
An' done some teethin' while the same they thoughtfully perused;

"An' these here laces, ribbons, gloves, an' other things to wear
Would make asylums crazy twice, if I should take 'em there:
Them curtain-poles might do for barns, but in a home are lost
I wouldn't keep 'em in the house for ten times what they cost.
An' this here crock'ry—ef you'd know how eatin' on it feels,
Just go an' see the folks it left, when they are at their meals.

"An' honest silver'd be ashamed of such half-plated ware,
An' any one you want to kill, can take this crippled chair;
An' here's a candle-stick—of course the Joneses will not cease
To say it's of a classic build—no doubt it come from grease;
An' this green gown—I've seen it years on Julia Doozler fade:
Perhaps I'll wear the measly clothes cast off by that old maid!

"An' these here pants—my goodness sakes! I thought it—now I know—
Was bought new by yourself, old man, five years or less ago!
I give 'em to 'em, rather than to patch 'em where they lack—
An' now them minxes over there coaxed you to buy 'em back!
An' I believe", she says, with force an' emphasis to spare,
"They'd sold you back your house an' farm, if I'd have took 'em there!"

Then, tryin' hard to glean from off my blunder what 'twas worth,
I mused, "This rummage-craze is like most everything on earth:
It has delusions, mixed with good—it makes folks buy an' give
That wouldn't, if 'twasn't for novelty: an' helps the causes live,
But what I give the Lord henceforth, I'll give it to Him straight
An' not tramp round a hundred miles to walk through my own gate."





The Passing of The Whale.

HALF a century ago one of the great civilizing agencies of this country was the whaling industry. It penetrated the far cold corners of the continent, planted a crude standard of civilized life among the half-barbarous peoples, and made way for the missionary and an era of enlightenment.

The whale-oil that these hardy sailors went afar to get, illuminated homes and lubricated the wheels of industry of all the world. And the whalebone that they stripped from the leviathans of the deep, made millions of women happy. The dangers and hardy life of the whaling industry bore and bred thousands of able seamen, who, when this country called them, dropped the harpoon and took up the boarding lance and left the smell of boiling blubber for the smell of burning powder.

Whaling was a characteristic American industry picturesque in every phase, but it is dying. Fifty years ago five hundred vessels left American ports and sailed north for the "oil" and "bone." One of these whaling emporiums of the past, is the quaint village of Provincetown, on Cape Cod, Mass., whose shoreline of humble dwellings is reproduced at the top of this page. Today, scarcely a dozen vessels go north for whales, and most of them are steamers rather than the old-fashioned schooners and brigs. A few of the latter, however, still go up to Hudson's Bay, freeze up with the ice in the fall, and patiently wait for the break-up of the ice in the spring.

The capture of a whale is one of the most exciting and thrilling experiences that rovers of the sea know. A fleet of two or three vessels has been waiting

days perhaps for a sight of the sly monster. Suddenly a cry from a lookout says, "B-l-o-w", and he points to where the long-looked-for whale has come up for air. Then there is a wild scramble for boats, sails only being used for motive power, as the hearing of the animal is very acute and the sound of oars would frighten him off. Away to the place where he appeared, they scurry, so that they may be on hand when he appears again. In the olden times, when the whaling fleets numbered twenty or thirty vessels, and so many boats raced off, each eager for the first throw at the prize, it must have been a glorious sight.

Finally the whale rises again, and the man in the bow of the nearest boat jabs him with a harpoon. Then the excitement begins: away the monster goes, making for the open sea and dragging the boat after him so fast that it does not ride the waves but cuts them as a knife would, and throwing spray like a torpedo boat. Then perhaps the whale will turn, and one of the other boats will bear down upon him, and jab him with another bomb-lance. This time a fatal spot is reached, and the sport is over.

Then the work begins. The carcass is fastened to the stern of a vessel and the head or upper jaw, which contains the whalebone, the most valuable part of the animal, is removed and taken aboard. When that is safely done, all hands gather around, and like a crowd of college-boys, throw up their hats and yell with all their might, "Hurrah for five and forty more!"

To watch the trying-out process at night is like a peep into the inferno. The only lights visible are the "bug-

lights"—baskets of charred flesh suspended above the try-pots, which glow with a lurid, uncanny gleam—and to and fro move the silent, begrimed forms of the sailors intent on filling and stirring the try-pots and poking the fires with pronged forks.

One might think that if the whaling industry is passing away, for commercial reasons, the whales themselves might be increasing in numbers. But such is not the case. The huge mammal of the sea apparently has had his day, and the great hulk shown in the cut on this page, with life extinct, is a representative and an emblem of a dying race.

At least, that is the opinion of some savants: but others believe that this state of things is more apparent than real.

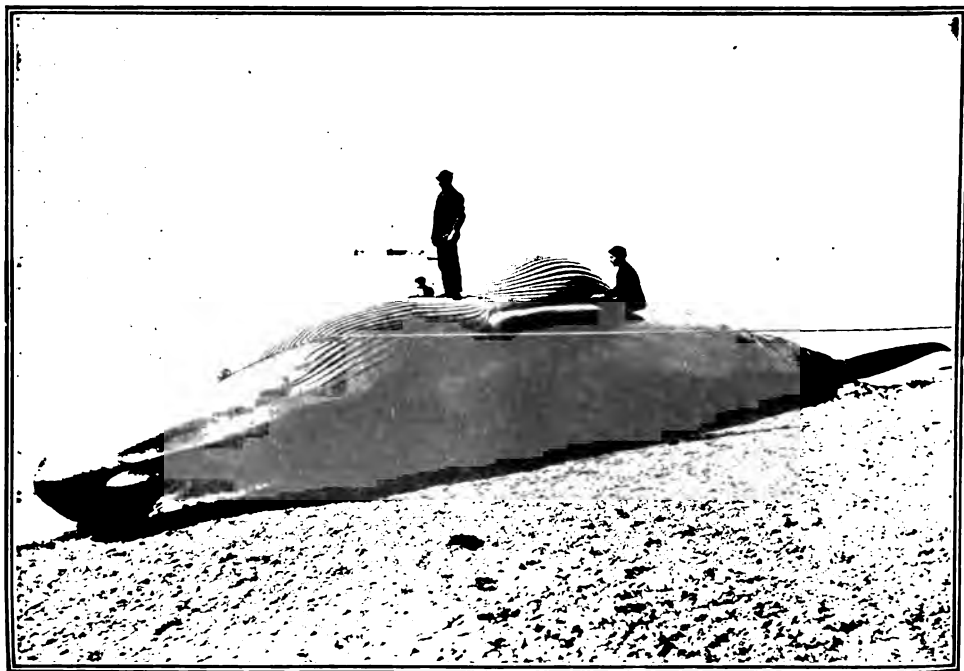
It would be a pity to have them disappear from our planet, for many naturalists consider them the most interesting and wonderful of all dumb animals. They are not "fish", as they have sometimes been called, but mammals,—“as essentially so as a cow or a

horse”, one writer says, “but resembling a fish somewhat in appearance, because they have to live so much in the water.” “A bat is not a bird because it flies in the air”, the same observer adds.

Few people have an idea of the enormous size of a full-grown whale. One distinguished French author says its weight is *two hundred tons*, as much as that of an army of 3,000 men or more.

What a contrast to the Microzoön, which is so light that no scales yet made by human hands or machinery, can secure from it the least oscillation! It has been said, to “practically have no weight”: but of course this merely means that its weight is so small that no human means can measure it. And yet, some of these tiny creatures have fifteen or twenty stomachs each, and in one species there is a stomach which is provided with teeth of its own, which can crush food even after it is swallowed.

And there may be still smaller creatures, to which the Microzoön may look as large as the whale does to us.



A FIN-BACK WHALE, PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.



Mr. Shaw's Educational Ideas.

THERE seemed to be quite a panic amongst my nabors this year, for me to be one of the school comishioners of this ignorant town, but I myself was dead agin the candidate: for I says to em that I wasnt the right man for that sort of place, for I never had even enuff schoolin to make me know how little I knowed, or to make me think that I knowed it all: sence I hed to Russell for myself so hard at a young an tendre age, that I never hed no communification with the little volumes which the dear creatures study, an hev not as yet even been able to strike up an ackwantance with the spellin book.

But they sez youve got hard sense any how an thats more than twothirds of the eddicated people has. An I says its hard enough if you take into account the way I come by it, but when it is nessary to tell a lot of teechers how to gide the young idee, I don't suppose I could exsell. But they lected me spite of all I could do, an so I hed to hev an interview with the principle of the schools, an see what was doin' an' he come over to my department store for that purpose.

This principle was a queer sort of feller—an Englishman born in Ireland, an imported (or exported) to America. It beets all, you know, how much interest the rest of the world takes in Ameriky, an how willin they are, to help run it. This principle, I found, was willin to do his share, an hed jest been hired an was goin to sweep as clean as any new broom in my store.

"I shall make grate refawms", he says. "I shall, as the days go on, write most of the text books myself. I hev already a gramar, a rethmetic, an a cook-book

prepared, an shall put em into the school at once."

"How many studdies per pupil do you expect you will hev, schoolmaster?" I sez.

"I prefer not to be called schoolmaster, but doctor", sez he.

"Oh!" I sez. "Can you eaze the throbbing brow, as H. Adelbert Green sez in his poems? Can you cut folks open, fur instans, an see ef they realy did hev the appendis see tis, or only an ol-fashioned stomach-ache? Can you send the weary soul into the great future with a taste of compound oxygen in its memry? Kin you?"

"I am not a medcal doctor," sez he, with dignity, "but a literary one. I am an A. M. an a Ph.D."

"The last teacher we hed," sez I, "was a D. F., an I hope you aint got that degree yet. But to return to the riginal theam, Doc, how many studys per are you goin fur to give um?"

"It will avridge about sixteen studys for each pupil", says the new teecher. Some of um'll have more, and once in a while less. If a child isn't quite up to the mark in intellectual ability, I wont give him but fourteen. Ef a child bids fare to be a boy orator or somethin of that sort, he will be given maybe twenty."

"Have you any methods for enlargin any one else's head than your own?" I couldn't help but to ask.

"Sir, what do you mean?" he inquired, bruslin up.

"I mean", sez I, looking him straight in the eye an strokin fondly one of the ax-helves in my collection, "I mean, my dear fellow, that I should think there would hev to be a few stitches let out in the skulls of these children, in order to take in so much more information

than their fathers did when they was little, an not go crazy. I suppose you must hev had the operation performed several times.

"Now they was somebody said—I don't know exactly who it was, but I think it was one of the Popes, that a little larnin was a dangerous thing. An it seems to me it would be a little dangerous to give these children all the sienes an languages an ologies an every other groan accomplishment, right on the start, before they hed the foundation on which all these towerin structures was bilt.

"Fur instanse, there was one little feller in here visitin the other day, an I says to him like every child has to hev said to him when any one don't know what else to say, I says, Do you go to school, little boy? An he said yes. I spare time to get there a few hours every day. Then I says, What do you study, my little lad? And he give me a list that made my jaws ache jest tryin to follow his pernunshation silently. Then I says, How much is seven times nine, little feller? An he waited a few minutes an says, Thirtythree. I didn't think at first you was going to get it, I says. If a herrin and a half cost a cent an a half, how much would ten cost? I says. He figured a while, an replies eight an three-fourths cents. An then I says, Where's China? An he says, On the map in the southwest corner of our schoolroom. An then I says, Who was Benedict Arnold? An the little feller replied, the father of his country. An jest then his nurse came in for him an the interview stopped short never to go again."

Jest then a lady come into the store to get some new schoolbooks for her children, an I hed to wait on her, an so I didn't hold no further conversation at that time with my educational friend. (People all buys their own children's schoolbooks in our town so fur, as there aint ben any measures took yet to shove the expense off largely on people who havent any children of their own.)

Jest after that, they was some fellers

rode up to the store in an ought to mobile, who was students in a university, that was home on their Easter vacation. They was hevin a purty good time, smokin sigarets, and taking an occashunal nip out of a black bottle that they hed along with em, an singin "What a ell do we care?" an "New England Rum", an several other inspirin hymns.

An I couldn't help wonderin how many studys these fellers had along with em, and how they would look ef they come into my store twenty years from now.

Eleven Thoughts.

The misers do not all make a specialty of money.

Money is one of the greatest of helps or hindrances—according as we use it.

A good way to lengthen life, is to go to work and make it worth lengthening.

A good and successful ending of one enterprise, is the breeder of many more.

Destruction always lingers around construction, trying to get its work in.

Some people tell the truth so disagreeably, as to make an occasional liar refreshing.

Some lament that they are not understood, and some that they are too well understood.

The black sheep does not know that he is black, and frequently wonders what is the matter.

There is no such thing as positive happiness: there must always be something unhappy with which to compare it.

In order to get the best help out of superior people, learn how to be inspired by them without imitating them.

When conversation with your friend languishes, hasten to make your friend the subject of the conversation, and it will probably revive.



The Story of The Spring.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WITH the rainfall and the dewdrop, with the sudden slanting shower,
With the golden sun outflashing and the daffodil in flower,
With the merry world a-flutter and the sowing of the seed,
Comes to us a bugle's calling, comes new strength in word and deed.

Only yesterday the stubble stretched o'er meadows brown and bare,
Yesterday the snow was sifting through the sharp and shivering air.
Trees uplifted naked branches, wild winds rocked the empty nest,
Now the leaves unfold by millions, and the wind is in the West.

Hither haste a myriad songsters building near familiar eaves,
Soon today the grain green springing shall be bound in yellowing sheaves
All the outdoor world is waking, sky and earth with life aglow,
And the cups of joy immortal brim in sparkling overflow.

Every year the resurrection spells its miracle anew,
Life forevermore triumphant, as the heavenly dreams come true.
Still we read a wondrous story of the ceaseless love of God
In the glory of the planets and the verdure of the sod.

Once for us the Lord of glory slept within a rocky tomb,
Once for Him the noon was blotted in a shroud of midnight gloom.
'Twas for us of death defiant that He suffered Calvary's day,
'Twas for us He rose victorious when the stone was rolled away.

As the springtime with its chorals calls the flowers again to birth,
As the little children greet her with their laughter and their mirth,
Let us read the greater story of the life the Master gave
In the ransom of the ages, for the world He died to save.



A Continent Under Water?

IT is maintained by a good many writers, that a great body of land, which they call Atlantis, once existed in the Atlantic Ocean—not far from where took place the recent volcanic eruption at St. Pierre.

This continent, or island, as some call it (for a continent is nothing but a huge island), is supposed by many to have been the region where man once rose from a state of barbarism, to civilization.

It is said to have contained a populous and mighty nation, from whose overflowings the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, the Amazon, the Pacific coast of South America, the Mediterranean, the west coast of Europe and Africa, the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, were populated.

These inhabitants of Atlantis are claimed to have been the first manufacturers of iron; to have used an alphabet of their own, from which ours is an offshoot; and to have been the founders of several colonies, including ancient Egypt.

It is held by those who have studied carefully into the matter, that many thousand years ago—so long ago that history has well-nigh forgotten it, even in the times that we call ancient—the great country of Atlantis sunk beneath the sea, in a convulsion of nature, to which the recent one in the West Indies was a very small affair. Only a few of the inhabitants are said to have escaped, in ships and on rafts.

For thousands of years this “persistent rumor” of the generations was supposed to be merely a fable. When Plato stated it as a fact, he was called a liar. He said that his ancestor, Solon, the

great Athenian law-giver, and one of the seven sages, visited Egypt, some two hundred years before his (Plato's) time, and heard from wise men there, concerning some of the glories of the lost continent.

This country seems to have grown into a great and powerful empire, which carried its power both into Europe, and the western regions of what now is Central and South America. It is even said to have ruled over the “Mound Builders”—that strange silent race whose ghosts haunt large portions of our country, as evidenced by their many wonderful engineering remains, in our Western and Southwestern States.

This vast empire, it is contended, finally covered the whole of the then-known world. It was before the time of the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans.

The Azores, now mere rocky isles, whose farthest inland point is almost within sound of the breaking waves, are supposed to have once been the mountain-peaks of a mighty continent, proudly rearing their crystal faces to the silence of the sun and stars; and when, in the awful cataclysm, the land of rolling hills and sweeping valleys was sunk from sight, they were permitted to remain, humble witnesses of the lost Atlantis. Upon these islands are hot springs, as described by Plato.

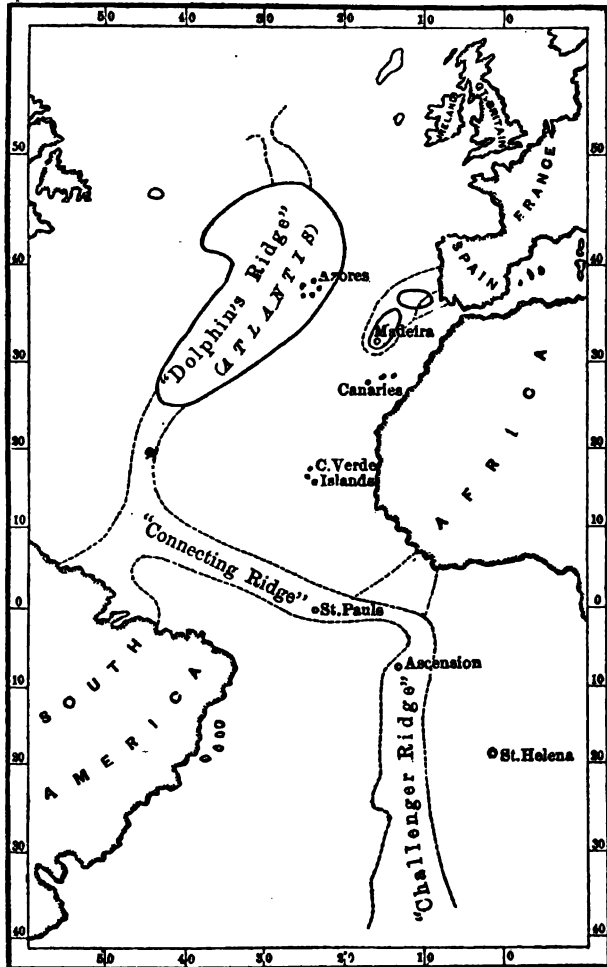
Other proofs produced by the advocates of the Atlantis theory, are numerous and interesting.

Plato, in his narrative about this ancient mother of nations, says that Atlantis and Atlantic (Ocean) were named after Atlas, the eldest son of Poiseidon, the founder of the kingdom.

Now upon that part of the African continent nearest to the site of Atlantis we find a chain of mountains, known from the most ancient times as the Atlas Mountains. Whence comes, then, the name of Atlas, if not from Atlantis? Men versed in the science of words and their origins can find no European

a glance at the map printed with this article will show how men might have passed (granting the truth of the Atlantis theory) from continent to continent along the "Connecting Ridge."

The name-proof again comes to the aid of those who believe in this fascinating theory. In the time of Herodo-



PROBABLE SITUATION OF ATLANTIS.

language from which it might be derived; but when our own continent was discovered by Columbus, he found a city named *Atlan* in what is now Darien, Central America.

This, many think, bears out the theory that there had been communication between the old world and the new, and

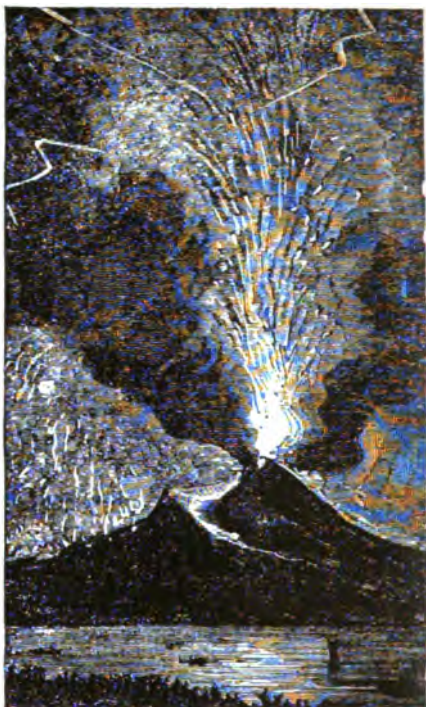
thus there dwelt near the Atlas mountain-chain a people called the Atlantes, and their name is accounted for on the ground that they were a colony from the long-lost island. The people of the Barbary states were also known to the Greeks and Romans as the Atlantes.

Plato says that there was a "passage

west from Atlantis to the rest of the islands, as well as from these islands to the whole opposite continent that *surrounds* that *real* sea." Now Plato might have produced this tale of a lost land out of the labyrinth of his vast and wonderful mind—intending it as a joke or as a fascinating fairy-tale: and, indeed, many have supposed that that is just what he did do.

But, it is objected, how could he have invented the islands beyond (the West Indies), and the whole continent (America) enclosing "that real sea?" For a glance at the map will show that the continent of America does "surround" the ocean in a great half-circle. If there had been no Atlantis, no series of voyages and explorations from it along the great continental arc from Newfoundland to Cape St. Roche—tales of which might have spread over Europe and sifted down the ages in the form of tradition till they lodged in the archives of Egyptian sages (from which, it is said, Solon obtained them)—Plato must, indeed, have been at least a good "guesser." He must have been fortunate in speculation, even beyond the point of his usual brilliancy, to have known that the Mediterranean was only a harbor compared to the mighty ocean surrounding the supposed Atlantis. Long sea-voyages were necessary to establish that fact, and the Greeks had a habit of keeping close to the shore in their tiny galleys.

In parts of the Spanish peninsula there live remnants of a race that, so far as men agree, have, on the whole round surface of the globe, no kin—the Basques. Their language has no affinities with that of other races on the continent of Europe, but has many likenesses to the languages of America. This fact is also used as an argument to support the Atlantean theory. If there was such a primeval continent connecting with its ridges of land America and Africa, it is easy to understand how the Basques could have passed from one land-area to another; but if the wide Atlantic has always rolled its waves un-



WHAT MIGHT HAVE DONE IT.

hindered from shore to shore, it is not plain how an uncivilized people could have thrown out from themselves such far-off colonies.

In discussing in a general way some of the probabilities of Plato's story—upon which the Atlantean idea is chiefly based—writers have made many interesting deductions. It is pointed out that there are no marvels, no myths, no tales of gods, gorgons, hobgoblins, or giants, but, on the contrary, that it is a plain and reasonable history of a people who built temples, ships, and canals; who lived by agriculture and commerce; and who, in the natural expansion of national life, reached out and influenced all the peoples around them. It is pointed out that if Plato had intended to draw from his imagination the outlines of an entertaining story, he would not have given us such a plain and reasonable narrative; but would, on the other hand, have given us something similar to the legends of Greek mythology, full of the

adventures and escapades of gods and goddesses, and nymphs, and fauns, and satyrs.

Nor, it is said, is there any evidence that the great philosopher meant to give the world any moral or political lesson in the guise of fable. He says that "Atlantis was a great and wonderful empire, which aggressed wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia." According to him, it not only conquered Africa as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Italy, but it ruled "as well over parts of the continent—that opposite continent [America, perhaps], which surrounded

the true ocean." Again he tells us that "this vast power was gathered into one", meaning, probably, that, from Egypt to Mexico and Peru it was one consolidated empire. And, in this connection, it is even said that the legends of the Hindoos, referring to their great leader, Deva Nahusha, refer distinctly to this same far-spreading empire.

Those of our readers who may wish to enter more thoroughly upon the study of this supposed ancient country, are referred to the book "Atlantis" (published by Harper & Bros.), from which many of the above facts are drawn.

The National Florence Crittenton Association.

BY GEORGE LEO PATTERSON, *of the Boston Bar, Field Secretary.*

THE first philanthropic society granted a charter by Congress was the National Florence Crittenton Association. Later, the Red Cross Society obtained a similar charter. In United States, there are now seventythree Florence Crittenton homes, while five exist beyond its borders. By this chain of refuges, between five and ten thousand of our sisters are each year rescued and helped to positions of usefulness. Several thousand more are afforded temporary protection. The total valuation of Crittenton buildings is approximately eight hundred thousand dollars. Florence Crittenton institutions protect the Pacific as well as Atlantic coast, and are scattered from Fargo, North Dakota, as far south as Houston, Texas. For some years, Mrs. Diaz served as president of the local board at the City of Mexico. The Marseilles Home works under a charter granted by the national government of France. In addition to these, there are three Crittenton homes across the Pacific. On account of the quiet and non-sensational methods everywhere adopted by this system of refuges, few citizens there are who have the slightest conception of the extent of this national

and international chain of Florence Crittenton homes.

In the year 1883, Charles N. Crittenton, a successful business man of New York, in addressing two young girls of the street, closed his words of advice by saying, "Go and sin no more", to which the question was asked, "Where shall we go?" Neither were the words uttered in a spirit of sarcasm. Two young women had decided to live a better life. Shelter and employment were needed. Where were they to be? To the surprise of Mr. Crittenton himself, the question could not be answered. Hence it was that this practical man of affairs began at once to render an answer to such an inquiry possible. To the woman whom Christ told, "Go and sin no more", the thoughtless world had said, "Go, sin or starve." For the galley slave there had been relief, for the battlefield, gentle hands to bind the bleeding wounds. For the inebriate, a great army of workers were daily giving aid. Many and varied were earth's philanthropies, yet no place of refuge for the mother in disgrace. Of all persons on the face of the earth, the most helpless was she. Whether hardened in sin or a mere novice, con-

ditions were the same. Centuries had been multiplying into ages, unexplored continents had been visited, virgin forests felled; kingdoms had arisen, grown strong and crumbled; the world had been emerging into a supposedly high degree of culture; the philanthropic spirit had developed from a mere altruistic glow into a "great and consuming fire", actuating man to the noblest of deeds and the most self-sacrificing of services, yet the most helpless of human sufferers was being utterly forgotten.

To what proportions has America's army of despairing women attained? No small figure, indeed, for the number swells to three hundred thousand in United States alone. Each year, the greater part of sixty thousand are laid in nameless graves; each a human being endowed with boundless possibilities, each some mother's daughter whose infant innocence once brightened a parent's life, each by nature capable of making the world brighter instead of more dark, many betrayed by one whom they loved in purity but whose regard for them was unholy, many tempted by poverty and love for dependent ones until temptation conquered, and of the entire number, not one entering this life through malicious or criminal motives.

Let us forget not our erring sisters, forced downward rather than fallen. Those painted faces, those hollow cheeks, those figures distorted with drink—we behold them on the street corners! Where were they twenty years ago? The world assumes them always to have been so, a separate kind of being, neither animal nor human; yet these are the remnant of a vast army which but two decades since consisted of the newly-betrayed, just considering which way to drift, toward the light of day and public disgrace, or the dark

cloud which appeared very small on the distant horizon.

The seasons and the years flit by. The cloud is at hand and assumes definite shape. It is the mighty phantom, Despair, and his only words are, "Never more"! The night has come. The painted faces and hollow cheeks are seen on the street corners, and the world believes them always to have been so. Time, agony, and drink do the rest. These are the remnant, and where lie the rest of that misguided throng whom man brought low but raised not up again?

Many are the side problems of this large subject. Many are the efforts to solve them. The National Florence Crittenton Association concentrates its energies, however, on furnishing open doors to a class against whom nearly all doors are closed. For a long period of time, Charles N. Crittenton gave to this work his entire income. In November, 1909, this kind "brother of girls" passed away. In order to place this great chain of seventy-eight homes on a solid basis, a substantial endowment must be raised. Difficult as is the task of the hospital president to keep the wolf away from the door, still more strenuous is the life of the Crittenton field secretary, when realizing that the "wolf" without seeks to devour both body and soul. We still believe there are kind capitalists who will take the place of the late Charles N. Crittenton. A great thinker has said, "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." What human sufferer compares with the unwedded mother in helplessness, and what person in need is more commonly forgotten?





The Suffrage Crusade Upon Albany.

BY BERTHA JOHNSTON.

WHEN the ever-watchful, Argus-eyed leaders of the Woman's Political Union realized that the wily Senators at Albany planned to postpone consideration of their Suffrage resolution until too late for definite action thereon, they decided upon immediate action. Post-cards were printed and mailed at once, these calling for 1,000 women to speed to the State capital on a special train and urge upon the recalcitrant Senators the error of their antiquated ways.

The call was sent at such short notice that many were not able to respond, who would have done so had they had more time for making arrangements; the weather, also, was unpropitious, being a mingling of snow and rain, calculated to dampen the ardor of all in frail health. Moreover, many of those interested, were en route to Trenton, to lend their influence to Reason's assault upon the New Jersey lag-behinds. But when the train emerged from the Grand Central, promptly at 8:30 A. M., it bore a contingent of several hundred intelligent, up-to-date women—and not one monstrosity of a hat in all the suffrage millinery!

Shortly after starting, a merry-faced, business-like little lady went through the train, asking permission to obscure the view of the foggy, wintry landscape by placarding alternate windows with statements asking for "votes for women immediately", demanding "Who elected Wagner protector of womanhood?" and saying, "We prepare the children for the State; let us help prepare the State for the children."

A little later, those who wished "to

show their colors" were given the opportunity to purchase the suffragette badge and ribbon of green, white and purple—although few of those wearing the militant tri-color believed there would ever be the need in United States of employing such warlike methods.

Tickets at reduced rates were to be bought upon the train and the treasurer of the Woman's Political Union, Mrs. Arthur Townsend, charming and gracious, accompanied the conductor through the train to superintend the payment of fares, all being managed in an efficient way that reflected great credit on the executive ability of the feminine mind.

When fairly on the way, the writer started on a tour of discovery, hoping to find many friends among the travelers, but she missed a number of familiar faces. Miss Caroline Lexow had gone to Albany the previous day, to make arrangements for the expected pilgrims. Mrs. Gilman and Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw were at the New Jersey capital. But among the passengers were the President, Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, Mrs. Arthur Townsend, Miss Mary Donnelly, Miss Maude Ingersoll, Mrs. Montague Glass, Mrs. Emanuel Einstein, Miss Lydia Emmet, Miss Constance Curtis, Miss Annie R. Tinker, Mrs. M. L. Macleod, Mrs. Harriot Holt Dey, Mrs. J. W. Brannan, Mrs. Richard Bent, Mrs. Henry Brown Fuller, Miss Katherine Foot, Miss E. C. Strobell, Miss Eleanor Brannan, Miss Elizabeth Freeman, and many other notables—fine, intelligent, womanly women, eager to gain the power which will enable

them directly and efficiently to help in the civic housecleaning.

Arrived in Albany, the day that had showed at morning an uncertain face of snow and rain, cleared sufficiently to permit the delegation to walk to the Capitol and up the many, broad steps that lead to the halls of the Solons! So, two by two, the political protesters fell into line. It being the noon hour, there were many spectators along the curbs and in store windows, to witness and be impressed by the unusual demonstration. And the observers were for the most part respectful, even when unbelieving.

Ascending the many steps the camera and motion-picture men called for occasional pauses, but finally the heights were attained and the would-be-citizens sought the galleries, both those of the men and the women, of the Senate Chamber.

Here, they attended faithfully to the perfunctory reading by the Clerk, of bills that had passed the third reading.

It was observed that during this formal session the lawgivers refrained from smoking. Out of deference to the ladies? Out of respect to the genius of Law and Justice supposed to overshadow these noble precincts? Oh, no! For awhile one spectator was hopeful that this was the case, and surmised that possibly the recess that was soon called was to give opportunity to the users of the weed to send the incense thereof to ceilings of the corridors; but when the session was resumed at 2:30 and the meeting was resolved into Committee of the Whole, the cigars came out and—well, perhaps in the conferences of the Chiefs they do serve the purpose of the Pipe of Peace. Possibly they have prevented many a fracas.

During the aforesaid recess, the ladies seized the opportunity to waylay the individual antagonists and present their arguments. Senator Wagner, supposed "to stand between us and the Senate", was obdurate, immovable. Therefore it is for the suffragists to see to it that the Tammany Senator is himself removed, if that be possible.

When some of the Senators gave as a reason for opposition, that the women of their district did not want the vote, the well-informed women were quick with the reply that the conservative, tiny-footed women of China objected to the abolishing of foot-binding and the high-rank women of India were horrified at thought of doing such a bold, unwomanly thing as to come from behind the walls of the Zenana. Progress and its benefits are always secured against the wishes of the conservative majority, who later rejoice in the advantages which they have not foreseen.

The afternoon session was devoted to an interesting debate upon land versus improvement taxation in Manhattan and the Bronx—a kind of Single-tax argument—but amid this Senator Stilwell's voice was heard reminding his colleagues that the ladies were present and it were well to attend to the matter in which they were so much interested. But no action was taken. The bill had previously been reported out of Committee. The object that day was to induce the Senate to consider it in Committee of the Whole *at once*, instead of waiting till the week after.

As the hour-hand of the large clock crept toward 6:30 the sisters' thoughts turned trainward, and they gathered together their belongings and sought the street. But the fickle weather having turned to tears at their departure, the street-cars were hailed as friends in need. Promptly at seven P. M. the train left for New York, leaving many of the suffragists to continue the battle with the Assembly on the ensuing day.

And what, if any, were the gains secured by this emergency-trip? For one thing, there was the direct reaction upon those who answered the call. Those who went with hesitation and possible self-distrust returned strengthened tenfold. For busy homekeeping women to have several hours' converse with these intelligent, capable, well-informed, well-bred women representing all varieties of occupation and interest—that alone was a broadening, enriching

experience. Here were representatives as said before, of the Woman's Political Union, and also of the Equal Franchise Society, the New York State Woman Suffrage Association, the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League, the Woman Suffrage Party, and the Wage Earners' League. There were present, home-makers, clerks, editors, teachers, physicians, the public-spirited woman of leisure, and one delightful traveler was a graduate consulting-engineer who works in happy collaboration with her husband. Such a vocation would not now have been possible for a woman but for the courageous labors of the early suffragists.

It is safe to say that all who went to Albany that day returned reinforced in the determination to work unceasingly for victory. They had gained in enthusiasm, in knowledge, and in faith.

It was interesting to hear Miss Freeman, who had undergone severe treatment in London as a suffragette, explain the whys and wherefores of the extreme action taken by the militants; she spoke with the fervor and noble self-abnegation of the religious martyr, and said that Christabel Pankhurst was a young woman of most remarkable genius and executive ability.

The militant women, whether we approve or disapprove of their tactics, are acting from well-considered plans and with the earnest desire to serve their countrywomen and also women all the world over. We in America can not picture the condition of affairs in "merrie England (?) " and the causes that have occasioned this unusual feminine outbreak. Read both sides before judging. Reports have grossly exaggerated what took place and have omitted many details essential to a proper understanding of the militant movement.

As for the *political* gains: an impression was certainly made and it was reported that although the "votes for women" measure was lost in the Senate, there was a gain in the Assembly, for here, although the Judiciary Committee rendered an adverse report, the

House reversed that report: a most revolutionary step for the House to take. Moreover, the bill was taken up for consideration in the Senate a day earlier than had been intended, and that was a great feather in the caps of the earnest women. The Assembly placed the amendment on the second reading calendar, which meant that the Committee on Rules could place the bill, if it desired, on the second and third reading calendar.

The women who have been working for so many years for this great end feel that they have thus made very great progress this year.

Just before our going to press it was learned that the Assembly played a trick on the women. They passed the resolution offered by Assemblyman Murray, providing that the question be submitted to the people, by a vote of seventy-six to sixtyseven. Then, as soon as the women left the galleries, the vote was reconsidered and *lost*. But only temporarily. The women have faced defeat too often to be baffled now. Another effort will be made another year by the women who believe that "new occasions teach new duties", and that, "who trusts the strength, will, with the burden grow."

This is not an article necessarily pro-suffrage—it is merely the report of an eye-witness of an interesting pilgrimage in the twentieth century. But suffrage for women is bound to come. It is coming fast—many States, many European countries, have given this power wholly or in part to the women who are the mothers, sisters, wives of the men-folk. Is it wise to try to say with Canute, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further?" Is it possible to sweep back the ocean with a broom? When God gives women responsibilities in the State shall we shirk them? Is it not rather the part of wisdom to inform ourselves, little by little, of the needs of the State which women are specially fitted to fulfill? Give less time to bridge and dances and more to cleaning our streets, securing pure food and better schools?



“Crushing a Republic.”

IT is stoutly asserted by newspaper men, who are sometimes right, notwithstanding the necessity of speed, that one of our newest Republics, Portugal, is about to be crushed back again into a Monarchy. Three Kingdoms, two of them strong, and one of them weak, are reported to have conspired together, to bring about this dismal end.

The first one mentioned in this connection is Great Britain, which certainly ought to know better. That large and interesting Empire has been drifting farther and farther into Republicanism for several years, and is now, to all intents and purposes, nearer than ever to that goal.

We do not believe that a great majority of the people that compose the British Empire wish to see a single Republic less, in this world. Some of their rulers may entertain the sentiment, but they will sooner or later be turned down on that account.

The second one mentioned by these veracious newspaper chroniclers, is Germany. She contains much more of the imperial spirit than England does, and would probably be more likely to extend help to the exiled King, than her neighbor. But it may be doubted very much, whether even that rock-ribbed stronghold of semi-despotism would lend a very enthusiastic hand to assist openly in that direction.

The third mentioned is Spain. This country has recently seen a Republic formed out of its possessions, and is perhaps opposed to any more being added to the political properties of the world. In fact, in the sixty years ending in the Revolution of 1640, Portugal was practically a part of Spain, and has, perhaps, always considered her, to use the words of a distinguished Englishman concerning America and England, “one of her own colonies, temporarily alienated.” But if the alienation does



CASTLE OF ST. GEORGE, LISBON.



SQUARE AND COLUMN DOM PEDRO IV.

not continue permanently, it will not be on account of the inhabitants of the gallant little new republic's free and untrammelled choice.

The *New York World* says, with great truth and pertinence:

"The crushing of republics is a poor business, and it grows poorer all the time. Most of the great history of the world has been made by republics. They have always been centres of light and also of valor. No republic was ever beaten in battle except by superior numbers. Capt. Marryat in one of his novels has a significant passage about the naval wars of England and the Dutch Republic. He says that to know who won you must consider whose history you are reading. And the Republicans were outnumbered five to one. England finally overwhelmed the two tiny South African republics, but it caused her more loss of prestige, both moral and material, than anything else she has ever done.

"The example of the first French Republic, which defeated the combined

monarchies of Europe, is well known. For many years the third French Republic was maligned in every possible manner, and every influence that could be used to undermine it was set at work. Yet shrewd observers today say that the republican government of France is the wisest, the most temperate and the most solid in Europe.

"You can destroy a republic with the sword, but you cannot destroy the republican idea. The re-establishment of a monarchy in Portugal by other monarchies would give an enormous impetus to republican principles in every European country."

Easter Sunday.

BY FANNY CROSBY.

HAIL, sacred morn! When from the tomb

The Son of God arose;
"Captivity he captive led",
And triumphed o'er his foes.

Rejoice! O holy church, rejoice!
Awake thy noblest strain!
Put off thy weeds of mourning, now,
The Saviour lives again.

Oh let thy loud hosannas reach
The portals of the sky,
Where angels tune their gentle harps,
And heav'nly choirs reply.

Glory to God—He ever lives
To plead our cause above;
He—He is worthy to receive
All honor, power, and love.

Hail, mighty King!—we at thy feet
Our grateful homage pay;
Accept the humble sacrifice
And wash our sins away.

Then, at the resurrection morn,
When the last trump shall sound,
May we awake to life anew,
And with thy saints be found.



Be Capable of Inspection.

BY A RETIRED DETECTIVE.

IN my retirement from active work, with that dear little companion, the rheumatism, creeping about, coaxing me to stay in-doors except in the very finest of weather, I quite often look over my career as a detective, and live again the days and nights of that turbulent, fascinating life. A great many things I did, that please me almost exactly, when I review them: but more that bring regret, because I did not perform my part better. I can see from this fact, that if my life had been terribly misspent, I should now suffer mental tortures, beside which the pains of rheumatism would be a small matter. Often at night, when kept awake by bodily ills, I pass away the long hours, in remembering everything that I can, connected with some particular case, and trying to understand the motives concerning it.

I am well enough to write, this morning, and will put one experience into shape for the readers of *EVERY WHERE*, provided the editors will correct any technical errors, before putting it into type.

People, generally, suppose that a detective's work is entirely concerned with criminal matters: that the "sleuth" is always in chase of a thief, or a forger, or a murderer, or something nearly as bad.

But this is not inevitably the case. There are thousands of little affairs, about which people like to know—and some of them they ought to know—that can be ascertained only through trusty detectives. They sometimes find it necessary, or think it so, to learn all about their neighbors' business, even

when there does not exist any question of wrong-doing.

I have several times taken such tasks, and set myself at work to ascertain things concerning people, when I had no idea what was the object of the party who employed me. This, of course, would almost invariably come out, sooner or later—or at least appear plainly enough so that I knew it: but often there was no word of the real reason, passing between the employer and myself.

In one case I discovered that a rich old lady was using me merely for the purpose of gratifying her own curiosity about certain people! I quit her service in disgust: but I am not so sure whether I would now. There was nothing malicious in her action—she was simply inquisitive, could not read interestedly, and wanted something to think about: and she paid well.

Once, a popular author had me at work several months on different cases, before I discovered that he was using my reports as plots and material for his stories. Of course I did not particularly object to this: though when I saw myself sketched out in some of his chapters as a lean, peaked-faced, squint-eyed delver into other people's business, the sensation was not particularly cheerful.

One day an old client, who had needed my help in one or two different cases, walked into my office, and without any ceremony, said:

"My daughter is engaged—that is, if I will give my consent—and I want a little detective work done upon the young man."

"Of what do you suspect him?" I asked.

"Nothing", was the terse reply. "He may be as straight as a turnpike road through the prairies, for all I know. Indeed, he tells her he is: but of course he's prejudiced on the subject, and a little excited: and there may be one or two things that he forgets, when he is talking with her. If so, I want to find them out: and, while I cannot say that I suspect him of anything definite, still I can't help feeling, somehow, that he is a young villain, and would wreck her life. I want to know whether or not my intuitions are accurate."

"But suppose you do find out that he is a rogue: will that make any difference with your daughter, now the matter has gone so far?"

The old gentleman mused a minute. "Yes", he replied at last: "it will make a good deal of difference. If you find out something against his ability, or his origin, or anything of that kind, I think she'll stick to him tighter than ever: if he were discharged from his position to-day, and thrown on his uppers, she'd give him every cent of her pin-money, and more too, before she'd see him suffer: but if you find anything about him that offends her ideas of morality, she'll ship him before he can get off one knee on to the other."

Now no young fellow who is in business, can be certain, at any time, that he is not "shadowed", for some purpose or other. Often he may lose his place—he knows not why, except that "his work is not satisfactory", as the matter is tersely stated to him: and he wonders and wonders, as to what brought about such a sudden dispensing with his services. He gets no definite information from the employers that discharge him: for they do not use up very much of their time in telling secrets. If a young man wants to "get on" because his employers consider him all right; otherwise there is no sureness or safety about it.

Of course I was not very long in get-

ting "a line" on the young man's daily habits: detectives have so many avenues of information and such complete methods of systematizing it, that they can "build up" a series of facts concerning almost anybody in a very short time. In a week, I knew almost as much about the young man, as if I had been brought up along with him.

And yet, there was nothing to be said against him, so far as I could see—a fact for which I was glad: for your real detective had much rather find his "game" innocent, than guilty. Besides, I liked the young man, as, I found, most people did, after becoming acquainted with him.

I reported these facts to the young lady's father, as I went along: but he seemed far from satisfied. "You haven't got at him yet", he kept saying. "I tell you I don't feel in this way, for nothing: and it grows on me. There's something in it."

I was disposed to believe that this was the result of a little of that strange article which we sometimes encounter, and which may be called father-jealousy: when a parent dislikes to see a cherished daughter going into some one else's care, and among his caresses, for the remainder of her life. I courteously suggested that my old friend employ another detective: but he insisted upon it that I continue and try to make more investigations.

"I feel sure, somehow, that you'll strike something startling, within a week", he insisted.

And I did. Wandering that very night, through one of the principal streets of New York, and wishing that I was well clear of the case, since it seemed to promise nothing but failure, I somehow felt impelled to go into a billiard-hall, and there found my young man playing the game, very neatly and skilfully.

This was nothing bad or unusual: many of the most respectable of our citizens like an occasional bit of amusement, of the same kind.

But I thought I saw some peculiar

glances toward a small door in one corner of the room: and from my first seat at the side of the hall, I moved around toward this door as near as I could get. I was not noticed, particularly, as a part of the detective's business is to make himself as unobtrusive as possible: and finally, when one after another slipped into this little room, I had no trouble in doing so, too.

A big red-faced man asked me my name: but I was always provided with plenty of aliases, in those days, and had with me a score of address-cards—one of which was that of a well-known New York gambler. I handed him the little bit of pasteboard, knowing in just which pocket it was stowed, and remarked, nonchantly, that I would like to see "the boss" a minute or two when he came in: that he had left word at my place the day before, that he wanted to see me. The fellow said "all right", and I lounged about as I wished, looking at the different players.

The game was faro, and it was easy to see that the young man was being gradually fleeced. After a little I touched him on the shoulder. "I want to see you alone for a few minutes", I said, quietly, to him. "It is about Miss ——" (the girl to whom he was engaged). He rose, with a white face, and accompanied me out of the room.

We went out to the street together. "Who are you?" he asked, as soon as we were alone.

"I am a detective for Mr. ——", I answered, quite frankly, for me, "and am working in his interests. He thinks there is something wrong about you: I thought not, until this evening. If I tell this to him"——

"Don't tell!" he interrupted, eagerly. "I'll give you half my salary. I'll"——

"Never mind 'giving' me anything," I interrupted: "I'm well enough paid as it is."

"But what can I do?" he rejoined. "I love her to distraction—I shall die if I lose her"——

"You certainly will lose her," I interrupted, "unless you do as I say."

"And what is that?"

"Go with me tomorrow to Mr. ——; tell him frankly what you have been doing, and just how long you have been doing so; get his forgiveness—if you can; promise to cease this bad habit of gambling; and give him an accurate and correct account of your goings and comings for the next year—subject, at any time, to my inspection, open or secret."

After considerable hesitation, the young man did as I advised; after considerable more hesitation, the father consented to the plan. The year went off satisfactorily, the young man seemed thoroughly reformed, and the couple were married and are now happy and prosperous. I have reason to believe that the young lady never knew of the occurrence, until after the wedding took place—when the bridegroom told her, and she heartily forgave him.

An Easter Lily Song.

IN a mist-enshrouded valley, where the
tardy spring, awaking,

Brings a stir of bee and birdling, lo,
a lily bursts in bloom!

And the splendor of its whiteness, into
beams of glory breaking,

Like the glow of Eden's morning
flashes forth upon the gloom.

And from out the pearly parting of its
petals pure ascending,

Lo, a breath like balm celestial on the
air a healing flings;

To my worn and weary spirit calm and
comfort sweetly lending,

While as in a downy garment I am
folded in its wings.

How the wooing warmth awakes me!
how the vital glory fires me!

How I mount to strong endeavor on
the pow'r that they impart!

How with hope the balmy fragrance of
the stainless bloom inspires me!

For the lily is thy love, O Christ! the
valley is my heart!

—MINNIE WARD PATTERSON



Up and Down the World.

Among the "Fighting Allens."

BY STANLEY SMITH.

IF you had been born near them, as I was, and partly brought up there, you would wonder over and over again, how such a strange, contradictory family, or, more properly speaking, "clan" as the Allens, could live within the United States of America. They were really trying to conduct a small nation *within* a nation.

As soon as I was old enough to go to school, I began to realize that to be an Allen was to be a king. The rest of us pupils had some little standing in the miniature knowledge-emporium, according to behavior and scholarship: but the boys and girls with two ls in their name, generally did a good deal as they pleased. Some of them were thought to bring revolvers and bowie-knives in their dinner-baskets, although we never had a schutzenfest or a stabbing-bee in our little sanctuary of the four rs: but they used to take long noonings away off among the forest trees, under the brow of a certain hill, and sometimes a rifle-shot came from the place.

One athletic fellow came there as our teacher, who grimly announced his purpose to "run the school, Allen or no Allen." He knocked down five of the husky relatives (not all Allens in name, but all in blood), and announced, at close of school at evening, that he was ready for the sixth: but that night, it was reported, three sturdy grown-ups of the race called him out of his boarding-place, stood him up against a tree, shot revolver-balls around him, as if he had been a living non-target in the side-show of a circus, faced him toward

North Carolina, marched him a few miles through the woods and among the hills, and told him it would be good for his health, to keep on marching. Of course there were rumors that his journey ended in the next world: but most of us never believed that. I for one always thought that the Allens never killed unless they had to, and that the "husky" teacher went looking for a clanless school. If he is still living, I hope he will come out of retirement, and tell the sequel of my story.

Strange to say, this clan had a certain amount of goodness, amidst their badness. They were often humane and charitable. One of them was said to have tenderly nursed a deputy sheriff whom he had shot from behind a tree, and taken him almost home again, with the advice to go, and rebuke sin no more. One of their girl-relations fell in love with a preacher who itinerated down that way, was converted, and eloped with him. Once in awhile, one of them experienced religion, and was not persecuted, so long as he did not attempt evangelistic work. One time, the best shooter-up then living among them, became a firm believer in the Bible, with the exception of the New Testament: and that, he actually tore out of the sacred book, and never allowed it in his house. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is good enough for me," he used to say, "only I'd make it two for one."

Indeed, it is stated that the present disturbance was largely the result of one of the younger members of the clan being arrested for disturbing a religious meeting held by one of the "good" Allens—a clergyman.

Of course the "Fighting Allens", in times of excitement, developed into a torrent of terror rushing through those hills. Officers learned that it was wise to wink at their errors, if they did not want to take the last terrible wink of death. They told of good blood away back in Scotland—but whether that was so, I am not at all sure. Some of them, at times, would claim to have Ethan Allen's blood in their veins: but I never believed it: the famous Green Mountain Boy was a hill-warrior, but not a hill-robber, and his acknowledged descendants, so far as I have known them, were honest, law-abiding people.

And so were the Virginia Allens, if you only allowed them to *make* the law. The quaint but dangerous dictum of David Harum, "Do unto the other man as he would like to do to you, and do it *first*", was amended to "Do unto the other man as you would like to do unto him, and do it on the sly, if possible." Instead of "Obey the laws that be", they substituted "Obey the laws that you would *like* to have be." Instead of "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's", they said, "Render unto yourself everything you can get, and let God take care of himself: he has all he wants, anyhow."

Among "the laws that be", they particularly hated the revenue ones. They refused to understand why the Government had any right to tax them for making whiskey, when they themselves owned the grain, and the stills, and "put up" for the process of producing the remunerative liquid. To be sure, they paid their help largely in whiskey: but that was to be expected. Sidna Allen's \$20,000 palace was built largely in that way: some of his best carpenters were frequently exhilarated with the "best" of "mountain dew."

People all about there, were very much averse to slighting one of the calls of this terrible band of the mountain fastnesses. A physician was summoned to go and minister to the feud-begotten wounds of one of them, and he said to his wife, "I'd rather not go, but if I

don't, I'll soon need a physician myself—and perhaps an undertaker." A merchant said, "I don't like to sell them goods—especially arms and ammunition: but there's liable to be a fire in town, right on my corner, if I refuse." A minister said, "The sinfulness of sin in the abstract is all I dare to preach against when there is present an Allen or a relative of the clan: for whatever specific sin I might denounce, some one of the crowd might think I meant him, and my work in this world would probably soon be left undone."

My father often remarked that there was not nearly the usual competition among natural office-holders, in our county, for the positions such men are generally wont to covet. A brave sheriff is willing to risk some danger, in consideration of salaries and perquisites: but when the said perquisites are more than liable to be paid in leaden coin, the eagerness, sometimes, like Bob Acre's courage, "oozes out." The law-abiding mountaineers of Virginia have certainly no taint of cowardice clinging to their names: but most of them have wives, or sweethearts, or brothers, or sisters, or children, or fathers, or mothers, that are not ready to spare them: and do not particularly desire to execute law in a lawless region.

When the Judge who sentenced Floyd Allen left home that morning, he well knew that he carried his life in his hand: and bade adieu to his loved ones as if it were for the last time. "I may come back in a box", he remarked: and he did.

He had rather do that, than fail in his duty. When a Judge once accepts office, he must go about his work fearlessly, and perform it, with no display of fear, whatever he may apprehend within. If he flinch the least bit, "his middle name will be Coward." In all parts of the country, it is well known that a Judge's position is really one that requires great courage: he is constantly being threatened, overtly and covertly, by criminals whom he has relegated to punishment, and by their friends and relatives. He may be stabbed in the dark, poisoned in

the dining-room, or, perchance, blown up by bombs in his own dwelling.

We moved away from there, about the time I came to man's estate, and settled in another city, much to the relief of all connected with the family: but I have often thought there was more or less Allenism, in different forms, all over the country.

The Railroad Accident-Plague.

NO wonder that Mascagni, the celebrated Italian composer, sprang to his feet and pulled the bell-cord of an American train, endeavoring to stop the rushing, swaying, and plunging cavalcade of coaches, and explaining piteously that he wanted to die in his bed "at Italy, when it was that the event occurred, and not in a railroad-track"! He perhaps saw in a glimpse of the prophecy of genius, what would occur on the banks and amid the glittering ices of the Hudson, a few years later—and what has occurred meanwhile many and many times, in different forms, but with similar gruesome results—generally very much worse ones.

Travelling with any approach toward certainty as to being safe meanwhile, is one of the lost arts. We go hither and thither up and down upon our railroads, with no thought of whether we will arrive as wholes or in sections.—We assume that of course we will wake up tomorrow morning and find ourselves five hundred miles from where we went to bed, and breakfast luxuriously in a palatial restaurant on wheels, supplied with all the enticing delicacies of the season. When the journey is over, we will be met by friends who whisk us away in their automobiles, or by paid carriagiers or well-schooled taxicabers, who take us to whatsoever hotel we wish to use as an abiding-place. Ah, the joys of travel!—How different from the oldtime ways!

If.—One of the most important—the most portentous—of words in our language, is spelled with just two letters—the third vowel and the fourth conso-

nant. And those letters are of iron and steel.

With all the protections, with all the safety-appliances—and they are many and increasing all the time—there are a million ifs scattered all along the road, from New York to San Francisco, and all the north and south routes running across: and these ifs all head the life-and-death conditions—If this rail is a perfect, and not a broken one; if the flange of this wheel does not give way; IF THE METALS ARE NOT ADULTERATED WITH INFERIOR SUBSTANCES, IN ORDER TO PRODUCE THEM MORE CHEAPLY, AND THUS REALIZE LARGER PROFITS FOR THE COMPANY THAT MANUFACTURED THEM.

A beautiful and luxurious train of cars—a Waldorf-Astoria upon wheels—may rush in eighteen hours from Chicago to New York—(a distance of nearly one thousand miles), *if there is no broken rail on the way—or none so weak that it is ready to break, at some unusual weight or jarring.* What a humiliation that all this care-guarded comfort and splendor can be metamorphosed, in a half minute's time, into a hideous heap of junk, by one flaw in a little piece of iron or steel!

The loss of property would not be of so much consequence, although it means much to the stockholders of the road: but among these crushed fragments of inert matter, are HUMAN LIVES, of inestimable value—lives which no crisp bank-bills or picture-embellished checks can replace. There are also nerves which are capable of receiving shocks that will last for life—and limbs which may for years be wrecks hanging upon a still-living human body.

Eleven "flyers" (to say nothing of many ordinary trains) wrecked in two months and a half! Some of them in one way, some in another: but the broken-rail plague leads the van.

And are corporations growing more and more heartless? Are they willing, as such, to sacrifice the safety of their customers, to the chance of earning extra fares by extra speed?

Extra speed is a curse, if extra chances of safety do not accompany it.



Some Straw Opinions.

THIS Magazine is taken and read by people of all sorts of political tendencies. It has a good many opinions of its own, but does not take time to express them all. Indeed, it is going to let its readers edit it, politically, during the next few months. It has sent all about, asking for sentiments and preferences, and a good many of them have arrived. Here are some:

WANTS THINGS ABOUT AS THEY ARE.

I think President Taft is doing and has done about as well as any one could, under the circumstances, and should not have the reins snatched out of his hands, either by experienced or inexperienced people.

Of course he has made some mistakes: who hasn't? Count all the blunders that have been committed during the past three years that Taft has been in, by everybody in the country, and you'll find a few hundred millions, I guess. Put any of us into that exalted but dangerous position, and how many of us could come through free from severe criticism—even by our own party? Even give us the training and experience he has had in such matters, and we could not do any better—if as well.

He is a steady man. He does not spend half his time quarreling, and calling other people liars. He does not tell any one he's "delighted" to see him, when all the time he wishes he had not come. He does not kill all the animals he can find at both ends of the earth. He does not mope and fidget about, if he is not the center of observation, and the target of all the hurrahs in town. He seemed just as good a man, just as happy a man, just as contented a man,

when at his desk with no one to pay court to him, as now when he is the storm-center of thunders of applause. He has the kind of resolute and self-reliant modesty, which the stable, straightforward people of America admire, and which they are trying to teach to their children.

He believes that the people should rule—in such matters as they are educated and competent to do so. He doesn't want the passengers of a train to take the throttle out of the hands of the engineer, or the railroad-tickets away from the conductor after he has collected them. He does not believe in tearing down the Column Vendôme, and trying to build something in its place that shall please every one of the people that helped tear it down.

Put me down for Taft—the man who has done more for the country, than any other one man living!

Yours truly,

JAMES G. PICKERING.

WANTS MORE LIFE IN THE ADMINISTRATION.

Let's try Roosevelt again. This Administration is too slow-motioned, for me. There was more life and progress in one day of Roosevelt's two administrations, than in a month of the present one.

And Roosevelt has the courage of his convictions, and a conviction of his courage, and he knows how to use them. When the time comes to act, he is ready to do the acting, and let the audience cheer or hiss, just as they like.

I believe that he is the man for the hour, and would vote for him and work

for him, for any office for which he might run—President preferred.

SAMUEL J. GOODWILL.

DOWN ON THEODORE.

Theodore Roosevelt is the Benedict Arnold of the Republican Party. After taking all the honors it could give him—he turned around and deliberately tried to sell it out—because he hoped to get additional wealth and honors by doing so. Success meant all sorts of prosperity to him: opportunities of speculation, the booming of the stock of the religious (?) paper with which he is connected and in which he is financially interested, and continual dominance over the destinies of our country.

He has found that he cannot get the office, this time, and now he is trying to wreck the party—so as to get what he can out of the debris.

Some think, or at least say, that he made Taft: but this is not true. He merely yielded to a desire that rose in the country, to have some one in the Presidential chair who would work for the country instead of for himself, and he intended all the time to take the office from him if he could, after the four years were up. He promised not to run again, in order to make sure his election in 1908, and then deliberately turned around and broke his word. Would we want such a man in the White House again? And, now that it is practically settled that he cannot get there, shall we let him, through the help of a lot of disgruntled "outs", ruin, because he cannot rule?

JAMES N. DAVIDSON.

La Follette is the man whom the country should elect to its chief position. He has earned it, and is entitled to it. He is one of the very few public men that will stand right up and say what they think, and say it again and again, regardless of newspaper clamor and opposition. He said what he believed, in his great Philadelphia speech, and the newspapers which represented

the big interests, did their best to down him. He will continue in the fight for the nomination, till the Chicago Convention is over, and if he lives will be a candidate again, in 1916. Watch La Follette.

BURNETTE G. MAPES.

WANTS THE MISSOURIAN.

Champ Clark is the man we want. He has run the whole scale of American occupations, is in touch with the people, and knows exactly what they need. He has been a hired man on a farm, a clerk in a country store, a newspaper-editor, a lawyer, the President of a College, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and a success all the way along. He was born in that grand old nursery of orators and statesmen, Kentucky. He is one of the greatest factors in the only real progressive party of today—the Democratic. He is the most picturesque of all the "favorite sons", and if I am not very much mistaken, you will see him win at the quarter-post, and have a walk-over for the last stretch.

AMOS N. COLTON.

A STONE THROUGH THE WINDOW.

I am glad to be able to throw my little paving-stone of common sense, through the show-window of folly and pretense that is now the bane of American politics. Let us women have a chance to vote, and we will show you an entirely new order of things. *Men alone* will never purify politics: nobody but the women can do that. They are all ready, if you will give them a chance.

They do not want the ballot through vanity, or love of power, or resentment against the sex that has ground them under its feet so long: they want it because they have an instinctive feeling, or a knowledge, rather, that politics, and sociology, and finance, and even theology, and, indeed, almost everything else in this country, need PURIFYING, and they feel that they are *most decidedly the ones to do it*.

Talk about the worse sort of women coming in and dominating things with their votes!—They are the very ones that would vote for the most stringent social regulations. *They know the need of such regulations.* It is just the same, as that there is many a drunkard that would vote for Prohibition, because he feels that Prohibition is the only thing, next to God's mercy, that can save him.

Give us a chance, men!—and we will go a good ways toward saving this wonderful country from the frightful doom that threatens it.

Why are the women of England so fierce in their demands for the ballot?—It is because they see ruin threatening the British Empire; because they scent Revolution in the air—one of the very worst kind—a *French one*—and they feel that it is their mission to prevent it. God grant they may! God grant *we* may do the same thing!

Quips like that made by Roosevelt the other evening, when asked if he was willing for women to vote, do not go very far, with sensible people. Saying that “a man is the best fellow in the world, except a woman”, may make a crowd laugh, but they do not mean anything of value. There are subjects concerning which it is well enough to be frivolous, but the existence of a nation, and the life or death of one's loved ones, do not belong to that class.

Once more I say to the men of the country and to some of the women who are still opposing us—For God's sake, *give us a chance!*

IRENE G. NORTHRUP.

“THE WET ROT.”

What is the use of trying to do anything at preserving our country, when our race is rotting before our very face and eyes? Where is the sense in trying to build up and preserve a country for the use of your posterity, when you allow influences constantly at work, getting ready to throw a blight over that posterity, as soon as it appears?

What is the use of building up col-

leges and universities, with a gin-mill in or near every one of them? What is the good of paying money to support churches, when one of their principal bishops has opened a liquor-saloon with prayer, beseeching the Eternal throne that it might succeed?

I tell you, the great overshadowing issue in this country, and in the world at large, is Prohibition!—We are going to decay into a senile, wet-rot race, unless we take this matter into the court of public opinion, and work till we have a strong and influential political party.

PERRY M. WARNER.

A SOCIALIST SPEAKS.

Are we a small party? Comparatively: but we are growing—and very rapidly. The world is commencing to understand, that we are not the villains and outcasts that we have been called.

We are not nihilists—we are not anarchists. We do not believe in tearing our race down, hoping that in the mad scramble, we may get on top for a little while. We believe in Justice, and that is what we are striving and determined to obtain.

We believe that there are great and hideous inequalities of wealth in this country, that could not possibly exist, were the laws as they ought to be.

We believe that when, within the same town, there are a few people living in palaces and dying of indigestion, and a thousand people dying of starvation, there is something the matter with the law, and that it should be changed.

We believe that when, every time the clock ticks, ten, fifteen, fifty, or a hundred dollars, drops into some man's pocket, while millions are toiling in sweat-shops to get enough money to buy their daily food, there is a great big mistake somewhere in the statute books.

We believe that one reason there is so much robbery on the streets, in banks, and in residence-houses, is, that hundreds of thousands of people have been already robbed (legally!) of most of their rightful possessions.

We do not ourselves believe in robbery, and we do not practice it. We do not believe in converting a man to our doctrine, by first reducing him to fragments. We do not believe that blowing up and destroying other people's possessions, will add to our own. We do not want to obliterate property: we want to divide it to a certain equitable extent—divide it so far as to enable any one who is willing to work, to make a respectable and comfortable living.

This, if we can accomplish it, will go far toward doing away with abject poverty, with robbery, with brothels, and with gambling-houses. It will make a new world of this, as far as honest finance can do it. God speed the day, and put it into the hearts of a few million more people, to join the Socialist Party, and vote with it, whenever there is a chance!

LOUIS R. WINTERMEIR.

A WORD OR TWO FOR WILSON.

As a Democrat, I believe the time has come when the Democratic Party has a chance to save the country. It has not had the credit of doing that very often—not nearly as often as it deserved: but the Union could not have been saved, or the war with Spain prosecuted to a successful conclusion, if it had not been for Democrats. They may not always have approved of the way those wars were being conducted, but they were at the same time *in* them, and *doing* their best to help the country through. When they said, in one of their conventions, that the Civil war was a failure, they told the truth: it was, up to that time, and no doubt their frank declaration of the fact had a good deal to do toward changing the order of arrangements, so that the other side were finally conquered.

We have certainly been a corrective to the exuberant fancying of the Republicans, that they owned the earth: and seldom more so, than two years ago. Now let us rally and give them the biggest dose they have ever had. They are,

apparently, hopelessly divided: and if we take the right measures, and hang together, we can whip them to the famous legendary "frazzle."

To do this, I hardly think we can find a better man than Woodrow Wilson. He is, mentally and educationally, the best-equipped man we have in our party today. He has graduated at more colleges, studied more books, written more, taken a deeper hold upon knowledges, than any candidate we have in the field. He is a good speaker, and not a reckless or slangy one. His published words are sometimes disagreeable to those of whom they speak, but, in such cases, it is the disagreeableness of truth. They are certainly grammatical and scholarly—something that cannot be said of all the covered literature that has been vouchsafed us by presidents. He makes enemies sometimes, but he makes friends, too, wherever he goes. Besides, we need New Jersey, and his friends can carry it. Let's have Woodrow!

HENRY N. PETERS.

A DARK-HORSEMAN.

I am a Republican, and am convinced that Roosevelt cannot be nominated, and that Taft could not be elected—even if he succeeded in getting named. It is time we began to look through the stables and in the fields, for our dark horses.

The one that has been mentioned oftenest, is Hughes. But Hughes *has* a good position, does not, apparently, want the Presidency (although one can't always tell, nowadays, from what they say), and besides, he is not well.

La Follette has ceased to be a golden horse, and can hardly be made into a dark one. Fairbanks is too much bound up in the money-toils.

Others might be named, who have been talked over by their local fellow-citizens, but the whole thing is a great big uncertainty. Let us be wary and careful. If we trot out a wonderfully good one, we can elect him.

THOMAS R. TILTON.

Editorial Comment.

A CHINESE OBJECT-LESSON.

OUR new Republic in the East will perhaps be able to teach us a few things, if it has many people like the one mentioned in the following true story:

Mrs. —, of a western state, had engaged a Chinaman as her servant and man-of-all-work: and after waiting her convenience two days, he climbed one of the steep hills that characterize the town, and made his way to the lady's residence, expecting to enter upon his duties. (Ah Loy, not Ah Sin, was his name.)

"I've seen a boy that will suit me better", was the lady's cheering remark, when he found her. "But as you expected to take the place, and have climbed the big hill in order to do so, here is a dollar to pay you for your trouble."

Ah Loy declined to take the money. He explained that he had lost no situation on account of expecting this, and, so far as the walk was concerned, he liked the exercise. It was "allee samee", he said.

"If you don't take this dollar, I shall feel very badly", insisted the lady. And she urged the Celestial, till, rather than displease her too much, he took the money away with him. (In case this had happened with a member of almost any other race, it is needless to say, the urging could have been left out.)

Mrs. — had to take Ah Loy, after all. The Chinaman who had recommended him thought the matter over, and concluded that the place belonged to this first applicant, who, besides, had a cousin living near by the proposed

situation, that would be company for him. So the place went to the man who had at first fruitlessly climbed the hill: and a faithful servant he proved—doing all the washing, cleaning, and sweeping of a good-sized house.

On receiving his first month's wages, Ah Loy took a dollar out of it, and, handing it back to Mrs. —, said:

"I no come to you, I takee dollar: you feel bad. I come to you, I no takee dollar: you no feel bad."

The lady refused to accept the money: but her servant waited until she was seated at table, and then laid the coin before her with her roast beef—walking off victoriously triumphant.

Sometimes, when Loy was given material to carry away to the laundryman, he would take part of it, and say that he had not as much as usual to do that week, and could just as well do that much himself, and so save the cost. When offered extra pay for this, he would invariably refuse it.

This same "Heathen Chinese" sent money regularly to his mother on the other side of the world—the total amount running up into hundreds of dollars.

After six years of faithful service, he had saved up some five hundred dollars: and this he loaned to a cousin, who was about to start a laundry in Minnesota.

On being asked by his employer as to what interest he charged, the Chinaman replied that there was to be none, as he was a relative, and a good friend.

"But where is your cousin's note for the amount, Loy?" asked the lady.

Loy disappeared to find the "note", and presently returned, with a slip of paper containing the cousin's address, which he proudly exhibited.

"Why, is this all you have, Loy?"

"Allee need. He honest, I honest. I let him have money when he wants—he pay me money when I wantee." And he did.

About the time Loy was twentyeight years old, he began to think it was nearing the period when he should be married.

"I go to China by an' by," he said, "an' get my life [wife]. My mother get me life. Girl she know 'bout it, long time."

And Mrs. — was able afterwards to ascertain that the match was a very happy one.

FOOT AND WHEEL.

THE empire of the road is gradually slipping from automobilists' hands. For awhile they ran up and down the public ways, asking all quarters and giving none. It made little difference to them, as to how much damage they inflicted upon people: they slipped out of it and went right along.

But there is a law that if you do anything unlawful, and fatal results ensue, you are liable for manslaughter. If you shoot at some one else's chicken and bring a man down into the night of the grave, it is not held to be an accident, but a felony.

And if you are running your automobile at an unlawful and dangerous speed, and kill some one "accidentally", the law holds the occurrence not as an accident, but a felony: in fact, a murder, or at least a case of manslaughter.

A once careless and festive youth is now serving a term of several years' duration, for having killed a boy in one of his mad rushes. There have been requests for mercy in the case, and will

probably be more: but the prospects and probabilities are, that he will have to "do his time." The vast crowd of automobilists who now practically make railroads of our public streets, need a few object-lessons to keep them within the bounds of decency.

On the other hand, there are responsibilities that ought to be recognized by non-automobilists, and which should be observed by law, and their violators punished. Among the amusements of children, is that of running across the road in front of the swift-speeding vehicles, in order to annoy the driver. Among the spiteful actions of horse-drivers, is that of deliberately getting in the way of the mobiles, and inviting a contact that may be as ruinously damaging to one as to the other.

So long as the automobile is recognized as a legal vehicle on public roads, it must of course have its rights as well as its restrictions. The relative privileges of foot and wheel may take a long time in adjusting: but like everything else, they will ultimately reach their proper level.

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

A GOOD memory is one of the chief elements of worldly success. Without it, the finest intellect or imagination is constantly hampered in its struggles with the world, and, if the memory is very defective, often goes down in utter discouragement and defeat.

The way to get a good memory, or to retain it, if you have one already, is by exercise: for this function of the mind has a definite physical basis in the brain, and, like any other part or organ of the body, must be used, to be strengthened. And if it is properly used and exercised, the limits of its attainments and usefulness are almost boundless, as some of the illustrations given

below will indicate to almost any one.

Themistocles, a famous Greek general, is said to have known every citizen in Athens.

Otho, the Roman emperor, attained great popularity and through that, his seat on the throne, by learning the name of every soldier and officer of his army.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, is said to have been able, after sitting a whole day at a public sale, to give an account from memory of all things sold, with the prices and names of the purchasers.

Coming down to later times, there is a very interesting story told of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, the French author Voltaire, and an Englishman with a very long memory.

It is said that at the king's request, Voltaire read one of his long poems, that he had just completed in manuscript, through aloud, while the Englishman was concealed from Voltaire's sight, in such a position that he could hear every word.

After the reading of the poem, Frederick observed to the author that the production could not be an original one, as there was a foreign gentleman present, who could recite every word of it. Voltaire listened in amazement to the stranger as he repeated, word for word, the poem which he had been at so much pains in composing, and, giving way to a momentary outbreak of passion, he tore the manuscript in pieces. He was then informed how the Englishman had become acquainted with his poem, and his anger being appeased, he was willing to do penance by copying down the work from the second repetition of the stranger, who was able to go through it the same as before.

When reporting was forbidden in the houses of the English Parliament, and any one seen to make notes was immediately ejected, the speeches, nevertheless, were published in the public press. It was discovered that one Woodfall

used to be present in the gallery during the speeches, and, sitting with his head between his hands, actually committed the speeches to memory. They were afterward published.

Lord Macaulay had a marvelous facility for remembering what he read, and he once declared that if by accident all the copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" were destroyed, he would be able to write out the whole of this long poem without a single error. In fact, he once performed the marvelous feat of repeating the whole poem, making only one omission.

Charles Dickens, who was once a reporter, and thus had occasion to roam about the streets a great deal, contracted the habit of reading the signs of shop-keepers. So firmly fixed upon him did this habit become, that he was able, after walking through a long street, to repeat the names and businesses of every shop-keeper on the thoroughfare.

But great power of memory is not always found in educated persons. There is a notable instance of "Blind Jamie", who lived some years ago in Stirling, Scotland. He was a poor, uneducated man, and totally blind, yet he could actually repeat, after a few minutes' consideration, any verse required from any part of the Bible, even the obscurest and least important.

The power of retaining events has also sometimes been manifest in a marked degree. A laboring man named McCartney, at fiftyfour years of age, claimed that he could recollect the events of every day for forty years. A test was made by a well-known public man who had kept a written record for forty-five years. The man's statement was fully corroborated—indeed, so accurate was his recollection that he could recall without apparent effort the state of the weather on any given day during that long period of time.

EDUCATIONAL OBJECT-LESSONS.

EVERY once in a while some philosopher on the subject of the juvenile mentality happens to feel a new idea impinging upon him, and proceeds to experiment with it.

For this purpose, he needs children; and, probably, not having enough of his own to make up the requisite lot, he is obliged to fall back upon other people's.

In order to procure these, he does not go and buy, borrow, or hire some: he takes certain ones that are already in the public schools, and uses them for his subjects.

It would be interesting to know how many and sundry educational methods in various departments of school lore, have been tried upon different generations of pupils, and thrown away for others. The varied effects produced upon these children would also be a subject worthy of examination.

One method recently exploited in the Chicago public schools, is a case in point.

It seems that the superintendent of one of the districts is also the author of an arithmetic, in which the Block System is used. This sounds at first like a railroad, but has no connection with the same: it is simply a method by which children are taught mathematics by means of blocks: thus enabling them to see everything as they go along, and sparing them the toil of acquiring abstract ideas of numbers.

From this enterprise, the principal has proceeded to introduce what might

be called the Block (for he never would consent to its being termed the Block-head) method of learning to read.

As nearly as we can learn, the first processes of this method of teaching children to read, consists of earnest not to say frantic efforts to prevent them from learning to read. "No child should be allowed to read anything while we are teaching them language-lessons", says the philosopher.

So for four months, the children are taught language-lessons, with a vengeance. The phrases "Wash your face", "Comb your hair", "Brush your coat", "Mew, bark, warble, cluck and cackle", are all illustrated with actual performances in full view of the school. And at the end of these four months, the pupils are, it is to be supposed, allowed to see in print an account of some of these interesting processes.

The teacher is supposed to furnish the illustrations at first; but after she has washed her face, combed her hair, brushed her clothes, and mewed, barked, warbled, clucked and cackled a few hundred times, she no doubt grows tired of doing this herself, and gives the children a chance.

But the superintendent is not by any means original in this method. Mr. Squeers, a gentleman introduced to the world by a late distinguished author, used to teach his "class in English spelling and philosophy" by the object-lesson method—doing it perhaps a little more strenuously, but, it is to be presumed, no less efficiently.





Five Minute Sermon.

By REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

THE Lord's Prayer is like the tent that the fairy gave to the great king: so compact was it that it could be packed in a nut-shell, and so elastic that when spread out it would shelter a whole army. So with the Lord's Prayer! It is a miracle to compress so much meaning in so few words! There is theology in it, and all the theology we need; and there is sociology in it, and just the kind that helps; and there is political economy in it, and that is the political economy of Jesus Christ: "Give us this day our daily bread!"

"Bread" is all that sustains and nourishes these bodies of ours and enables us to do our work in the world of material realities. "I like folks much better than I do angels!" said Father Taylor, the celebrated old sailor preacher in Boston sixty years ago. Now, if we are to stay folks and not become angels we must have bread. The great conflict of life is for bread, that is for the means of physical existence. So Jesus teaches us to pray to "our Father", give us this day our daily bread.

Let us note in the first place the form of the prayer. Give "US", not give "ME"! The Christian religion is eminently social. It teaches us that we are "members one of another!" It should be as much a matter of concern to us that our brothers and sisters have their bread as that we ourselves have ours.

No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. No one of us can

come to our highest realization of self alone. We can only realize ourselves in other selves. He that would save his own soul without regard to the souls of others will lose his soul. He who in noble self-forgetfulness strives to save others is thereby saved himself. He who would feed himself regardless of others will only starve himself; his bread will turn to choking dust in his own throat. He who feeds others is himself fed. Give *US* this day our daily bread.

There is growing in the world today a social conscience and consciousness. It is the most marked movement of the day. Call it democracy, or Christianity, or what you will, it is practically a conscientious application of the teaching of Jesus Christ to human conditions. It cries with a voice louder than the thunder of the ocean, "YOU ARE YOUR BROTHER'S KEEPER!" This movement has knocked the shackles from the slave, and today is making war on social inequality, intemperance, war and everything that tends to hurt or oppress mankind. This movement has for its battle cry, "I AM A DEBTOR TO ALL MEN!" It takes it from the eloquent lips of the Apostle Paul. "I AM A DEBTOR TO ALL MEN!" If I have bread I owe it to the hungry. If I have sight I owe it to the blind. If I have learning I owe it to the ignorant. If I have strength I owe it to the weak. If I have health I owe it to the sick. Whatever I have, I owe.

"OUR FATHER, GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD." If God is our Father, the world is our Father's house, and from

the frozen pole at the North, and from the frozen pole at the South, to the equator, the great rafters are sprung under which the Father's children gather. Think of this, then pray, "OUR FATHER, GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD." This petition means simply this—there is no good or blessing that we have ourselves that we do not feel that it must be imparted to others. This was the spirit of that mighty abolition movement that gave the world Abraham Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and John Brown. Those who are swept along in this mighty movement could not be satisfied with the blessings of liberty while the poor, oppressed, bleeding African was in chains. Its prayer to God was not, "My Father, give me the blessings of liberty!" It prayed, "OUR FATHER, GIVE US THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY!" It prayed and worked till the angel of Liberty came amid the storm of war, and with the lightning strokes of his mighty sword smote in sunder the captives' chains and let the oppressed go free.

So William Lloyd Garrison took the poor negro slave by the hand and amid the taunts, threats, scorn, and reproach of this nation prayed, "Our Father in heaven, give us this day our daily bread, give us the blessings of liberty, and the rights of men." For doing this he was called an "atheist" and "infidel", and was counted, like Christ himself, worthy of death. In one Southern State \$5,000 was offered for his body, dead or living!

So Jesus Christ is marching down through the ages, incarnating himself in men who cry with Paul, "I am a debtor to all men"; in those who pray, "OUR FATHER, GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD." In them he is carrying out his great commission. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke, Chapter IV: 18, 19.)

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne.
Yet that scaffold rules the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."
—Lowell.

A Church-Complainer.

I AM a steady church-goer, and feel that it does me good, both in mind and soul, every time I am there. I go for the real solid good there is in it, and not for amusement or sight-seeing.

If there is a large congregation present, it suits me; if a small one, I remember the consolatory verse about two or three being gathered together.

But we have a clergyman just now who is bent on procuring large audiences, and never satisfied unless he gets them, in one way or another. He does not seem to care so much about their spiritual welfare after he gets them there; but only to afford them enough entertainment to induce them to stay, and come again.

Among the inducements that he has adopted, at one time and another, are the following:

A "leviathan choir", as he called it, composed of any amount of young ladies and gentlemen, conducted by a professional musician, and drilled to give a concert at every service.

The audience tiring of this, and beginning to grow smaller, he abolished the choir, and induced our music-committee to hire a quartette, at a high price—whose talents he advertised thoroughly in papers and hand-bills.

Once he captured a concerting-troupe of negroes for one service, and advertised them extensively.

On another occasion he had, connected with his church music, a lady cornetist, the oddity of whose appearance in that capacity attracted, for a time, considerable numbers of people.

I hardly think there is any kind of a musical or unmusical instrument in a brass band or orchestra (excepting per-

haps the drum), which he has not introduced at one time or another.

The Sunday evening audiences having fallen almost entirely off, during one season, he gave a series of magic-lantern, or, as I believe he called them, stereopticon views—"on sacred subjects"—with a great many un-sacred subjects interspersed. If it were not so mournful, it would have been amusing, to see the way he would lug in something about the Bible, in order to make the exhibition seem a "sacred" one. Of course the audience (some of it) enjoyed the sitting in the darkness, during his exhibitions!

He has preached new and startling doctrines—or what purported to be doctrines—entirely at variance with our church-creed—apparently hoping to make a sensation thereby. In presenting them, he stated that he expected to be persecuted therefor; and seemed disappointed when no one raised a church-mutiny against him.

He has had reports circulated of "calls" at a higher salary, to other churches, when no such call had been made or intended: apparently for the purpose of rendering us anxious to keep him.

And he now proposes that we hire a regular brass- and string-orchestra (which often plays for dances during the week) to come every Sunday and give free concerts (with a "silver" collection) "so as to induce the working people to come out."

I certainly confess that I am too old-fashioned for all this sort of thing, and—much as I love our old place of worship, in which I was baptized many years ago, in which my father worshipped Sunday after Sunday nearly all his life, and in which my children have grown up—must leave it, for some place where I can find more spirituality in the pastor's preaching and practice.

If there is a scandal of local or general interest (the former, by him, preferred), he will write a sermon on the subject, and advertise it widely. He takes good pains not to mention any

names, or even incidents: but sees to it that everybody knows exactly what he means. What subjects for sermons!

J. R. S.

Would Not Turn the Remaining Cheek.

THE janitor of a Michigan church did not approve, last summer, of the girls coming to rehearsal in white slippers, and so he sprinkled the lawn.

He decided one evening last winter, that they had stayed long enough in the church to get their rehearsing done, and turned out the lights.

One of the more muscular young ladies discussed the matter with him, and, not being pleased with his arguments, knocked him over.

He wrote a complaining letter to every member of the Board of Trustees, but they seemed to think he should have turned the other cheek also, and made no satisfactory answer to his communications.

A Good Indian.

A CLERGYMAN had been asked to receive an Indian boy into his family for a few weeks, and had consented to keep the lad if he did not prove to be "too much of a savage." He turned out to be a pretty good boy, so much so that one day, as a great treat, the minister gave him a gun and told him to take a holiday and go hunting.

The Indian shook his head. "No," he said quietly. "I belong to Band of Mercy. I do not shoot birds or animals, only rattlesnakes."

The minister had been very fond of using that gun, but he says he does not care much for it now.

This is the great contradiction, that spiritual power comes with the childlike spirit. Simplicity and love are the only essentials.—REV. HENRY C. MABIE.



Fasted Into and Out-of Paralysis.

THE story of one Ambrose Taylor, who had a most remarkable experience in using the fast-cure, is given here. He is sixty years old and for a long time past has been afflicted with rheumatism in the left leg and hip. He tried all sorts of remedies without relief, and last November was reduced to a condition where he had to give up work, and take to his bed.

"As I lay there," he said, "and in my mind ran over all I'd done in the last fourteen years trying to get well, it occurred to me that I'd better go back to Mother Nature, and give her a chance. I'd read about fasting, and I reasoned out that nature was our best doctor after all if we'd only give her an opportunity.

"But you can't expect her to do you any good when you are all the time diverting her attention and giving her other responsibilities. By that I mean digesting a lot of miscellaneous food.

"If you stop to reason a bit, you'll see that you're constantly imposing on her when you're ailing by the foolish habit of eating several meals a day. Very often you literally force things down your throat when you really don't feel like eating at all. Nature can't carry on the work of digestion and doctoring at the same time.

"So I locked up the kitchen and took to my bed. I set thirty days as a limit to my fast. At first the pangs of hunger were fierce, for I was always considered a big eater.

"After I'd downed the pangs I got

a blow that nearly finished me—a stroke of paralysis. You'll understand what that meant to me when I tell you my father, brother and aunt all died of paralysis. I was discouraged, but I kept right on with my fast, thinking if I was going to die, it didn't make any difference whether I ate or not.

"On November 18th, 25th, and 28th, I had additional attacks of paralysis, each being milder than the preceding. When I saw how things were going, I became so absorbed in watching the paralysis that I forgot my rheumatism.

"One day I suddenly discovered that my rheumatic leg was much more limber. It was an eye-opener, when you consider that I hadn't been able to straighten it in four years.

"My son saw to it that I didn't lack for comfort during all this time, and the neighbors, when they heard what I was doing, kept dropping in to see how I was getting along. Everybody urged me to quit the foolishness, go back to a physician, and eat something to keep up my strength; but I wouldn't.

"During the whole time the only nourishment I took was a pint of grape juice. I drank about the same amount of water as usual. I know I could have easily stuck it out for the thirty days, but at the end of twentythree days everybody kept dinning at me so that I quit.

"Maybe it was just as well, anyhow. For by that time the paralysis was gone, and the last trace of rheumatism was disappearing. I believe I'm a sound man now for my age—sixty years.

"During the fast I dropped from 179 pounds to 164; not as much loss as

you'd think. There's one thing that fast has taught me. If ever I feel any symptoms of disease after this, I'm going to stop eating at once. Nature'll do the rest."

The experience of Mrs. Judith Sampson, of Penryn, and James D. Wren, of Martinez (Cal.), were very similar. Both were sufferers from dyspepsia, and both graduated from a milk-diet into a rigid determination to try a final remedy of going without food.

Like Ambrose Taylor, they didn't have a physician, and acted on their own best judgment. Mrs. Sampson spent her time in bed, while Wren adjusted his repose to a swinging hammock.

Mrs. Sampson got so weak at the end of seventeen days that her anxious family forced her to quit. She began by eating gruel and very soft boiled eggs. At the end of two weeks she had almost wholly recovered her strength, and declared that her stomach trouble had disappeared.

Wren stuck out his fast to the limit he had set for himself—three weeks. He says he's all right now.

Miss Cora Brown, who dipped into a number of "isms" and "cults", says she came out of them a nervous wreck. Somewhere along the line she had read something about a fasting-cure, and tried it: but as in Mrs. Sampson's case, her anxious family became alarmed at her increasing weakness. When she became almost helpless, they forced her to take liquid-nourishment, and so the fast was brought to an end on the twenty-seventh day. Like all the others, Miss Brown declares it did her good and that her nervousness is gone.

Pure Water for Soldiers.

IN discussing the efforts made by chemists to provide some effective means by which the soldier on the march may be enabled to enjoy pure water, it is remarked that filtration through the porcelain candle and boiling will give the soldier pure water in camp, but when the line of march is taken up for

the front it is useless to try to make him drink water treated by chemical methods even if it is available; for when his officers lose touch with him he drinks from any stream, spring or well, scorning slow death from germs when sudden death by bullet or shell may be his fate at any moment. It seems absurd to him to worry about his drinking water at such a time.

If he could be insured against death on the battlefield, he would be willing to court it in the canteen. Yet more men died on the transports returning from Santiago and at Montauk Point, salubrious as that camp was supposed to be, than were killed in action in Cuba or died from wounds. Millions upon millions of money are spent upon Gatling, Maxim and dynamite guns and on magazine rifles with the object of taking human life, but to kill the lurking germs that destroy thousands of men where bullet and shell claim hundreds, the expenditure of money is trivial.

Don't Train Your Children to Death.

THERE was a mother who thoroughly believed in the virtue of cold water, and plenty of it. She was partly right in her ideas of it, and partly wrong; for she gave her baby a drenching in it every morning, until the poor child was thrown into convulsions at the very sight of the stuff; and finally died of epilepsy, after years of suffering.

The famous Frederika Bremer, while thinking a good deal of her father upon general principles, always maintained that he nearly starved his children to death, under vagaries relative to keeping down the animal nature and elevating the spiritual, by means of a poverty-stricken diet.

A man in 1866 beat a two-year-old child to death, because it could not get its will-power arranged so as to obey its dear father, and say its prayers. Thus, what, a few years later, would have been a beautiful lesson, was turned into

a murderous calamity. Are there any parents so foolish in 1912?

A parent discovered that his child was a natural coward, and determined to reform him before it went any further. He thrust him into bed, put out the light, locked the door, and went away. When he came back in the morning, expecting to find a boy all made over into a juvenile hero, he found a poor little corpse, with its eyes started from the sockets. The child had died in a fit of fright.

Some parents compel their children to eat fat or lean meat, mainly because the poor things detest it. The instincts of a child should be respected, in these cases; they are implanted in its very nature, and are intended for its well-being. The child is, so far as its physical nature is concerned, merely a little animal, with the same instincts of self-protection. You can not compel a kitten to eat white beans, or a chicken to drink salt water; do not take advantage of your child's reason to make him do that against which all his instincts rebel.

Health-Information.

OVERFEEDING is now given as the cause of a large percentage of the insanity of the world.

Whiskey is a good cure for snake-bites: but it has created more snakes than it ever thwarted.

Advocates of the Milk-Cure claim that one can live on fifty cents a day, by depending entirely upon lacteal fluid.

Adam Smith said that it was a matter of doubt whether butcher's meat was anywhere or anyhow a necessity of life.

People should not think their consciences are troubled when it is only their stomachs. This is often, although of course not always, the case.

The average air of the winter drawingroom is said to be so dry that it is

better adapted to raising cactus plants than helping sustain the human system.

"The Clinic" says that Health means pure air, sunshine, truth, strength, and love. To this bill of particulars, should be added constant care and common sense.

Pneumonia and Heart Disease are often used as scapegoats, in giving the cause of people's death. Other and more subtle causes have prepared the way.

Tuberculosis can and cannot be transmitted from one person to another: it depends upon the second person, and the purity or impurity of his blood.

All cults of physical regeneration, however they may quarrel on other subjects, agree that a moderate amount of exercise is indispensable to health.

Among all the different methods of falling to sleep that are given by different authorities, the following is not the worst:—Get thoroughly tired, body and mind; and then administer yourself to a good bed.

The "faint" feeling that one has at first when he sets out to fast, is the lack of stimulus that for a time follows the loss of undue stimulus. It is analogous to that caused by leaving off strong drink—though not so powerful.

Daily applications of the X-ray have cured several cancers, according to the statement of Prof. John E. Gilman, of Hahnemann College, Chicago. He says the ray "pours life and electricity through the cancer, and destroys the germs."

It is now claimed that to obtain a beautiful natural slenderness, one need not compress the waist, but must develop the shoulders and chest, and restrain the appetite. These are getting to be serious times for the provision-dealers.

World-Success.

How to Write for Publication.

EVERYBODY has had, at one time and another, a desire to produce something that should be put in print and disseminated among the people. And almost any one can achieve this desire in a modest way if he or she commences rightly—and *tries*, sensibly and valiantly.

The way to begin is, *How you can*; and the place is, *Where you are*. Do not go away from your present environment for material unless you know undeniably well how and why you are going; and do not undertake to write articles upon subjects of which you have no knowledge and for which as yet you have no earthly ability.

"But suppose I am a country boy [or girl], and have no opportunities to begin the work?"

That is where you mistake: chances are all around you—if you are only industrious, and "smart" enough to write good articles and send them to the right market.

If you want to be a journalist, commence with the local paper—the one nearest to where you live. It publishes in every issue a lot of matter about persons and things that you know; and all this matter has to be written by somebody before it is set in type. Why should *you* not prepare a part of it? Study the sort of items and articles that are most used in the paper, and cast about to see what you can do along the same line!

Begin by writing for your local editor some news concerning the people around you—their goings and comings

and stayings and doings, trying all the time to discover some things of public interest that the editor would not otherwise learn about. Write it legibly on note-sized paper, with paragraphs, pauses, etc., as nearly as possible imitating the printed matter you find already published in the paper. State what is going on around you—honestly, candidly, but at the same time neatly and entertainingly.

Write as grammatically and spell as correctly as you can, and send your "copy" to the editor. He always wants real news, and will accept and print it if he thinks it will be interesting to his readers. Perhaps you have not punctuated or spelled it to suit him; but he will attend to that, if he really wants the article. (You should, however, make yourself master of all these details as soon as possible.)

As for literary articles, the country papers are depending nowadays mostly upon what they clip from magazines, and buy of plate-publishers. (You will notice that most of the matter outside the local news, of an average country paper, was evidently written a good ways from the locality within which it is published.) So your strength with the local paper will consist largely in your aptitude for furnishing nearby news.

"What will I get for it?" the reader asks. Well, probably, not much, from a country paper, because it cannot afford to pay much. But you can get a great many favors that are worth as much as money. They will, of course, send you their paper free, if you become a welcome contributor; they will often favor

you with the gift of copies of some of their most attractive exchanges; they will, perhaps, be able to obtain tickets for you at entertainments; and their printed card, with your name on it, as contributor, will prove an "open sesame" almost anywhere in the social world.

There may also arise now and then a money-paying opportunity, such as reporting a convention or a festival, in which you may be paid for your work by the day or the column.

There is also to be considered the fact that you stand much better among your fellow-citizens for the fact that you are a recognized contributor to the local paper. They are likely to give you the best seats, the daintiest morsels, and the sweetest smiles: for they all want a chance to "show off well" in print, once in a while. You may be sure that the faithful and discreet chronicling of events in your neighborhood will be appreciated by all your neighbors, sooner or later.

The Frailty of Our Books and Manuscripts.

CHEAP writing materials probably did not exist, in very large quantities, when Moses wrote his immortal laws on the tablets of stone, but he probably would not have used them, if they had been present in tons. The ancients really had a great deal of regard for the unborn generations, when they took so much pains to record their literature, their laws, and the chronology of their principal events. And judging by the amount of ancient lore that is constantly being recovered from buried cities, they succeeded in their endeavor to leave something valuable for posterity, probably far beyond their expectations.

But what will the world know about us, five thousand years hence? Of course, if our civilization were kept continuously on the upward grade during the centuries, the increment of learning and culture left by each generation

would be preserved for the next, and in that way the past would constantly be drawn upon for the enrichment of the present: but such a long stretch of uninterrupted progress is not the way of the world. Dark ages follow epochs of enlightenment, in everlasting cycle, as surely as the night succeeds the day.

Though our civilization is probably only in the morning of its glory, the time will surely come when its full-blown flower shall wither and go back to earth: and then, after the succeeding long night of a dark age, when another Renaissance shall have dawned, what shall testify to the manners and customs of the life we live today?

Recent experience has shown us that even the most sacred and precious writings left us by all former time, are not made proof against the greedy ravishment of the element, fire. The library of the University of Turin, in Italy, containing more than 100,000 volumes, the most famous treasure-house of books and manuscripts in all the world, burned to the ground, the other day, before the very eyes of helpless man.

The catastrophe cannot be wholly accounted-for on the ground of Old World dilatoriness and inefficiency, for the whole business section of one of our own great cities was also destroyed by fire, the other day, under no more unusual conditions than a high wind. The fact is—and we are only just now beginning to learn it—nothing is safe from the burning, insatiable maw of the Red Fiend: we are entrusting our literary treasures of scientific discovery and the imagination, to a very fragile medium for preservation. Time, which can unaided crumble the mightiest and cunningest works of man, in its own leisurely way, and fire, which strikes its consuming blow quickly and unexpectedly, are enemies of the inheritance that we would leave to posterity, that we should take more pains to forestall. Some of our most precious literature, and some of the discoveries of modern science, should be preserved in the enduring bronze.

Be Sure You've Filled the Hopper.

"MY son," the ancient miller said,
 "My days are nearly numbered.
 I fain would leave this carnal state,
 That's so by care encumbered;
 I leave you all my earthly store,
 My mill and mill-dam nigh it;
 I also leave you some advice,
 And hope you'll profit by it.
 If e'er you wish for stores of wealth,
 Of silver, gold and copper;
 Before you start the mill to grind,
 Be sure you've filled the hopper."

Now this may suit the world as well,
 Though not perhaps intended
 For any save the miller's son,
 When his career was ended.
 Be't as it may, it fits in here
 In sort of dovetail fashion,
 And seems a fitting talisman
 For every act and passion.
 Whate'er you undertake to do,
 This adage meets you proper:
 "Before you start the mill to grind,
 Be sure you've filled the hopper."

Vague, empty pity, no relief
 Gives to a creature starving,
 While demon want is like a knife
 Into the vitals carving.
 You might as well expect a shower
 To fall from cloudless heaven,
 Or, to expect your loaf to rise
 Without the proper leaven.
 Remember, if you'd help the poor
 To silver, gold or copper,
 "Before you start the mill to grind,
 Be sure you've filled the hopper."

If you would consolation give
 To those who are in trouble,
 Don't go to them with hollow heart—
 A vain and empty bubble;
 Go not to them with shows and shams
 All hollow and soon ending;
 The virtue lies in what you are,
 And not what you're pretending.
 Then bear the adage well in mind,
 For it comes pat and proper;
 "Before you start the mill to grind,
 Be sure you've filled the hopper."

If you would feed the sin-sick soul
 (This gratis to the preacher),
 Go not with bags of empty wind
 To sate the longing creature;
 The oily tongue may wag at will
 In streams of elocution,
 And pour out sentences, for which
 There may be no solution.
 Then carry to them God's pure gold,
 Discard all dross and copper;
 "But, ere you start the mill to grind,
 Be sure you've filled the hopper."

Now in conclusion I will say,
 Whate'er your name or station,
 Do what you can, act like a man,
 In every situation;
 Look always well before you leap,
 And you'll avoid all danger;
 Fill well your knapsack ere you march,
 Then want will be a stranger;
 If you'd be rich in mind and purse,
 Which is both right and proper;
 "Before you start the mill to grind,
 Be sure you've filled the hopper."

Useless-Useful.

WHILE making his headquarters at Morristown, N. J., Washington set his soldiers to building a fort. This structure was entirely unnecessary; and was so admitted by him. Events proved that there was no need of it, and that Washington knew that there was none, all the while.

But the building of it, was of the utmost importance. It kept the men thriftily and contentedly at work; when if they had been living in idleness while waiting for military events to culminate, they would have grown discontented and miserable. This fact the great General knew, and acted upon it.

"Something to do" is better than idleness, even when that something is of no particular use in itself; but how glorious, when one is benefitting the human race and at the same time improving his own position! By the side of this, idleness shrinks into nothing less than criminality.



February 28—It was arranged that almost \$4,000,000 should be advanced by bankers representing United States, Great Britain, France and Germany, to the Nanking and Peking governments.

A bill to transfer a province of Poland to Russia was rejected in the Duma.

29—Two thousand of Yuan's troops, police, coolies and hoodlums, broke loose in Peking, killing and injuring many natives. Nearly a million British coal-miners struck.

March 1—The suffragettes waged a window-smashing campaign in London, destroying thousands of dollars' worth of property.

2—Outbreaks in many cities of China were reported; the Peking legations prepared for a siege; 1,000 troops were summoned.

President Taft and the State Department warned Americans in Mexico to leave dangerous localities and not to interfere with the revolution.

3—Tientsin was set on fire in fourteen places and looted by mutinous Chinese troops.

4—The Washington House Committee on Rules heard the testimony of Lawrence, Massachusetts, children, regarding mill conditions, and behavior of police and militia during the strike.

5—The police raided a London suffragist office, making two arrests; magistrates imposed sentences on window-smashing suffragettes.

France ordered a cruiser to proceed from Rio Janeiro to Mexico.

6—A bill was introduced in the House providing for the sale of the New York, Boston and Portsmouth Navy Yards and appropriating \$24,000,000 for the creation of a naval base on Narragansett Bay.

The English Government's prosecution of the militant suffragettes assumed the form of suit for conspiracy to incite malicious damage to property.

7—The Senate, 76 to 3, passed the general arbitration treaties.

It was reported that both Captains Amundsen and Scott had reached the South Pole.

Thousands more of men were thrown out of work by the British coal strike, all Europe being affected also.

8—Foreigners in Mexico City armed themselves with the consent of the Madero Government.

Premier Asquith called another coal-strike conference.

9—Lack of fuel in England forced all the iron works of Derbyshire to close; 100,000 persons entered the ranks of the unemployed.

10—Yuan Shi Kai was inaugurated at Peking provisional President of the Republic of China.

A coal-strike was voted in the Ruhr region of Rhenish Prussia.

A monster demonstration in favor of peace was held in Mexico City.

11—By unanimous vote the British Miners' Federation decided to meet in conference with mine owners and Government representatives.

The Spanish Cabinet resigned, as a result of differences between the Minister of Public Works and other members; the King gave Premier Canalejas full play in reorganizing that body.

12—The first conference of miners and owners presided over by Premier Asquith, failed to settle the extensive British coal strike.

Owners of 100 Fall River print-cloth mills announced a 5 per cent. increase of wages.

Over 200,000 miners struck in Westphalia. The forty six labor leaders pleaded not guilty at Indianapolis.

13—The General Strike Committee of the Lawrence strikers voted to accept the increase in wages.

14—At a mass-meeting of the Lawrence strikers it was voted to accept the raise in wages and to return to work Monday, March 18.

An Italian anarchist attempted to shoot King Victor Emmanuel, but missed him, wounding one of his bodyguard.

President Taft issued an edict prohibiting the sale of arms by Americans to Mexican rebels.

- 15—Chief Chemist Wiley resigned as head of the Bureau of Chemistry.
Conference plans failed between the English owners and the miners; Premier Asquith declared the only resource left was legislative enactment providing for a minimum wage.
- 16—The battleship *Maine* was sunk at the three-mile limit outside of Havana, in the sight of 80,000 persons.
The Oriental liner *Oceana* sank in a collision in the English Channel, with a loss of ten lives.
- 17—It was reported that anarchy and famine prevailed throughout China.
Despatches from abroad stated that Italian warships were gathering near the Dardanelles and Russian craft were close to the Bosphorus.
The German miners showed signs of weakening in the Westphalian district.
Secretary Knox cabled, urging the ratification of the Nicaraguan treaty.
- 18—An explosion in a locomotive at San Antonio killed thirtytwo strike-breakers, injuring fiftyfour other persons, and wrecked several buildings.
The cruiser *Atlanta* was ordered to the junk-pile.
Ten thousand strikers resumed work in Australia.
Fifteen thousand Saxon miners struck, and 6,000 in other German districts.
- 19—Premier Asquith introduced the Minimum Wage Bill designed to end the coal strike.
The House at Washington passed the Excise Income Tax bill 250 to 40.
- 20—Great Britain's twentyfifth Dreadnought was launched at Jarrow.
One hundred and five miners were killed by an explosion at McCurtain, Oklahoma.
- 21—The Minimum Wage bill passed the second reading in the House of Commons.
The Mexican revolt was reported waning since American aid was cut off.
A great Turkish victory at Benghazi was announced.
Twenty-six living men were rescued from the McCurtain mine.
- 22—The British Government refused to insert in its Minimum Wage bill a clause prescribing the minimum rate, the men refused to consider it in that form and Mr. Asquith halted its passage for further conference.
Russia withdrew from the "six-power" agreement for furnishing a loan to China.
- 23—The remains of sixtyseven unidentified men of the *Maine* were buried at Arlington, President Taft and Congress attending.
- The \$60,000,000 French State Railway loan was oversubscribed 32½ times.
- 24—Coal strikes in France and Germany were called off.
An American teacher named Hicks was killed by Chinese pirates.
The strike at Lawrence, Mass., was officially ended.
- 25—Kaiser Wilhelm and King Victor Emmanuel met at Venice and exchanged courtesies.
Attorney-General Wickersham refused to furnish Harvester Company information asked by a resolution.
Dr. Emiliano G. Navero was appointed Provisional President of Paraguay.
- 26—The packers, on trial in Chicago for conspiracy, were acquitted.
Premier Asquith announced the failure of the Government's attempt to end the coal strike.
President Taft sent to Congress the Tariff Board's report on the cotton schedule and recommended revision downward.
Eightytwo men were killed by a gas explosion in a mine at Jed, W. Va.
- 27—British mine-owners accepted the Minimum Wage bill; the Miners' Federation referred it to the men; 10,000 troops were ordered ready to move.
Italians lost 3,500 in battle with the Turks.
- 28—The Conciliation bill enfranchising 1,000,000 women was rejected by the House of Commons.
Ambassador Wilson sent President Taft disquieting news about conditions in Mexico; President Taft summoned the Cabinet.
- 29—The Senate rejected the Sherwood Dollar-a-Day Pension bill and adopted the Smoot substitute with amendments.
- 30—The great steel tower at Nauen, Germany, was demolished by a windstorm.
A nitro-glycerine factory exploded at Tulsa, Oklahoma, killing several persons and damaging much property.
- April 1—Dr. Sun Yat Sen formally resigned the Presidency of the Chinese republic.
The Prince of Wales arrived in Paris for a prolonged visit to the Marquis de Breteuil.
- 2—President Taft ordered a troop of cavalry to Del Rio, a Texas border town menaced by Mexican bandits.
Chancellor Lloyd-George announced the largest British surplus on record, as a result of his fiscal system.
A drastic bill to lower express rates and improve the service was reported to the House.



Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

BACON, HENRY—In Cairo, Egypt, March 13, in his seventythird year. Haverhill, Massachusetts, was his birthplace. Enlisting for the Civil War, he acted as field artist for *Leslie's Weekly*, while serving as a soldier. After the war he studied art in Paris, and many of his oil paintings won a place in the Salon. He won even more fame when he turned to watercolors, scenes in Normandy being among his greatest works.

BIDDLE, MISS KATHERINE C.—In Philadelphia, Pa., March 14, aged ninety-six years. Belonging to one of the oldest Philadelphia families, she served as a nurse in the Episcopal Hospital of that city during the Civil War. Since then she had devoted herself to philanthropic work in a mill district where she built three churches. She was educated in Lexington, Ky.

BIXBY, SAMUEL M.—In Fordham, New York, March 11. He was born in Haverhill, N. H., in 1883. For more than fifty years has been employed in the manufacture of the shoe polishes which made his name known throughout the country. He was the composer of many popular hymns and the compiler of three hymn-books, "Church and Home Hymnal", "Evangel Songs", and "Gloria Deo".

BYERS, MRS. MARGARET—In Belfast, Ireland, February 21. She had been Doctor of Laws and Principal of Victoria College, Belfast, since 1859.

CHENEY, DR. FRANCIS J.—In Cortland, N. Y., March 9, at the age of sixtyfive years. For more than twenty years he had been principal of the Cortland Normal School.

DE CUVERVILLE, ADMIRAL JULES MARIE—In Paris, March 14. He was born at Allineuc, in 1834, and was educated at Saint Sauveur de Redon. He was decorated in 1855 for bravery at Sebastopol, where he was wounded. He took part also in African campaigns. He was naval attaché at London for a time. He wrote extensively on naval affairs and became Vice Admiral in 1893.

FAIRBAIRN, REV. DR. ANDREW—In London, England, February 9. He was

born in England in 1838, and besides being one of the best-known educators in that country was the author of numerous religious works. He was Principal Emeritus of Mansfield College, Oxford. He had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale University and had frequently lectured there.

HOGG, PROF. HOPE W.—In London, England, February 16. He was born in Cairo, Egypt, in 1863, the son of the Principal of the American College at Assiut, Egypt. He was Professor of Semitic languages and literature in the University of Manchester. He went to Oxford as a contributor of encyclopedic articles and was lecturer in Arabic in Owens College, Manchester.

HARVEY, CHARLES THOMPSON—In New York City, March 12. He was born eightythree years ago, in Westchester, Connecticut, and became an inventor of note. He was the builder of the Ninth Avenue elevated road, New York City, and the famous ship canal connecting Lakes Superior and Huron.

HAYNES, PROF. H. W.—In Boston, February 16. In 1831 he was born in Bangor, Maine. He was graduated at Harvard, and taught in the University of Vermont, until he went abroad in the early seventies for researches in anthropology. His contributions to science won him a medal from the International Congress of Anthropological Sciences in 1878.

JONES, MARY D.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., March 6, aged one hundred and three years. Her birthplace was Wales, but she was brought to America by her parents when quite young. Her brother was killed early in the Civil War, and failing to find his body, she became a war nurse, receiving in 1876 a pension, through a special act of Congress.

KEPPEL, FREDERICK—In New York City, March 7. He was born in 1845, in Tullow, Ireland. He established the well-known art-importing firm bearing his name and wrote and lectured much and well upon art subjects.

KITCHENER, LIEUT. GENERAL SIR FREDERICK W.—At Hamilton, Bermuda, March 6. He was born in 1858 and entered

the British army at the age of eighteen, seeing service in Egypt, South Africa and elsewhere, including activities in the Afghan War. He received several medals. After serving in India as Major General he became, in 1908, Governor of Bermuda and Commander-in-Chief. He was a brother of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

LAWLER, MICHAEL H.—In Flushing, L. I., March 14. He was born in Ireland in 1849. He came to United States when a youth, entering the employ of R. S. Parsons, a nurseryman in Flushing. He became known to horticulturists all over the country as an expert on the propagation and due care of trees of foreign growth.

LEFEBVRE, JULES J.—In Paris, France, February 24. The famous painter was born at Tournan, in 1834. He was a pupil of Cogniet and won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1861, and the Grand Prix (Exposition Universelle), in 1889. His specialties were portraits and historic pictures. He was an officer and member in various French and foreign art organizations, including the Legion of Honor.

MELVILLE, REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE WALLACE—In Philadelphia, March 17, aged seventytwo years. He was born in New York City, and entered the navy in 1861 as assistant engineer. After serving through the Civil War he volunteered for Arctic exploration, distinguished himself with De Long in 1879 and rescued Greeley's expedition five years later. He became Engineer in Chief of the Navy in 1887, serving till his retirement in 1903. All told, 120 ships were built under his supervision. His fame for bravery was world-wide and he received a medal from Congress in recognition thereof. Foreign monarchs also honored him.

MILLER, WILLIAM—In Ottawa, Canada, February 23. He was born in 1834, his home being in Nova Scotia. He was known as the father of the Canadian Confederacy. He was Senior Senator, having been a member of the Senate since 1867. For the past twentyone years he had shared the responsibilities of the Privy Council.

NICHOLLS, EX-GOV. F. T.—At Thibodaux, Louisiana, January 6. He was born in 1834 at Donaldson, La., and was graduated at West Point. He lost an arm and a foot in the Confederate service during the war. At its close he went into law and politics. He became Governor of his State, and it was he who vetoed the bill renewing the charter of the State Lottery, thus ending the institution. In 1893 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

OKANE, PROF. T. C.—In Delaware, Ohio, February 10, at the age of eightytwo years.

He was the author of many well-known hymns, among them, "The Home Over There" and "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand?"

OVERBECK, CHARLES C.—In Philadelphia, February 3, aged ninety years. In past days he was widely known as an abolitionist and was one of the founders of the Republican Party. He is believed to have been the last member of the original Abolition Campaign Committee formed in 1854.

PEASLEE, JOHN G.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, January 4, aged seventy years. He was at one time Superintendent of Schools in Cincinnati and was widely known as an educator. He was credited with originating the Arbor Day custom in United States.

RIO BRANCO, BARON DO—In Rio Janeiro, Brazil, February 10. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Brazilian Cabinet, having served continuously for ten years in that office, from patriotic motives, at the risk of his health. He took a large share in welcoming the American fleet in Brazilian waters in 1908.

SHAW, FREDERICK A.—In Brookline, Mass., March 8, at the age of fiftyseven years. He was known as a sculptor and modeler of jewelry, and had a studio in Florence, Italy, for many years. He was the discoverer of the translucent qualities of marble.

SMITH, DR. JOHN BREMHARDT—In New Brunswick, N. J., March 12, aged fiftythree years. He was Professor of entomology at Rutgers College, and since 1894 had been State Entomologist. He was leader of the fight to rid New Jersey of the mosquito pest, and originated many methods for destroying the insects. He was editor of "Entomologica Americana" for eight years, and the author of several hundred scientific papers, many of them bulletins published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

WEAVER, GEN. JAMES B.—In Des Moines, Iowa, February 6, at the age of seventyeight years. He was a native of Dayton, Ohio, and was a graduate of the Cincinnati Law School. He served through the Civil War, being brevetted Brigadier-General in 1864. After the war he became an Assessor of Internal Revenue, a District Attorney and editor of the Iowa Tribune. He was twice elected to Congress. He ran for President on the Greenback Labor ticket in 1880, and as a Populist in 1892.

WILLIAMS, IRVIN A.—In Greenwich, Conn., February 29, aged eightyone years. He was a direct descendant of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island Commonwealth, and was the inventor of the locomotive headlight, now in general and beneficial use.

Various Doings and Undoings.

A cautious New York man writes to one of the papers, that he has kept the same umbrella twenty-nine years.

Two thousand warty patients have entered a beauty-parlor in Philadelphia, and the doctor has just got his hand in.

It seemed as if labor troubles must be pretty near an end when the grave-diggers struck in London, a few weeks ago.

Four thousand dragon-flies have been collected from Trinidad and British Guiana, for the Smithsonian Institute. There are 135 varieties.

The leper who has been shipped in box cars from one town to another, has now been set at work near Port Townsend, Wash., at taking care of another leper.

A certain ruthless Canadian gunner recently found that hunting was an expensive sport. He was fined \$1,206 for game killed out of season—a dollar a bird.

"The Biggest Gun in the World" of 1864 was a 1,080-pound, 20-inch projectile. But the bark of the smooth-bore terror was worse than its bite, for it was too big to handle efficiently.

The Albany Legislature turned its clock back twelve hours, to finish up its work, and still adjourn "at noon". This is also done in Congress, but one is naturally curious to know whether it would stand in law.

Young's Pier at Atlantic City has again

been destroyed by fire, and the whole hotel-kindling-wood district threatened. Happily, the conditions were favorable, and there were none of the guest-mansions burned.

When John Quincy Adams sought to enter Berlin as American Minister to Prussia, he was held up at the gate and the officer of the guards had doubts about letting him in, never having heard of United States of America.

London police magistrates have discovered a new test for drunkenness. If the suspect can say "British Constitution" without stumbling, he is discharged. A better test might be to see if he can walk without stumbling.

Another engineer dies in his cab (near St. Louis), leaving the train at mercy of chance, or the skill of the fireman—had there not been another professional engineer on board by chance, many think that there ought to be two engineers always "on the job".

Our Canadian neighbors are reported as being anxious lest the proposed increased diversion of Great Lake waters through the Chicago Drainage Canal should lower the levels to the serious injury of shipping—a consummation devoutly to be avoided.

More than 1,000 Gretna Green marriage certificates of one hundred years ago were recently sold at auction in England, the famous place having ceased to be a "resort for all amorous couples whose union the prudence of parents prohibited". How many

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romances could those dumb leaves unfold were they but given power of speech!

Of the 3,000,000 inhabitants of Greater Berlin upward of 600,000 live in apartments with five or more persons in each room. A large percentage of the working families live in one room, and sometimes let out a portion of that as sleeping accommodation for single men.

Texas permits its prisoners to make a little money, for extra work. The wages are paid in cash to the convicts, to spend as they please. Many of them have the money sent to their families and keep only a small amount for luxuries not supplied in prison.

Washington Irving's brother, Judge John T. Irving, used to sign the legal papers presented him, very promptly and swiftly, claiming that he could take in their meaning at a flash. After he had been tricked into signing his own death warrant by a waggish friend, he went slower.

A recent census of the cats in the United Kingdom put the number as approximately 7,850,000; nearly as many cats as there are families. The report moved John Burns to say that every woman who keeps more than two cats ought to have a poor-law child quartered on her.

Lady Warwick, whose lecture-tour in United States came to such a sudden end, suggested as a suffrage move, that those women interested, refrain for a year from speaking to their obdurate men-folk. Such a silence might be welcomed by the men of some households.

Benjamin Edmunds, of Roxbury, Maine, preached sermons on stones. He chiselled the Ten Commandments, The Lord's Prayer, and other portions of scripture, on boulders all over his farm; and they are there yet, doing good, while "the old man is gone"—and has been for many years.

The statement that Samuel Woodworth wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket" in a kind of remorseful reaction after having had a good time in a saloon, sounded rather interesting, and was told us by our schoolmasters when we recited that famous poem; but his youngest surviving daughter contradicted it.

Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, was asked on the day after Edward Everett Hale's death, if he believed that the "Dear Old Man" had gone to Heaven, being a Unitarian. He replied, tersely, "Well, if Dr. Hale isn't in Heaven this evening, there isn't any Heaven."

Col. George W. Goethals, the canal builder, who returned from Europe recently, where he went for both rest and business, inspected

waterways abroad and lunched with the Kaiser on March 10. The German Emperor surprised Col. Goethals by his familiarity with many of the small but important details of the work on the Panama Canal.

Mrs. Sigourney was not only a poetess but a woman of marked progressiveness. She was one of the founders and directors of the first institution for the medical education of women in United States, the establishment being located in Philadelphia. When she died in Hartford, June 10, 1885, the church bells in that city were tolled for an hour.

When fined \$3 for being drunk, a blacksmith could not pay the fine. His \$100 was glued together in a roll which the Police Chief said he believed must be the original "Tightwad". The yellowbacks and greenbacks got drenched one night when the man was out in a rainstorm, and the glue of the wallet in which he carried them mixed with the water.

Names get clipped as time goes on. For several decades, if not generations, "Garfield" was shrunk into "Gaffield" by the people of Porter County, Ohio, and it remained for James A. to restore the "r" in it. The famous Blennerhassett had descendants in Michigan who were always called "Hassett", and there are people of that name now living in New York.

Six thousand Japanese flowering cherry trees have been sent by the Mayor of Tokio to New York and Washington and the allotment intended for the capital is now being inspected by the agricultural experts to make sure that the trees are free from scale and other infection before being planted about the parks in this city. The New York consignment is to be planted on Riverside Drive, near Grant's Tomb.

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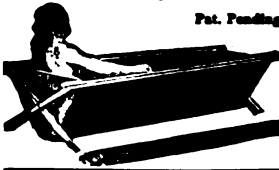
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VOLUME XXX

MAY, 1912

NUMBER III

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THE LATE GEN. FRED. D. GRANT.



The Wreck of the Liner.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THE night is a vision of splendor; the stars hang in clusters on high,
The oft-troubled ocean is resting and smiles at her sister, the sky.
The storms that have fought through the winter, from battle's confusion are free;
And only the children of zephyrs are playing about on the sea.
What more could wild wastes of the waters throw into a sweet silent song,
To welcome the pilgrims of pleasure that traverse their regions along?
What less could they do in that starlight so strangely unclouded and bright,
To guard 'gainst the traps that are waiting to plunge a whole world into night?

Here glows on this sea's mottled surface a mammoth of beauty and grace!
This is not a ship, but a palace, that flits through the reaches of space!
It carries in untold abundance all things that the fancy can please—
Few kings in this world ever journey surrounded with splendors like these.
No wish and no whim but is granted from only a gesture or word,
If also the yellow disc's rattle, or rustling of bank-notes be heard.
The rest-rooms are lavish and stately; the banquet-halls silver-and-white;
The couches that nourish the slumbers, are beautiful nests of delight.
And all of this grandeur seems saying, in words at the deep waters cast,
"Bow low to proud man, ancient Ocean!—your terrors are conquered at last!"

What names does this argosy carry:—the paltry?—the mean?—the unknown?
Or such as the world has already through many vast distances thrown?
It carries a true Peace Apostle, who fought his way up toward' the sun,
And, scanning two worlds, conjured marvels in helping the uplift of one;
It carries a capital's idol—a boon to a President's sight—
Because he is not upon one day, but all days, a chivalrous knight;
It carries some makers of fortunes, some rulers of monies and marts,
Who keep their great riches in wide hands, and not in the depths of their hearts
It carries the pure souls of women whom angels are watching tonight,
And who in the hour when earth darkens, will make even Heaven more bright:
It carries its fugitive hundreds, who in their own homes were oppressed,
But now grand air-castles are building, away in the glittering West;
It carries the day-by-day toiler, who all of his muscle must give,
For prosperous mortals' permission that he and his loved ones may live;

But all are to learn the great lesson—they long should have known, prudence
deems—

That man cannot conquer the oceans, except in illusory dreams.

O ship-chiefs! the world has two oceans!—the one to your efforts gives way—
The other is frozen to mountains that trap you for many a day.
Just now watchful men through the ether flashed tidings of woe in your path:
Why rush at the half-hidden monsters, as if you were seeking their wrath?
Though you for the coining of money your own lives to venture are prone,
What right have you over these thousands who lent you the care of their own?

O ship-chiefs, your ways are mysterious: they give your long training the lie;
What mandate has told you to hasten with murderous danger so nigh?
Have you not, when peril was frowning, or welcome security smiled,
Been taught the great axiom that caution and safety are parent and child?

The ship races on: its vast regions are flooded with billows of light;
Till, wearied with even the good cheer, some sojourners welcome the night;
While others still cling to their revels, and plunging in pleasure more deep,
Look forward as oft in the home life, for small hours to soothe them asleep.
But many a grave man has handed to darkness the care of his cares,
And many a child has seen Heaven through clear unstained windows of prayers,
And many a woman o'er-wearied, the sojourn of Morpheus has blessed,
So she to the dictums of fashion can fling some defiance, and rest;
But all look ahead to one morning when, nearing the spires and the domes,
They leave with new feelings of freedom, this grand floating home, for their
homes.

What craft looms upon the horizon, with chilling and murderous breath?
It sailed from white deserts of North Land—it carries a cargo of death.
It needs not of chart or of compass: it wrecks not of grief or of pain;
It spares not the dead or the living—it counts not the lists of its slain.
O watchman be keen to your duty! These moments have values untold!
For time at a stress has a value not reckoned in silver or gold.
O man you have thrown a defiance at all that destruction can do,
Your brothers and sisters are praying the boasts of your prowess be true!

O tranquil but pitiless ocean! your cruelest storm-clouds are nought
To this starlit evening that flashes on ice-mantled graves dearly bought!
This fair night will hear moans of anguish that soon must encompass the world:
Not tossed, this vast home on the waters, 'gainst billows tumultuously hurled,
But steadily covering the false hopes of frightened humanity o'er,
The ship from its flight o'er the billows must fall to the sea's solemn floor.

Nought, nought but the heart can e'er picture the agonies known and unknown.

That throng through this night's desolation, with horrors unspeakable strown:
 The wrenching from halls of the banquet, to roofs of the desolate wave;
 The wearisome watching for rescue, to come from the far-distant brave;
 The crushing of new-made devices that serve not to save, but to kill,
 The life-boats that turn into death-boats, for lacking of seamanship skill;

The hurried and agonized partings that come with this terrible doom,
 And shroud the sweet love of a lifetime by changing the sea to a tomb;
 The cry of the child for its parent, the wife's and the husband's vain call,
 The prayers of the righteous invoking, the aid of the Father of all;
 The fragile flotillas with women too brave their own sorrow to tell,
 Like slaves at the galley-oars toiling, still hoping that all will be well;
 The grief of the half-thousand toilers who, prisoned with clinging bolts nigh,
 Have nought they can do for escaping except in that prison to die;
 The tremulous strains of musicians, who, just from the pleasure-hall's glare,
 Creep "Nearer to God", when around them are dancing the ghosts of despair;
 The cries of the maimed and the dying, who languish o'er death-beds of waves,
 On ruins of yesterday's splendor that soon are to dig them their graves;

O great God! You saw all this anguish, You deemed best to let it be so:
 But all for the best is intended: You know what we never can know.

The Sorrows of the Sea.--By Margaret E. Sangster.

THERE is sorrow on the sea,
 And the dark waves moan,
 Death came hurling swift destruction
 From the Northern zone.
 There is sorrow in the land,
 And our hearts are cold
 In the stupor of amazement
 As the tale is told.

There is sorrow on the sea;
 And the wild winds rave;
 'Tis a dirge that many are chanting
 O'er a bleak and glooming grave.
 There is sorrow in the home,
 The loved ones come no more,
 Straight who sailed to utter shipwreck
 From a foreign shore.





The Soldier's Soliloquy.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THE gathered ranks with muffled drums had grandly marched away,
The hills had caught the sunset gleam of grand Memorial day;
The orator had held the throng on sorrow's trembling verge,
The choir had sung its saddest strains—the band had played a dirge;
Some graves that had neglected been through many lonely hours,
Had leaped again to transient fame, and blossomed forth with flowers;
And one old veteran, Private Brown, with gray uncovered head,
Still wandered 'mongst those small green hills that held his comrades dead.

He bent and stroked the humble mounds with kind old-fashioned word,
He called his comrades all by name, as if he knew they heard;
He said, "Ah, Private Johnny Smith, you lie so cold and still:
This isn't much like that summer day you spent at Malvern Hill!
The bellowing of the mighty guns your voice screamed loud above:
You yelled, 'Come on and see how men fight for the land they love!'
You furnished heart for fifty wars; and when the war was through,
You vainly hunted round for work a crippled man could do.
They let you die with want and debt to be your winding-sheet;
But this bouquet of flowers they sent, is very nice and sweet.

"Ah, Jimmy Jones, I recollect the day they brought you back:
They marched your body through the streets 'neath banners draped in black,
Your funeral sermon glittered well—it told how brave you died—
The tears your poor old mother shed were partly tears of pride.
None left today to lean upon but country and her God—
She crept from yonder poor-house door to kiss this bit of sod.
It's hard, my boy; but nations all are likely to forget—
And God must take His own good time to make them pay a debt.
The sweet forget-me-nots that grow above your faithful breast,
Are types of His good memory, boy,—and He knows what is best.

"Philander Johnson, from the plains we left you on as dead,
You carried to the prison-pen a keep-sake made of lead;

You starved there for your country's good—at last you broke away,
And got in time to Gettysburg to help them save the day.
You hired a man to ask for you a pension, 'twould appear;
Your papers lost—they put you off from weary year to year.
And when at last you took your less-than-thirty cents a day,
You had to fight to keep the Law from taking it away.
Some school-boy doctor every month must probe your aching side,
And thump you like a tenor drum, to find out if you lied.
You cost the nation little, now, old hero of the fray—
It sent some very pretty flowers to strew you with today.

"Yes, Lemuel White, this little flag is all that's left to mark,
The place where you retired so young to chambers cold and dark.
The wooden slab I put up here so men your deeds could know,
Was broken down by sundry beasts not many months ago.
But yonder monument, upreared upon the village-green
Is partly yours, although your name is nowhere to be seen;
The country had your body, boy, it gives to God your soul,
It needed not your name, except upon the muster-roll.

"Forgive me, boys—forgive me God, if I had blood display,
But flowers seem cheap to men whose hearts are aching day by day!
Forgive me, every woman true, who tender, thrilling hand,
Has lifted up to bless and soothe the savers of the land!
Forgive me every manly heart that knows the fearful strain
Of standing 'twixt America and blood, and death, and pain!
Forgive me—all who know enough to fight the future foe,
By doing Justice to the ones who fought so long ago!
It is to those who trample us, that I feel called to say
That flowers look cheap to those who starve and suffer day by day."

The sun had fallen out of view, the night was marching down;
The twinkle of the window-lights came creeping up from town.
The band was playing merry airs, glad voices cheered the scene,
And dancing were the youths and maids upon the village-green.
The gloomy graves were half forgot, and pleasure ruled the night;
But God has ways to teach us, yet, that Private Brown was right.





The Woman Edison of the West.

By LUCY B. JEROME.

OUT in Los Angeles, California, lives one of the most remarkable women of her day. She is white-haired, blue-eyed and seventy, according to the big family Bible in which the record of ages are kept, but in reality, she is as energetic and capable as if she were but twenty. And if you would like a proof of this, all you have to do is to visit her in her home, and you will have a surprise. For Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, scientist and electrician, is known to Los Angeles as the "Woman Edison."

The title is deserved, too; for she has been tireless in her researches and discoveries all her life, and even now at an age when most people are glad to call a halt in their activities, she is still eager and alert. Her latest invention is for the household, and is an apparatus for the purifying of water. The method is absolutely simple, and to use her own words, "Any one who has an electric wire in his house can own an apparatus for the perfect purifying of water."

Mrs. Van Pelt has constructed a machine which consists of a receiving-chamber, holding, when used for domestic purposes, about three gallons of water. This contains a double cylinder of aluminum, pierced with many holes. As the water surrounds and submerges this cylinder, which is in reality two electrodes, the current is turned on, and, in passing from one electrode to another, comes in contact with the water.

Some of the water is decomposed at once into oxygen and hydrogen. The oxygen thus set free in a gaseous state, percolates through the organic impuri-

ties for which it has a natural affinity, and instantly kills and precipitates them. In the same way the oxygen attacks and liberates a certain per cent. of the mineral or organic matter, and causes it also to be precipitated. This precipitate is then drawn off, and the resultant chemically-pure water is ready for use.

Mrs. Van Pelt does not claim credit for the general scheme of purifying water by electricity, as the English chemist, Priestly, discovered in 1880, that water could be purified by electricity. But she has treated the water so simply and effectually that the method has been rendered practicable for the householder, while at the same time it lessens the cost of operation. In addition to this, she has invented a combination lock for mail boxes, which has been accepted by the Government, has improved the mail box itself, and labored for some time to eliminate the "dead centre" from a steam engine and to conserve the power lost in the fly wheel. She labored to such good effect that had she completed her efforts before multiple cylinder engines became known, she would have been a rich woman today.

She is still working and expects to continue for many years. "What's the good of living, if you don't accomplish something?" she asks, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "That's what we're here for, isn't it—to help each other and to make the world a little easier to live in?"

Mrs. Van Pelt's father was a banker in the Blue Grass State, and it was

owing to her daring and originality, that he was able to continue his business. Money had been hidden away in every available spot, holding out only such as was needed for immediate use. Hearing that the guerillas were swooping down upon them, she took a tray containing soup and delicacies for an invalid and started for the bank with all haste. Watching the road, she quickly concealed all moneys in the ample folds of her hoop skirts, and slipping

in Libby prison, she braved her friends and married a Captain in the Northern army, but losing him soon afterwards turned her face toward California and settled in Oakland. At the time of the Spanish-American War, she entered the Red-Cross work with heart and soul and did so much for the Volunteer Tennessee Regiment that she was known as "The Mother of the Regiment." On the eve of their departure for Manila, she was formally presented with a flaming



MRS. ADA VAN PELT, SCIENTIST.

out the back door, started in another direction with her tray.

"With my heart thumping and the money swinging and striking against me with every step, I went boldly towards a few outriders and summoning all my courage raised my head with a cheerful smile and a hearty good-morning and marched steadily past them. One of the men laughed and swore, but at the same time he said to his companions, 'Let the girl alone, she has plenty of nerve', and I carried the money to my father's house unmolested."

With her father and brothers later

ruby cross, which she has worn constantly ever since, and which has caused more than one person to inquire as to its meaning.

Further than this, Mrs. Van Pelt has written several plays and numerous short stories, and as she is an active believer in the science of living, seldom knows other than a perfect day to mar her pleasure and her work. And in addition to her employment in the way of inventions, Mrs. Van Pelt has not been idle socially, for she is an active member of the Daughters of the Revolution, and is at present a member of all the leading clubs of Los Angeles.



A Criminal—or A Saint?

MISER VAN BRUSH lived at the top of a knoll, and the village was in the valley down mildly beneath him. The American Knife Manufacturing Company had its factory on another hill, at the opposite side of the village. Each—Miser Van Brush and the Knife Company—hated the other.

Not with the same degree of venom, however: a man can hate much more intensely than can a collection of men—especially if they are stockholders and directors. If Miser Van Brush had dared, he would have set the whole knife-making establishment afire, again and again, as fast as it could be put out: if the knife-making establishment had been able, they would have closed their antagonist's doors by litigation and business rivalry.

But Miser Van Brush (nicknamed so by a general consensus of public opinion) had financial genius and the biggest store in town; and was all the time, day and night, coining money by the armful. The store that the Knife Company conducted with which to furnish their customers with the necessities of life, and perhaps fleece them a little meanwhile, could not compete with Van Brush; he cut all around them in prices, and could undersell them at every turn—always making a fair and sometimes an unfair profit for himself.

Anybody could obtain credit at his store, who had property that he could offer for security—whether it was a pig, a horse, or a hundred acres of land. It came to pass that he had mortgages on half the farms in the county. "Just to balance up our books, you know", he would say: "You can take the little encumbrance off, at any time." And it

looked easy—but the little encumbrance was seldom taken off.

When Miser Van Brush finally died—some said a horrible death, with the ghosts of dead debtors buzzing around him—his will was of course opened with a good deal of anxious curiosity. There had been the usual big amount of talk about it, in and around the store, and, in fact, all over town.

The dead merchant's chief clerk, Howard S. Golden, was interrogated again and again, but he only smiled and said, "You will find that 'Miser' was an entirely different man from what you thought."

Golden himself was to the student of human nature, a very interesting character: being apparently an entire contrast to his employer. He was believed to be of a generous disposition, and he often appeared to go far to oblige any one, if he possibly could. "My employer holds me back," he used to say, "and pushes me forward. I have to do as he says, or lose my position. But I make everything just as easy for the customers as I dare."

A great many people, of course, doubted his sincerity, and thought he was a blind, to cover the grasping methods of his employer. Others considered him what he seemed. Still others thought he vacillated from one phase of feeling to another. But yet the fact remained, that he had steadily added, year after year, to Miser Van Brush's possessions—and at the expense of the people for miles around. "Miser Van Brush is both the Merchant and the Shylock!" those versed in Shakespeare said.

But when Miser Van Brush's will

was opened and read—there came a surprise that was down in the books of no one's mind whatever—excepting Golden's. Then it was that bar-room loafers were at first driven to shame, and enunciated nothing in particular excepting words of surprise; and then some of them rallied, and asserted that they knew all the time how it would turn out at last. "Of course that old bachelor wasn't savin' his money fur nothin'," they said, "or jest fur the fun of hearin' it clink or rustle together, nor fur any of his relations—fur they're an ugly lot, the Lord knows. He was a-savin' it fur somethin' good." Some said it was conscience-money; some that it was to get praised after death, as he never could during life; and some that he had gone crazy just before making the will.

Truly, it was an extraordinary document, and one never by any means expected from Miser Van Brush. First, there was left a large amount of money to the Knife Company's Hospital, which they had supported rather meagerly, especially as most of the patients suffered from wounds received in their establishment. This was really heaping coals of fire upon the Company's head: but corporations have very little sentiment combined with their lack of souls, and this one laughed, and accepted the money cheerfully.

Second, and the strangest thing about Miser Van Brush's will, it directed that every man who owed him should be released from the debt, and every mortgage cancelled.

Third, people all over the county were benefited, in various sums. It was wonderful how many cases of poverty were relieved. The old man's estate was about ten times as large as was generally supposed, and this money relieved an immense amount of destitution. It became quite the thing to bless Miser Van Brush, and there was talk of building him a nice large monument, right on the hilltop where his lonely house still stood.

Of course numerous relatives sprung up as if by magic, all over the country, and threatened to break the will. But

the more they and their lawyers looked the matter over, the more they saw that there was really no use of trying: so many people were interested in having that will hold, and so much good was to be done by it, that there was no use of fighting it: public sentiment was too strong, and too much financially interested. Even the knife-factory people would have helped fight for Miser Van Brush's will.

Golden, the former clerk and business manager, did not receive so very large a sum, but he seemed not to care, although some thought the amount should have been more. He himself was a bachelor, and had enough, he said, to keep him in comfort the rest of his life.

For three or four years, however, he was very ill, and was generously given one of the very best rooms in the Knife-maker's Hospital, which had been enlarged into a fine institution, with part of the money left for the purpose. Here he was given a fine room, at regular rates, and waited upon about as well as if in his own home—if indeed he had had any.

One of the nurses, indeed, seemed perfectly devoted to him. She was a handsome woman, and could have married almost any one, people said: but she had fallen in love with Golden when she was a young girl, as she saw his bright face and pleasant ways in the store, and had made up her mind never to marry any one else. He, meanwhile, had made up his mind never to marry *any one*, and she was too proud to do the proposing herself.

Aside from her beauty, which was really wonderful, her distinguishing feature was her conscientiousness. Those who knew her well, averred that she had rather die than speak or act a falsehood.

One evening, Golden had suffered much pain as night came on, and was more than usually restless. Something seemed to be upon his mind that he wished to throw off. She was sitting by his bedside, trying to make him comfortable by every means in her power.

"I have wanted to tell you something"—he faltered, "I have wanted to do so for a long while. You must know it, before I grow any weaker—so weak I cannot command the strength to tell it to you. And you must promise me, first, never to impart it to a soul in this world. You must swear to God that you will not."

She promised, but shuddered as she did so. What was this terrible mystery—so much more terrible, because it was so soon to be divulged?

"You know—the will—the beneficent will—that Miser Van Brush 'made'?"

"Yes—yes—yes—and what a noble one! I have always believed that you, in your goodness of heart, influenced him to do so."

"Nobody influenced him to do so. He never *could* have been influenced to make such a will. He was too much of a miser to give his money away even after death. Whenever I suggested that he make a will, he was angry, and drove me out of his presence."

"But how, then?"—

"I will tell you how. I will tell you what happened:

"I FORGED THE WHOLE WILL, MYSELF."

"But how—could it—be done?"—

"Easily—easily—easily! Only it took time and patience—and of patience I had plenty: one learned it—toiling every day for *him*. I could imitate his handwriting, as well as I could my own. No one ever doubted for a moment that he wrote it—and the whole of it. A fine—fine job! The only time I ever forged a single sentence, name, or word—but at the same time it was no amateur job!"

The woman looked at him with terror. This man she loved was a criminal—as judged by the law she had always obeyed and revered—by the Bible that rested under her pillow every night—one who would have been called so by her father—by her mother—whose souls had gone on ahead, and, she hoped, awaited her in better and purer worlds.

And while she was thinking these thoughts, the man lay back, with a look of rest and comfort upon his face—and died.

And she sat all night looking at the dead face, and wondering if she had for years been loving a criminal—or a saint.

How He Caught It.

"**B**EAUTIFUL scenery here, is it not?" asked the young man of a solitary traveller whom he found pacing along the seashore.

"Well, no," replied the stranger. "I can't agree with you. I think the ocean is too small. It is no such ocean as my mother used to own."

"Your mother's ocean was superior, then?"

"Oh, yes, vastly superior. What tumbling breakers! What a magnificent sweep of view! What amplitude of distance! What fishing there was in my mother's ocean!"

"But the sky is magnificent here, is it not, sir?"

"Too low and too narrow across the top," replied the stranger.

"I haven't noticed it," said the young man.

"Yes," said the stranger; "it is too low, and there isn't air enough in it, either. Besides, it doesn't sit plump over the earth; it is wider from north to south than it is from west to east. I call it a pretty poor sky. It is no such sky as my mother used to have."

"Pardon me, but did your mother have a special sky and ocean of her own?"

But here an old resident came up and drew the young man aside.

"Don't talk to him," said the old resident. "He is a hopeless lunatic. He is a man who always used to tell his wife about 'the biscuits my mother used to make,' 'my mother's pies,' 'my mother's puddings,' and 'my mother's coffee.' The habit grew on him so much that he became a confirmed though gentle maniac."



Among the Navajos.

BY G. LEO PATTERSON.

IN the San Juan Mountains, there is a lonely lake bounded by precipitous cliffs but having in its center an island. In the island, there is an opening, and out of this protrudes a strange, bluish, lava formation, resembling a ladder. From lofty peaks far away will the Navajo behold but never approach this enchanted region, for this opening in the island of the mountain lake is none other than the hole through which the race entered into this fifth or present world.

Deeply impressed by the mythology of this strange people, I inquired into their folklore, and found it to exist in great abundance, especially in the minds of the elder men. One set of stories reminds me much of the Jack-the-Giant-Killer tales of our nursery days. A certain great ogre lived on the side of San Mateo or Mount Taylor. At his feet was an Indian trail, and beyond it a precipice. The trick of this troll was to await the approach of an unsuspecting Indian, then, if he chose, hurl him over the cliff below as the result of one mighty kick. Many attempts had been made to dislodge this monster, but to no avail, because he was fastened to the precipitous side of the mountain by his hair which, as the old red man explained, "grew into the roots of a cedar tree." Finally the Siegfried of the story severed this strong growth of hair and slew the giant, the blood of whom flowed down the valley and solidified into the long lava bed now found near the lonely hamlet of Mesitta Pueblo of western New Mexico.

Powwows were occasionally held by the Navajos, as in the days of old, but as a rule at a great distance from the white man's gaze. Once I had seen a bonfire southeast of the Twin Buttes, but the Indians were even then many miles away.

Learning of a great dance soon to be held, I determined to be an Indian, if necessary, in order to witness this festivity. Six or seven miles east of the Arizona line, there lay the little village of Mannelito, bearing the name of that famous old chief who knew how dried scalps really looked. Here I found two houses, besides an Indian trading store. At one of these I procured supper, and, to my surprise, found the place alive with daughters. The head of the family was a man of sixty who, years before, had taken up his abode in the southwest on account of poor health. Having little else to do, the couple brought up a most remarkable family: daughters in the parlor, daughters in the kitchen, daughters in the pantry, of course, daughters everywhere. In terror, I rushed for the open door and into the flower-garden, which was irrigated from a spring above; but even there I collided with another daughter who was just bringing in a pan of string beans. I think she was number twentyseven, but am not certain.

That night, I journeyed some ten miles over the rock hills, and finally reached the western edge of the Blue Valley, where I saw a great blaze in the vicinity of May's bite. A dismal murmur greeted my ears and I knew the

chanting had begun. It was indeed an impressive sight, there in this wild and pathless region, with great hills, rocky and fantastic in outline, standing silent and grand against the calm nocturnal sky. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly, while at intervals, the camp-fires of Indians of the vicinity who were not in attendance, could be distinguished miles away among the rocks. With some timidity I approached, but luckily met a young Navajo whom I knew and who could speak English. Expressing some surprise at my visit, he very kindly explained to the older men and the leaders in charge that I was an exceptional white man, one who would not ridicule the native festivities of his people, and to my own surprise gained for me a cordial invitation to be their guest, providing, however, "that the white man would dance too." "Then he can not make fun when he goes home", said some of the skeptical.

"We sing now what happened long time before any white men here", said my young Indian friend, and the chanting continued. First, a leader would line off a verse of their national epic; then the seven hundred natives would join in the chorus. This continued hour in and hour out until midnight, when a different event was on the program. "This just like big white man's picnic," remarked the young Navajo, as he passed by. "Three days. Injuns sleep days."

Presently, the squaw dance began, this being merely a society event at which all of the young women who were about to be placed in the matrimonial market made their debut. Soon the orchestra appeared, two Indians with tomtoms, or drums, made from a hollow piece of round wood having a rawhide head at one end, together with two other men who were to sing. By resting and serving in relays, the music was permitted to continue without cessation for several hours, thus rivaling the longest of the Beethoven symphonies. In a small ring of brush, I found that refreshments were being served, for this simple

barricade of cedar boughs had been thrown around a spring of living water, and by it lay a dozen or more gourds, free to all. O, if only civilized man could keep down his wants! Blessed be nothing! How many a costly social function of New York brings to its guests real pleasure far less keen than did this simple festival of a primitive people! Yes, and such were they! Pure water served in gourds, but entering throats unaccustomed to anything stronger; bodies filled with a natural spirit of vivacity not to be found among the nerve-weary throng of our large cities who strive each day to find something new, or vie with one another in the race to outdo. Beside the spring, there sputtered a blaze of pinyon knots to give light, and there was no danger of the power being shut off, for on the slope near by were more pitch-laden trunks, all free for the taking. Everybody was happy, nobody felt ill or out of sorts, for they were just Indians enjoying themselves as their ancestors were accustomed to do when the world was flat and Christopher Columbus belonged to a coming generation.

As said before, the midnight dance was a social event. Clump, clump, clump went the tomtoms, while a strange melody in four-four time was sung. A great circle of Indians seated on their ponies or standing between them, was brightly illuminated by a large bonfire of pinyon logs which sputtered away at a great rate and added to the music. Presently the first debutant appeared, bearing a tall wand of wood ornamented at the top by two eagle feathers and mountain grass, while a pair of rawhide strips hung from the bottom—all having some mythological significance. Looking about, she plunged into the crowd, seized some young Indian and dragged him into the center of the circle to dance with her. The position assumed was that of facing in opposite directions, with the right and the left hand of each partner clasped high above their heads, then dancing around and around much as white people do in

waltzing. After some minutes, he would pay her to let him go, that being the fixed custom. In this way, the Indian maidens entered society, and weddings were soon planned, the mother, not the father, receiving the price paid for the hand of her daughter. One young man who had a rather attractive wife, explained that it cost him ten horses to get her.

When the lonelier hours of night approached, the drums were beaten more slowly and the red men indulged in a good old-fashioned war dance, sacred to the memory of the long ago when they used to scalp the Pueblos and Apaches without fear of interference by a white-man government. The Indian custom, as all know, was not to lie down and rest the night before battle, but, on the contrary, to have a great powwow in order to stir their blood for the fray. Dismal and diabolical was this war dance, and well calculated to awaken every spark of savagery in the bosom of man. Certain chants consisted in prayers to the Navajo Mars, while others were epics reciting the great deeds of their ancestors.

One very interesting feature of this great gathering lay in the fact that all were attired in good old Indian fashion,—were geography Indians—such as we admired in boyhood days, and wore only the traditional buckskin clothing and deer-hide moccasins, and were gayly bedecked with their massive belts of silver disks, while the women wore native silver-bead necklaces, three or four at a time. It was not only a social event, but full dress in every respect, the women being more fully clad than are many white ladies on great occasions. Furthermore, this was no local gathering, for the Indians had assembled from fifty miles in all directions. In this way, from time to time, are the tribal songs and myths of the Navajo perpetuated and kept alive, as well as a spirit of national patriotism.

At sunrise, all breakfasted, then lay down for rest, while I returned to Jack's Gulch, carrying behind me another In-

dian whose pony had deserted him during the night.

How well does the Navajo mythology illustrate certain truths which are found in the traditions of civilized man. First of all, the original unity of the human race is assumed. In the second place, a moral lesson is drawn from the flood story, and the inevitable misery arising from sin is seen in the difficulties arising from the coyote's stealing the sea monster's cubs. Third, a careful reader will notice that the race came directly through Heaven but did not realize it until afterwards! What a common experience! the boy or girl at home, the man with wife and children about him, how many do not know that they are passing through a heaven on earth until years later when they see what once was theirs! "Let us count our many blessings" day by day and realize how truly happy we are.

Army Canteen Denounced by Gen. Miles.

IN a recent New York speech, the famous Indian-fighter, General Miles, took strong ground against the much-discussed "army-canteen", and professed himself strongly against any move that would reinstate the sale of liquor at army posts.

"They say that desertions from the army have decreased, since the abolishment of the canteen", said General Miles, "but this is not true, and is said largely in the interests of those who wish to encourage the liquor traffic.

"In the last forty years, the desertion-records show the highest percentage in any one year, to have been thirty: but in 1911, it was less than three."

General Miles is now seventy-two years old. He entered the army as a volunteer at the beginning of the great Civil war, and since then, step by step, has won his way "to the top." When he retired from the army, in 1903, he had reached the very summit of military honor and fame, and is considered one of the foremost citizens of this country.



One Supper-Table.

IT was a cold, rainy night, in the little half-village, half city, of Galena. After transacting what little business they could, during the day, people were getting home as soon as convenient, and looking forward to the shelter of their houses and the cheer of an evening meal, "smoking hot"—which most of them knew was waiting for them. Stormy days and nights are no doubt created partly to make people appreciate their homes.

Most, if not entirely all, of these evening home-comers were on foot: Galena was not a good place for vehicles. Many of the houses were on terraces, and high ones at that. It was partly a cliff-town. Many of the staircases were out-of-doors, and leading from one street to another.

A citizen of the place—not a prominent one, but just a good ordinary sort of mercantile man, and in a subordinate position, was climbing one of these wet staircases—hanging on to his umbrella, meanwhile, to keep it from careening over and turning a series of somersaults into some of the streets below. It was not an inspiriting task, but he managed it with a grim sort of determination, laughing to himself at the time. He withstood all the attacks of the elements, with a stoical kind of heroism, that finds its opportunity in some of the most humdrum scenes of life. All the grandeur of human nature is not displayed at what we call supreme moments.

However, as he mounted the plateau upon which was the street that contained his house, a supreme moment happened to his umbrella: it joined forces with the driving rain, and went

clean wrong side out. Seeing that it would be of no use to him again that night, he quietly tossed it over a fence into a vacant yard. "I can get it in the morning, on my way back, and have it straightened up," he muttered to himself. "No need of taking it into the house, and making them uncomfortable there." And he plodded his way along.

But his home was cheery enough to make it all up: a pleasant, womanly wife and a small but lively group of children were waiting him, and they all sat down to supper.

The man was nothing but an accountant in another man's store, and at times a travelling sales-agent: but after having thrown off his wet clothing and put on a dry dressing-gown and slippers, he felt like a millionaire—better than a good many of them do.

"Well, what kind of a day did you have at school, Fred?" he asked of the oldest boy, a ten-year-old, who was slowly but industriously changing the location of a potato from the surface of a plate to the interior of his system.

"About so-so, Father," replied the boy. "I recited pretty well, though not like some of the others. You know it's always hard work for me to learn lessons."

"And you know your father had the same disease", laughed the goodwife of the group. "I have heard that he always felt most comfortable, somewhere near the foot of the class."

"But when Pop once knew a thing, I'll bet he knew it, forever and forever", exclaimed the girl of the group.

The man said nothing just then in answer to this little byplay of words: merely smiling. A little later, he turned

to the boy again, with "Keep on, my boy, and don't worry. At any rate, you can soon get to be a smarter man than your father."

"Why, how *can* he be?" said the girl, going around behind him, and smoothing his hair, in which already now and then appeared a gray thread. "There *never* was anybody smarter than you are, was there, now, Papa?" It is a great blessing to a poor man, with children, that he has generally one or more among them that consider him as the divinest sort of a hero.

The shop-salesman laughed with the others, as he said, "A good many have managed to get ahead of me. I don't think I amount to so very much. If I can bring you children up into good men and women, that will be *something*."

"But some of my school mates think we don't amount to anything, either," said the boy. "They say their parents tell them to keep away from us, because we're not dressed so well as they are."

The father laughed. "Dress does not count, in the long run", he said. "One of the best of the Roman generals, and an emperor at that, used to sleep with his soldiers, in clothes just like their own, worn and dragged—with nothing but a little band of purple upon his arm, to denote his rank."

"One of the little emperors in our school got a bit of purple on his nose. to-day," spoke up Fred. "He called me a number of fine little names, and I didn't mind that. But when he called you an old leather-peddler, I let him have some live leather, right off the shoulder, and he laid down in the mud to think about it a minute or two."

The rest of the children put by their knives and forks, and cheered, and the mother had apparently hard work not to do so. But the father shook his head.

"Don't ever let me know of your fighting again, my boy, except in physical defense," he said. "Fighting without just cause, is one of the wickedest things in the world. The first fighter was Cain, and he got a mark that never

left him, either before or after death."

"But what's a fellow to do, if they keep picking on him?"

"Walk away from them, and go about your business, and do the best you can, and try to excel them. Remember, all the time, this is a chance for you to do *some* things as well as any one in the world. If I sell leather, and I do—and a great deal of it—it's as good leather as there is in America."

"But, Papa," said the girl, "you once learned to fight. You went to school for that."

"I did not want to go. I tried hard not to, but my father thought it was a good chance, and he sent me. I was glad when it was over."

"But they took a good deal of trouble, to send you so far away to learn."

"Yes, my father was ambitious for me, and was bound that I should go, and I had to do what he told me. I was glad when it was all through."

"But you went afterwards, and fought in Mexico."

"Yes. It was because I thought it was my duty to defend the country, whether it was right or wrong. But I did not believe in the war, and was glad when it was over. I want never to be in another one. I had rather work on the streets, cleaning them, than be in another war, except, if necessary, in my country's defense. I had rather haul cord-wood, the same as I did in Missouri."

"We gained in Mexico, by that war, almost as much land as we already possessed," he continued. "But it is not good property, and will some day cost us much more than it is worth."

And so the conversation ran on: a quiet little meal, at a pleasant but humble little table, in a small town, with no bustle, no excitement, no sound to interfere with that of children's prattle and the congenial clash of plate and cup, excepting the subdued rattling of the tempest outside.

No family, sitting together at a cheerful supper, however happy, or miserable, or grand, or humble they may be, can tell what is coming to them.

There are things on the way that, did they know about them, might dazzle them, or crush them, or fill them with undue exultation, or injurious discontent.

They did not know that in a few months, a public meeting would be called in the little town—attended by as many as could get into the hall, and presided over by the quiet man who was now at the humble little family table—one of the least distinguished citizens, up to that time, but now pushed to the front, because he was of the few people there, who had actually seen and participated in a war.

They did not know that after that meeting, he was never to do another day's work in the little store, or sell another pound of leather.

They did not know that, a few short months from the time he left home to go to the capital of the state, in the humble capacity of drilling and organizing regiments, he would be known all over the country, and the world, would receive a public compliment from the President, and be quoted again and again as the real hope of the nation.

They did not know that he would have under his command hundreds and hundreds of thousands of men, anxious to follow every order he gave.

Or that he would be twice elected President, and that he would then be entertained by potentates all the way around the world. The matronly woman

across from him did not suspect for a moment that she would soon spring all of a sudden into the position of the most distinguished lady of the little town; that her friends all over the land, would take an interest in her, which they never before had felt; that she would within a very few years be the chief lady of the capital; and that she would go around the world as wife of the most highly distinguished living warrior.

The boy who had had the fight that day in defense of the respect due his father, could not have believed that he was soon to be shown every attention a boy could have; that children would no longer flout him because of poor clothes; that, much as his father hated fighting, he would soon take him into the battlefield, and at twelve years of age, make him a Captain and put him on his staff; and that he would one day himself be at the head of armies, and when, after many years to come, he died, have a military funeral such as not many heroes are given, even in these days of splendor and display.

And no one would have prophesied for a moment, that this little suppers-table would in a few years be transformed into the stately board of the White House dining-room, with distinguished guests from all over the world.

But that all happened—to the Grant family.



A Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

THE most imposing memorial pile in New York City, excepting, of course, Grant's Tomb, is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on Riverside Drive, some distance below the tomb of the great general. It stands on the rocky, shelving bank of the Hudson, and rises a hundred and seventyfive feet above the river level.

The monument is a combination of Greek and Roman art adapted to modern conditions, and consists of a circular temple-like structure standing upon a

admits all the light that penetrates to the interior.

Entering, one stands in a circular chamber, twentyfive feet in diameter and fortyeight feet in height, with a vaulted ceiling. Six semi-circular niches increase the apparent size of the chamber, which is finished in white marble, all of the simplest treatment. These niches will be used for the display of flags and other trophies of war and peace.

One remarkable thing about the monument is the fact that there is no statue, or anchor, or sabre, or cable—the usual symbols of war and victory—anywhere



platform approached on the north and south by broad flights of steps. The platform is circular in general form, with projecting angles, and surrounded by a massive but graceful balustrade with pedestals at the corners.

A classic entablature supported by twelve Corinthian columns thirtyfive feet high is surmounted by a rich cresting of which the American eagle is the motive, the whole structure being crowned by a low ornamental marble roof. The only entrance to the interior of the monument is a single doorway surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings; and a single window

about the structure. From any view that one may take, the chaste temple stands out in bold relief, the only reminder of national strife being the simple inscription, "To the Memory of the Brave Soldiers and Sailors Who Saved the Union", on the band encircling the monument, under the cresting of the sculptured eagles.

Work began on the monument in 1895, and it was dedicated May 30, 1902. It is almost wholly constructed of Vermont white marble, some of the base and the approaches being made of granite from the quarries in Connecticut and Massachusetts.



Women—and Women.

COMPARISON! Comparison! Comparison!—What a powerful help it is to judgment! Indeed, what would judgment do without it? How could it even exist?

Often and often is man disenchanted, when he sees a really good, wholesome, refined woman, in company with another woman whom he thought he loved. Often and often is a woman turned away from a man utterly unworthy of her, when she has met one who has the real qualities that she *thought* the other possessed.

An instance of this principle in human nature, occurs in a story concerning a young college boy, who was attending one of the universities. The President of the institution wrote the boy's father (who seems to have been a cool, sensible sort of a man), that the young man was neglecting his studies, and hanging about the "Bijou Theatre" every evening.

The father sent another son, a very young man just married to a refined, highly-cultured girl, who evidently possessed a good brain and a good heart—an excellent team. He sent the young couple to the College, to investigate. He knew that the erring youth was manly at heart, and if he was infatuated with any woman unworthy of him, he merely needed an opportunity of comparison, to set him right.

We quote the conclusion of the incident, which is well and tersely narrated in the magazine, "Short Stories". There had been a private dinner arranged, of four: the brotherinlaw, his wife, the infatuated student, and "Miss Bright-eyes", a girl of fine appearance

and excellent voice, but somewhat deficient in mental qualities.

The four were seated at a table in the Metropole grill—Evelyn, Bob, Will and the Bright-eyes. Miss Bright-eyes was talking.

"Ain't Percy, here"—nodding toward Will—"ain't he the real collech sport though! Gosh—look at that pompadore!"

The "gosh" grated on Will—as did the "ain't," the "Percy," the nod, the "sport," and the mention of his hair-cut.

"As I was saying to Lizzie t'other night—she's another lady in the 'Soul Hug' company—collech is a great prop-
osishun.

"Ever been there—you?" She nodded toward Brother Bob. "I didn't get the handle."

"Smith," replied Bob.

"Ever been to collech, Mr. Smith?"

"Harvard is my *alma mater*," Bob lied.

"What," asked Miss Bright-eyes, attempting to start a flow of reminiscences, "what was your impression—what idea struck you—the first time you set foot on your *alma mater*? Didn't collech life seem grand?"

Evelyn looked across at Will and winked to him.

The wink worked wonders. Will saw through it all—saw that Evelyn and this actress were women from different worlds. Evelyn's face was fresh with the glow of healthy youth. Her smile was a smile of tenderness. Her wink inferred that his sisterinlaw and he were of an equality—morally, intellectually.

Intuitively Will saw the cause of Bob's visit, and the reason that his brother had suggested the party of four. In a flash he saw it all.

He crossed his fingers, and furtively held his hand above the table-cloth, so that Evelyn might read the message.

She observed, smiled, and winked again knowingly. He loved her for it.

"I've had a grand time," declared Bright-eyes, as the three left her at her rooming-house; "a perfectly grand time. I've never met more culturally educated gents as you, Mr. Smith, and you, Mr. Brown. Call again after the show. Call any time!"

Bob and his brother tipped their hats, and with Evelyn walked on toward Will's room.

"Some class to that kiddo," remarked Brother Bob after a moment or so.

Will turned to his brother without a vestige of resentment.

"Much obliged to you, old horse," he said, "for"—and then he choked—"for everything. I'm hep—hep to it all, including what a wop I've been. When you get back home tell the old gent I've got my fingers crossed for good, and I'm going to hit the text-books with a sledge-hammer."

They were at a street crossing. Will stopped and faced his brother's wife.

"And Evelyn, here, is a darling", the youngster declared.

The Two Views of It.

IN one of the most populous cities of New England some years ago, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a very large and splendid one, drawn by six gray horses.

On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high merriment as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give

an account of their trip and its various incidents.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir, there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer-looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

"Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snowballs and a good 'Hurrah!' They produced the right effect; for the crazy machine turned into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

"As we passed, some one gave the old jolt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by.

"With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out: 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' said the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost cap-sized the old creature; and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the home of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon, and for the winter, his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

"His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the

scenes of his youth, of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

"In his trepidation he dropped the reins, and, as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with the cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys in a sleigh. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road, old boy!' 'What will you take for your pony, old daddy?' 'Go it, frozen nose!' 'What's the price of oats?' were the cries that met his ears.

"Pray, do not frighten my horse!" exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then, turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh', with showers of snowballs and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys who were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure the reins and to stop his horse just in season to prevent being dashed against a loaded team.

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end—the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor; and that 'old fellow' and 'old boy'—who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard you approach—that 'old daddy' and 'old frozen nose' was your master's father."

Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried. And many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil in the future to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

"A Ooon in the Car."

"NO animals allowed in this car, sirr'h", shouted the conductor. —A gentleman was caressing the handsome and glossy coat of a Canadian coon, which he had brought along with him from a trip. The passenger said nothing.

"Ye'll git off wid your pet at the next crossing", averred the conductor.

"I will not", said the passenger.

"Thin yez will be put off."

"You can't negotiate it", asserted the man on the seat, who was a six-footer.

"I can get them as can", asserted the conductor.

"All the people on your line can't do it", replied the passenger, still complacently and affectionately stroking his very handsome and quiescent charge. "The whole Company can't do it."

"We'll be afther seein' what wez can do", asserted the conductor, who had decided to dismiss the idea of himself putting the big six-footer off the car. "Wait till wez come to a corner where there's an inspecthor, an' off goes your little baste an' you, jest a bit before yez know it."

The passenger continued caressing his docile little zoological charge. The people in the car were all intensely watching to see how the curious incident would come out—including the passenger. Everybody was on a broad grin of expectancy; everybody believed that, technically, the conductor was right, but, practically, and by courtesy, the gentleman ought to be allowed to stay on, with his quiet little pet.

The car stopped. "Now I'll square yez up", shouted the conductor. "Inspectorrh, won't yez plaze 'tend to this case?"

The inspector was "sorry", but told the gentleman with the pet, that under the rules, it would be necessary for him either to sacrifice his livestock, or procure some other method of transportation.

At this, the passenger rose, and with the warning cry, "Look out, or he may bite!" flung the cause of all the trouble directly at the conductor, who sprang

back in alarm, enunciating the Bible words, "Howly Mowses."

Then the passengers guffawed, the inspector more than smiled, the car was ordered on, and the zoologist continued industriously and affectionately petting the skin of a raccoon.

East Centerboro Still Lives.

(From The East Centerboro Independence.)

MRS. HELEN ADAMS ADAMS took tea with Mrs. Julia Hall Hall, on Tuesday afternoon last. Both of those estimable ladies lost their respective husbands six years ago, and have always taken tea together upon the day of the sad event. Mr. John Davidson, the estimable undertaker of the occasion, and his estimable wife always take tea with them on these days, and state they have a very pleasant and cheerful time.

Our new village city band has received its instruments, consisting of horns of different sizes, and are now learning tunes to play on the coming Fourth of July. Our village has generously loaned them for a place to practice, the large and comfortable pest-house one mile and a half from the village, which was used during the small-pox scare, but is now in good and safe condition. We have not been over to hear them yet, but those whose business required them to pass the place, tell us that they play very well and loud.

John H. Jackson has moved his blacksmith-shop across the road, so that the sun will not shine in his face when shoeing horses. Since his severe lameness of last summer, which extended through several weeks, he has put up a sign on his shop stating "No mules will be shod at this place until further notice."

Johnson L. Johnson has graduated from College one month ahead of the necessary time, and is now boarding with his parents as in former days. His father tells us that he was given several degrees while there, among

which was Rustication, and Dean of the Footballs. We are sure that Mr. Johnson will yet make his mark, and that when he does all will be informed of the same.

Henry L. Alchin, who has recently bought an automobile, had a very strange adventure last Monday night. His wife having missed him from his regular and proper place of repose, and not finding him anywhere in the house, was very anxious to know where he was spending the night. Having called the neighbors, they searched all over town, without success, and lanterns were brought to examine the wells. During the search, toward morning, Mrs. Alchin ran through the neighborhood, with joy upon her face, stating that she had found her husband asleep lying on his back in one of the rooms of the house, under a lounge, pulling away at the slats and springs, and dreaming that he was repairing his automobile.

A lady in this town, whose name is withheld, wishes to call her latest child, now a few weeks of age, after all the Presidents of United States who have yet lived. She is aware, she says, that it will make a very long name for the boy, but not much longer than some of the kings and princes of which we read. She is anxiously waiting till next November, in order to complete the list, when the christening will take place. Two nurses have been engaged to spell each other in holding the child, which is nervous, and not very well, while the names are being said over.

Miss Romola Perkins has changed her residence from East Centerboro to North Centerboro, to take effect immediately.

Miss Marietta G. Hopkins has changed her residence from North Centerboro to East Centerboro, which has already taken effect.

Miss Millicent H. Beatrice Peck, who has contributed to this paper for many years and still is in her young ladyhood's prime, has eighteen new poems, which she has never as yet published, and which she will sell at auction next Thursday afternoon, at her father's

boot and shoe store. This is the first time that Miss Peck has condescended to do so, and it is expected that publishers will be here from all over the country, and that the bidding will be spirited. All the different publishers of the different principal cities have been notified of the event, and one of them has already written stating that he will be here if not called elsewhere before that date. Positively no poems will be sold at private sale, everything will go under the hammer. The following are some of the titles upon the list—the whole of which may be seen at this office: "My Love and I", "The Sweetness of the Twilight Hour", "The Haven of My Heart", "Dare not to Come and Rest in this Bosom", "Spring", "The One I Wait has not yet Come", "Give, O Give Me Back My Soul", "The Kiss I have never forgot", "He Never Came Once More", "That Evening by the Stove", and several others.

Camp-Meeting Dramatics.

A REALISTIC exemplification of the return of the prodigal son is sometimes given at camp-meetings of colored people. At the close of the afternoon services the choir sing, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight", and the minister and congregation begin to "gaze" in the direction of the woods, out of which comes a prodigal son, ragged, hungry, dirty, and limping painfully along, aided by a staff. He is royally welcomed, and the tattered garments exchanged for a robe. While the choir sing "Home, Sweet Home", a procession is formed and they all sit down to a feast, a fatted calf being killed for the occasion, and the whole exhibit having been arranged beforehand, for the purpose of impressing such prodigals as may happen to be in the congregation.

Knowledge Still Rather Scarce.

TWO gentlemen fell to talking in an elevated railroad car the other day.

"This air is positively pasty", one of them remarked. "There isn't a ventilator open."

"We are still in the dark ages, so far as knowledge of the human body is concerned", replied the other.

"We *know* enough about it, but we don't practice what we know", contradicted the first speaker. "For instance, we go out without rubbers on a rainy day and get our feet wet, and then get a cold, and wonder how we get it."

"By the way, what are the exact processes of taking a cold?" asked Gentleman No. 1.

"Why—I—don't exactly know", was the reply. "But I know we get them all right. And then, like as not, we are thrown into a fever"—

"A fever?" interrupted the other. "What is a fever? What effect does it have on the body? What part of the system is affected? What?"—

"Why—I don't exactly know", was the reply. "You'll know more about it when you get it. You don't want it but once; though I've had it two or three times. And I frequently get the rheumatism, in spite of all my precautions, so I can hardly go."

"I have often wondered what caused the rheumatism", said Gentleman No. 1. "Did you ever happen to study into it?"

"Why, I—don't—exactly know", was the reply. "But you don't think much about what *causes* it, when you once get it."

"What causes?"—began the other.

"Oh, yes; 'what causes'," interrupted No. 2. "I see the game. Well, the fact is, I *don't* know as much about the body as I thought I did."





Up and Down the World.

Women Selling Papers.

By ONE OF THEM.

IT is not the hardest work in the world, to sell the journals of the day upon the streets of a large city—even for a woman—although, if course, that depends upon the woman. There are a good many who make quite a living at it. In crowded parts of the day (and there are a good many of them, in such a place as New York), there is scarcely a minute but more or less pennies drop into her hand—a part of which little coin is profit. Men are making her wares for her all the time—morning papers, forenoon papers, afternoon papers, night papers; the supply is copious and constant, and the payment sure.

When, by the death of my husband, and all my more prosperous relatives, I was thrown into daily work for my support, I looked carefully over the labor-horizon, and chose this. Here are a few of the things I have learned, and which are given now, for those who may want to try the same plan:

First, I found that it was good policy not to try to dress too well, or to put on too much style. Neither was it well to be too abject in appearance, as if the sheep were in the meadow, and the cow in the corn, and never could be ejected unless I sold the very paper that I held that moment in my hand. Of course the papers were arranged upon my arm as invitingly as possible, with the most attractive news-headings outside: some sellers jumble their wares together so you cannot see anything but a mass of close-printed words.

I hardly think it is worth while to yell "Paperrh, Paperrh, Paperrh!" as some women do: everybody knows that you are selling papers, can see them displayed on your arm, and does not need the information dinned into his ears. Especially is it a disadvantage to you, if your voice gets to be a harsh, undesirable thing, as it naturally will, under such circumstances. I know an old woman, whose yell is a terror to everybody with sensitive ears, that goes anywhere near her. Men have told me that they frequently went across the street to escape her.

One of the first things you have to do, if you want to be a paper-selling woman, is to get reconciled to your position: and in order to bring this about, you have to do a little thinking—and have it sensible, as you go along.

"Supposing you *do* have to sell papers?" you must say to yourself. "There's many a woman in the fine houses on the avenues, who would rather be here than there. She'd rather make a good respectable living, than to dodge among the miserable traps and pitfalls where she now lives in state. She would have a sort of independence, then: now, she has none. There's many a woman sewing, scrubbing, mending, or cooking, who would have better health, better spirits, and more money, if she came right here every day and sold papers."

Good, comfortable, healthy shoes are one (or rather two) of the things to be first considered. Feet never were made to be pinched, or squeezed: especially when they are employed, for a good part of the day, to hold up the weight of

their owner and whatever she may carry upon her person.

In standing among the rapidly passing people, I do not change my position any oftener than necessary. Standing first upon one foot and then upon the other, in order to "rest" has not appealed to me. I believe that if one has good healthy feet in good healthful shoes, there will be no particular advantage in changing again and again from one foot to another.

If you know how to smile, and how *not* to smile, the face can be made to play a helpful part in procuring and keeping customers. Everybody likes a bright, cheerful glance, and it goes far toward furthering business. I remembered the shop-lady that Hawthorne told us about in one of his stories, and how she drove so many customers away and kept them away, just by the scowl on her face—when she was really a kind-hearted woman, and did not know that she had such an obstacle to her success just above and in front of her own eyes.

My customers are a very interesting and varied lot of people. Some of them, coming and going, are so accurate that I can tell the time of day by them. Some come one day, then stay away two or three days, then come again. Some never come unless there has been something extraordinary going on in the world the preceding day. One old gentleman always makes me tell some of the most interesting things the paper contains, before he will buy one. It doesn't take much time or effort, and affords him a good deal of good, and so, if not particularly busy, I tell him some of the news before I sell it to him.

It is interesting to notice the different expression upon the faces of people, as they read one piece of news after another. One old gentleman—not a business man, for he must long ago have retired from commercial fields—looks over the money-quotations every day, before he leaves the spot where he buys the paper. I know just what stocks he owns, and can tell by his face and

actions, whether they are down or up. If the latter, he will lovingly clasp the paper to his bosom, and walk away smilingly: if the former, he will sometimes throw it upon the ground, trample the poor innocent harbinger of woe under his feet, and give me a look of disapprobation for having sold it to him, for the sum of one cent—United States currency.

Sometimes his wife will be walking with him: then he will buy the paper as usual, and look up with a joyful expression on his countenance, with the remark, "Wife, hurrah!—we are worth a thousand dollars today more than we were yesterday! Go to the store and trade it out!" And then sometimes he will say, "Wife, we are well-nigh ruined! We must go right home and see about moving into a humbler and cheaper house!" How much the dear old lady "senses" of it—how much she is elated or depressed by the varying news, I do not really know: but she always seems to have just about the same sort of placid smile upon her dear motherly face.

I have heard, although really I do not know whether it was anywhere near true or not—that the old gentleman's ownership of stocks was merely a matter of imagination: that he was really in receipt of a few thousand dollars per year, from an annuity; and that the rise and fall of stocks were more a sort of amusement to him, than anything else.

I may tell some more of my experiences, in future numbers of this Magazine: but these are enough, for one time.

Wall-Pictures Indicate Character.

"DID you know that pictures bespeak the nature of your mind?" can tell the character of the household by the pictures upon the wall. If the pictures you have are suggestive of discord, it is because you are of a discordant nature yourself. If you have pictures of prize fighters, it is because you

are of pugilistic tendency. If they are of a sensual order, it is because you are of like disposition; and so on. Look at your pictures and in them study your own nature, for there it is. You will see yourself in them. Now, if your pictures appear different to you than they did before you read this article, "be transformed by the renewing of your mind." Get a higher and more exalted idea of yourself and of things generally, and you will begin to decorate your home with pictures of a more cheerful and higher character.

We know a man who declined a beautiful etching of a gnarled and knotty oak tree. He said: "I will not have any picture that suggests distortion. I want perfection expressed in my home." You may call him a "crank", but there is something in his philosophy after all. He probably is striving for Paul's ideal: "When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part is done away."

Another question: "Did you know that pictures make a home more attractive than fine furniture?" Why? Because pictures hang upon a level with the eye when one enters into a room. They are the first thing observed. People don't look down upon the floor, nor up to the ceiling; therefore the pictures first greet their vision, and any home that is well supplied with pictures, even if the furniture is poor, is a cheerful home and an attractive home.

Hang pictures upon your walls, cheerful ones, even if they are merely woodcuts, and cheap ones at that. It is good economy. There is nothing so bare and tomb-like as bare walls. It makes us shudder to go into a home where the walls are bare. And don't hang them as if you had a surveyor-line in every one of them. Just hang them around artistically, and you will be surprised how cheerful your home has become. And once in a while change them around, and it will be almost equal to moving into a new home.

You don't find any bare walls in Nature. Even the blue vault of the sky is closely hung with planets, stars and nebulae at night, and in the daytime

fleecy clouds framed with the blue, become the art of Nature.

Hang pictures in your homes, and select those only that inspire harmony, peace and life, and avoid all that suggest strife, struggle, discord or death.

The Man and Woman Who Nominated Grant.

THE world-renowned Maj. General Sickles is now eighty-eight years old, and, although he left one leg at the



SICKLES IN HIS PRIME.

Battle of Gettysburg, seems as strong and vigorous as most men at fifty or sixty.

He was recently a guest of honor at a dinner of the Michigan Society, which was peculiarly appropriate—he having had several Michigan regiments in his various commands. He made one of the most interesting speeches in the history of the Society, and gave some very interesting reminiscences.

"Dining with General Grant and his wife," he said, "I proposed to him that

he ought to be nominated as President. He refused to consider the matter—stating that he was a mere military man—knowing nothing about civil government.

"I was about to submit, reluctantly to his decision, when I felt a slight pressure upon my toes, from beneath the table.



MRS. U. S. GRANT.

Glancing up hurriedly, I saw that it was Mrs. Grant; and I immediately suspected from a slight expression of her face, that she wished to see me after the other gentlemen had left the table.

"So I stayed a few minutes: and she said, 'Leave the matter with me: I will bring him around.'

"It took only a few minutes for her to do so, when she had him alone."

An accompanying portrait represents General Sickles when about fifty years old. He is now writing his *Reminiscences*, and they will certainly be among the most interesting written this century, thus far.

Dust on Everything.

"A 'DUSTY' ocean highway sounds almost incredible. Yet those who are familiar with sailing-ships know that, no matter how carefully the

decks may be washed down in the morning, and how little work of any kind may be done during the day, nevertheless, if the decks are not swept at night-fall, an enormous quantity of dust will quickly collect. Of course, on the modern 'liner' the burning of hundreds of tons of coal every twentyfour hours, and the myriads of foot-falls daily, would account for a considerable accumulation of dust, but on a 'wind-jammer', manned with a dozen hands or less, no such dust-producing agencies are at work. And yet the records of sailing ships show that they collect more sea-dust than does a steamer, which is probably accounted for by the fact that while the dust-laden smoke blows clear of the steamer, the large area of canvas spread by the sailor, acts as a dust-collector."

We are taught by astronomers and other investigators of physical phenomena that our atmosphere is filled with what is known as "star-dust"; which is constantly being precipitated upon the surface of the earth. The reader has seen meteors flash across the sky, making a path of brilliant light, and then disappear. Where do they go?

You may also have noticed, after a fall of snow in the country, away out in the fields distant from the smoke of chimneys, and in the early morning, that numerous black particles, sometimes almost giving a dark hue to the snow, are visible. This mystery is not one of the ocean alone, by any means.

When these small heavenly visitors which we call "shooting-stars" or meteors, come in contact with our atmosphere, they meet with a resistance that engenders heat, which becomes so intense that the organic matter is consumed. The larger the body, of course, the less liable it is to be destroyed before reaching the surface of the earth. Therefore, scarcely a year passes without some large meteor being seen (and many have been traced and found), their outer surface fused by the abnormal heat to which they have been subjected.

When we remember that myriads of

these bodies, large and small, are constantly "bombarding" us from the realms of space, night and day, and that most of them are pulverized before they reach our planet, the dust-mystery is easily explained. The brilliant train of light ending in darkness means, perhaps, that the meteor has been consumed, and nothing but dust remains to float in the atmosphere, till finally it makes its way to its resting-place, by the attraction of gravitation. The different currents of air may keep the particles of dust "knocking about" above us for days, and perhaps for weeks.

A few years ago the whole scientific world was on the *qui vive* concerning the peculiar glowing sunsets visible on all the continents of the world. The

phenomenon was finally traced to the great catastrophe known as the eruption of Krakatoa, in the South Sea Islands, when a large mountain was torn in twain, and near it a sheet of flame a half-mile in diameter shot up from the ocean, driving everything in its course far into the upper atmosphere. It took a good while for those particles to again secure a resting-place, and before they did they had encircled our whole planet.

An insignificant meteor may make a big gleam of light in the evening, but in the daytime it shows no light at all—yet it leaves the record of its visit in the shape of dust. With the knowledge of facts outlined as above, one need not wonder at dust on land or sea.



CLARA E. BARTON. —(SEE PAGE 177.)



Some Straw Opinions.

THIS Magazine is taken and read by people of all sorts of political leanings. It has a good many opinions of its own, but does not take time to express them all. Indeed, it is going to let its readers edit it, politically, during the next few months. It has sent all about, asking for sentiments and preferences, and a good many of them have arrived. Here are some:

A CHAMPION OF TEDDY.

Theodore Roosevelt is the plumed knight of the coming Presidential contest. He is not a self-made candidate: Nature formed him for the position he occupied, and will occupy again. He is the spontaneous and enthusiastic choice of hundreds of thousands of voters all over the country, and if he is not nominated at Chicago, a great many Republicans will switch over to the Democratic Party, and vote for its candidate, whoever it may be.

He could be in the Presidential chair even now, if he would have allowed his party to nominate him and the country to elect him—which they would have done willingly, in spite of the bugaboo talk against “a third term.”

Mr. James G. Pickering admitted last month that Taft had “made some mistakes.” What *else* has he made? And the great big one, is that of letting a few party bosses rule him. When they said “Keep still, and let Roosevelt howl himself out”, he kept still, and assumed that it was not consistent with his dignity to say anything: but when they realized

that Teddy was “howling” himself in instead of out, they gave Taft orders to open his mouth, and he announced that he was to be “a man of straw” no longer. What else *was* he ever?

HENRY BODWELL.

STICKS TO LA FOLLETTE.

It looks as if neither Taft nor Roosevelt could be nominated, now: they know too much about each other—and are telling it. There must be a dark horse, without any halter or bridle-strap held by the trusts. And it seems to me that La Follette is that horse. He isn't afraid of anything—not even the newspapers. They have said as little as they dared about him since he gave them that jolt at two o'clock in the morning at Philadelphia, but they can't entirely ignore him. Give him a good chance, and he'll make good.

HENRY L. MCGRATH.

A WOMAN SPEAKS FOR WOMEN.

I AM a suffragist because I believe that in a *Republic* all normal, law-abiding adults should have a vote. I am normal and law-abiding, albeit a woman.

The very fact that woman is different from man is a reason why her voice should be heard in government. She sees life from a different angle, and should express her decisions directly. With tariff and trade regulations man is familiar: woman has had a long apprenticeship at house-keeping and home-making, and should bring her intelligence to bear in the house-keeping of the city and state.

How can a woman influence husband

brothers, son, sweetheart, when there are thousands more of women than men in many cities, and hence there are not enough husbands to go around, and brothers are not likely to be influenced by the cajoleries of a sister, though she have the wisdom of a feminine Solomon.

There are many women who are ruled by principle and would consider it wrong, disgraceful, undignified, to try to gain their ends by using feminine arts upon their masculine friends.

There are women who have neither beauty, money, nor that indescribable quality called "charm", yet who have wrongs to be redressed, and rights to be maintained. How are these women to obtain the justice which the anti's say they can gain by indirect means?

If the woman has the vote she can express her decision in a few moment's time, on her way to market or to business. Having the vote does not mean that *all* women must devote *all* their time to politics. How much time does the average man feel that he must give to government? He reads his paper, talks with his friends, hears what his party leaders have to say, and then, on election day, gives a few minutes' time to depositing his ballot.

Unfortunately, many business men cannot or will not give more than this half hour to the affairs of their country. There are, however, more women of leisure than men, and they should be impressed with a sense of civic responsibility, to use much of this spare time in study, investigation, organization for patriotic ends, and so prepare the field that the *busy* woman needs only to carefully consider the points placed before her, and then cast her vote with due intelligence and consecration.

Women have to obey the laws; they should help make them.

When some leading Persians recently proposed to their native Parliament that women be given the vote, the Premier said No, women have no souls; how can we give the ballot to a creature having no soul?

I know I have a soul and "for my soul's sake" I wish to have placed in my hands this symbol of high, noble and responsible humanity. Women ought to give their help directly to the state; men ought to have their help; the State ought to use their help.

We will make mistakes, of course, but will learn to surmount them. Who's afraid. Me for the party that gives woman the vote.

J. B.

WANTS WILLIAM J.

I want the Democrats to nominate William J. Bryan, and then I want the Democrats and some of the Republicans to elect him. He is a gentleman, and as President would set a good example to our boys and young men. *He* does not say anything about his hat being thrown into the ring, or knocking people through the ropes, or beating candidates to a frazzle, or anything else of a slangy or prize-fighting sort.

Let us have a line of good, civil, well-behaved Presidents.

LYDIA J. TAYLOR.

"LET THINGS ALONE."

The country is reaching a good degree of prosperity, under President Taft. Why disturb things, and have a complete pulling apart of the administration when everything is in such complete running order? We have, most of us, a good deal to do connected with our own business, instead of changing things all around for the benefit of a crowd of hungry "outs", who, if they manage to get in, will not even wait to say grace over the loaves and the fishes, before they grab for them.

We already have a steady, straightforward, well-meaning, and gentlemanly President: why change our votes, for a turbulent, harum-scarum, spectacular, quarrelsome demagogue, who is spoiled with adulation, and doesn't know how to live without it?

SARAH G. BINGHAM.

Editorial Thoughts and Fancies.

Peacefully Armed.

THIS country is admirably adapted to supply warships, horses, mules, and provisions to nations that are fighting each other: but is it ready for war on its own account, if opposed by well-trained armies?

There is no question about the heroism and patriotism of the people: but are they at this moment able to take up arms and make a formidable showing in the field?

We have a good navy: and, so far as it goes, it probably cannot be excelled anywhere upon the seas. But have we enough of it? Could it oppose that of England, for example? Could it wrestle upon the water with, say France and Italy combined?

It was easy enough to "get away with" Spain—a third or fourth-class power, with sailors that could not shoot straight, and an army that could not fight. But how would it be if we had to cope with nations possessed of unlimited resources, and practiced, hardened soldiers?

Sooner or later, our soldiers, no doubt, would, in a war, give a good account of themselves: but how about the first few vital months?

"We could make of United States a hermit-nation," say some, "and barricade with mines, torpedoes, and warships, so that foreign armies and fleets could not get to us." But are mines always reliable? Did they keep Dewey out of Manila Bay? Did they save the Russian day at Port Arthur?

Let Government stir itself in the matter of providing defences for the vast number of lives and the immense

amount of property that we have here. Let it take some of the lawless men that are roaming the streets, and make them into obedient soldiers. Our standing army should be increased ten-fold: our navy should continue to grow as fast as possible, until it is the largest in the world. We should be ready for trouble before it arrives: and then it will not be so formidable. It is very expensive, this fighting and getting ready to fight at the same time.

"But what prospect is there of our being at war?" may be asked. "We are on the other side of the globe from all opposition there is at present."

We are not. The Philippine Islands—wisely or unwisely—with a territory as large as the six New England states, New York, and New Jersey all put together, are a part of United States—just as much as are Alaska and Ohio. Those islands are liable to be within stone's-throw of some gigantic war, and there is upon them always a certain amount of discontent—fostered as much as possible by rival nations forever on the watch.

We think there are other peoples that like us and would "see us through" in case of any trouble: but that is merely a dream. Other nations will stand by us just as long as it is in their interest to do so: and will drop us with a cold thud whenever necessary to their financial or strategical interests.

Build more West Points! Increase the navy as fast as steel can be put into boats! Have a strong standing army, and an alert National Guard as a nucleus for quick and effective volunteer service when needed—and then labor

hard to keep at peace with all mankind: letting all mankind understand, meanwhile, that it is safer for them as well as for us.

Hurricane-Fires.

NO absolutely fire-proof building has as yet been erected. There is an utter lack of certainty that New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago again, St. Louis, or San Francisco, may not have just the same kind of fire that Baltimore once did, or worse. Steel walls and partitions become mere kindling-wood when the requisite circumstances arise.

What a fireman dreads is, not a fire, but a fire with momentum: a conflagration and a tempest together. Putting out a blaze when, as one might say, it stands still and lets you do it, is very different from fighting it on the run, while it has plenty of help and sustenance ahead of it and around it. Fire "in the stilly night" or in the placid smiling daytime, is one thing: fire in a hurricane, by day or night, is more different than can be estimated. There are few substances in the known world, that can withstand the devouring element when applied with the blow-pipe: and that is what the tempest-fire is.

There is no way to guard absolutely against these hurricane-fires, and there is no way to decrease the chances of having them, except the utmost care in every particular building. All the office-mansions of our business-districts are full of the most inflammable material. The wooden desks with their flimsy stationery and oily inks, are ready at any time to go up in a blaze of glory. Wooden partitions abound, to fence off the different occupants of sub-offices into at least nominal seclusion. The proverbial contribution-box is not drier than chairs, tables, and furniture generally. The air—not moister than that of the desert of Sahara—is

full of burnable dust. Most offices are full of the daintiest food that fire can ask.

The stores are stocked with the best kind of provisions upon which fires can subsist. A drug-store is, of course, nothing but a conflagration all ready to set off; dry-goods establishments are not much better. All are stored more or less with explosives, which, upon occasion, can toss the fiercest fire-brands for blocks, within a few seconds of time.

Dwelling-houses are particularly inflammable: they are full of clothing all ready to be ignited, books, newspapers, pictures, curtains, laces—all sorts of things that can be burned in a half-hour's time. The stage-regions of theatres, crowded with flimsy imitations of real things, are of course ready at any time to be devoured by flames.

In the midst of all these prepared bonfires, there are likely to be at any time, plenty of igniting-materials. Unextinguished cigar-stubs do their share; the infernal parlor-match can be kindled with the friction of a rat's foot. Defective flues, crossed electric wires, and hundreds of other agencies, are always ready to start a conflagration on its way and wish it success.

The way the streets of Jerusalem were at one time kept clean, was this: every man kept tidy the section of road just opposite his own door. The way to limit the number of these gigantic conflagrations, is for every one to make his own house or place of business as proof against fire as possible.

Campaigning with Fiddles.

IT was once the great desire of an acquaintance of the writer of this, to own and manipulate a violin. His father voted against the motion (and the proposed motives), his mother was against it, his brother and sisters were

against it, his good old grandparents were against it, the preacher was against it, and the family finances were against it.

But he knew several fellows that owned violins; and he rather envied them. They were, in a measure, distinguished young men in the community. Their distinction did not seem a very solid one—but it served as one.

They were the "life" (such life as it was) of evening parties—so long as they brought along with them their charming little portable manufactories of music. They were the center of attraction, when "Come, come, come, come to the sunset tree" was the gentle, general cry, and could see and play both under the tree and on the porch. Sometimes, they even pocketed a little money at public or semi-public dances, by furnishing the melodic juice of the occasion.

But as they grew older, they did not prosper. Younger men also learned to manipulate the instrument, introduced new methods and melodies, and were more in demand. Soon the young Ole Bulls went into such minor employments as they could obtain, and "passed out of fiddling".

Still, perhaps one in a great number, having real natural talent, would compel his music to "make good". He might become a famous teacher or concert-player. He might lead a money-making and fame-making orchestra or band. In that case, even the most devoted opponents of the bow-dragged narp, had to admit that the violin was the right thing in the right place.

One Southern boy did better than that. He learned how to play the frisky instrument "off" an old negro in Happy Valley, Tenn., and never forgot. It was an odd and undignified way for a statesman to go on the hustings with a fiddle in his lap—but United States Senator "Bob" Taylor did that again and again,

and carried his audiences with him, and, generally, the voters. He seems to have acted upon the principle that if he could enthrall people's fancies, their judgment would soon follow along.

He is not the only Southern politician that has used this method, that, one time, came to grief. A candidate for sheriff of a county, the story goes, was fiddling for power, and making great progress with his audiences, entirely obliterating his opponent, until he noticed that the successful violinist was a left-handed man. He sent one of his henchmen down into the crowd with instructions.

"Why don't ye fiddle with that t'other hand o' yours?" shouted the henchman.

Of course a lot of the people shouted "T'other hand! t'other hand! t'other hand!"

"Gentlemen," explained the candidate, "I would like to, but I can't. I'm left-handed."

"That won't wash, in any way whatsoever!" shouted the wily persecutor. "You went up to Longpike (a rival town) yesterday, an' fiddled with yer right hand: an' ef ye can't do as much for us, ye'll never git my vote!"

It was in vain that the candidate tried to explain there was no way of doing it: and he lost the election.

Dog-Cemeteries.

THE more or less faithful animal that "makes man his god", as Goldsmith says, does not do all the worshipping. Often man returns the compliment, and worships the dog. This unique animal, that seems to get nearer mankind than any other except mankind itself, has some very warm friends and adorers: and there is almost as much sorrow, sometimes, in a house, when dogs die, as if they were children of the family.

The question then occurs, what to do

with the dead pet, in which so much fondness has been invested, and which has no doubt returned it with interest? Often human nature cannot bear to think of the lifeless body of the humble, well-loved friend, as being thrown around anywhere it may happen: and perhaps wants to put some of the kindness upon it dead, that he omitted while living. Byron's dog "Pilot" has been quoted so long that it is hackneyed; but his monument to the well-loved brute is still one of the most interesting landmarks of Newstead Abbey.

It seems strange that this feeling should result in the establishing of regular canine cemeteries: but such is the case. There are, it is said, several of them in this country, and a particularly elaborate one is established in a Long Island town conveniently near New York. It lies close to the railroad-station, so as to be fairly contiguous to those who wish to run over at any time for the purpose of spending an hour or two near the remains of their pets.

Here the long-distance sportsman can come, and, seated upon the grassy little hillock beneath which lie the attenuated bones of his fleet-footed hound, he can recollect the long chases they have had together, over hill and through forest. Here the killer of the little birds that do or do not sing about your door, can muse upon the good points of his pointer. Here the proprietor of a terrier can sit and remember how the little piece of anatomy buried down there, used to throw itself into a canine convulsion whenever he vociferated "Rats!"

The coach-dog, the house-dog, the lap-dog, and all the other species of dogs, can lie here together in quietude, and in a harmonious peace that would be utterly impossible, were they living. The grim bulldog will close his white teeth upon none of his less belligerent neighbors; and cats, if they chance to

visit this quiet scene, need not be furtively looking about for trees to ascend in case of imminent danger.

Of course the plots in this cemetery will vary in importance and splendor. A five-thousand-dollar dog (several of which, we believe, exist), would naturally claim a more sumptuous bed, than one that had been huckstered off for a song: in fact, it is not sure but that the former may in some cases have tombs, surmounted by statues of themselves, of heroic size. It is perhaps logical, and at any rate inevitable, that a dog which had a good deal of money spent upon him while living, should have similar good fortune when dead.

On the whole, this cemetery of tame wolves ought to be an artistic, sentimental, and financial success.

The Worst of the Wrecks.

CALAMITIES, like other things, are liable to be on a large scale, nowadays. They are also notable in the surprises they spring upon the grieved and startled world.

But no one ever supposed that the "Titanic"—largest and strongest ship in existence—would, after her completion, be the very first to sink. No one supposed she would be under the waves before completing her maiden voyage, and that it would end beneath, instead of by the edge of, of the sea.

No one supposed that her officers or owners would be foolhardy enough to sail her through a fleet of icebergs, at a speed of twentyfive miles an hour—regardless of the danger that hung over the thousands of people that had entrusted her with their lives and with those of their loved ones.

No one would suppose that the man who was undoubtedly responsible, would still try to hold up his head among his fellow-men.



The Spirit of Truth: A Five Minute Sermon.

BY REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

THE article in the March number of **EVERY WHERE**, entitled "From the Minister's Standpoint", suggests an interesting question, namely, this: Is it better to hold truth in the spirit of error, or to hold error in the spirit of truth?

An old man once said to me: "There's nothing in this world will lie like facts, unless 'tis figgers!" The facts in themselves may be true, but stated in such a spirit as to suggest false inferences. This is true of "The Minister's Standpoint." It is an instance of the way in which facts incontestably true may be used to suggest inferences absolutely false.

The writer wails out, "Things go on and get worse and worse every year!" This statement is false from center to circumference! Things are not growing worse from year to year! Things are growing better from year to year! The minister's standpoint is too narrow: hence his view of the situation inadequate.

Once on the Bimini Islands in the Bahamas, I met an old negro who was confident that the world was growing worse all the time. He supported his assertion by the fact that when he was a little boy there would be often four or five wrecks come ashore every summer, and now there had been no wreck for ten years. As it was manifestly impossible for a thrifty community of wreckers to live on one wreck in ten

years, the world was growing, as it seemed to him, worse and worse. Fishing and raising bananas and yams gave a living, but was not as exciting and remunerative as the occupation of wrecking. When commerce was conducted in small wooden sailing-vessels, wrecks were frequent; but now that it is mostly done in steel steam-craft, wrecks occur but seldom. Is the world growing worse?

We live in an age in which all the institutions of society are having a rough shaking up: and it is no more true of the churches than it is of our legislatures and courts. Even our national Constitution is under fire, and our courts have to stand on the defensive as to their procedure. When we come to our schools and colleges, we find the same critical spirit at work, and educators are at their wits' ends to know what is best in the matter of educational methods. The minister and the churches are no more under criticism than judges, courts, legislatures, and teachers.

This upheaval in society at large, is not because things are getting worse and worse, but because things are growing better and better. The fact of it is, we are living in such an age of moral and spiritual revival as the world has never known before.

Never in history have the ethical standards of society been as high as today. Never have the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ been so in evidence as the great dynamics of human progress are today.

Witness those men going down to

death on the decks of the sinking *Titanic*, calmly and joyfully with the cry, "Women and children first!" on their lips. What a sermon on the text, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves, for even Christ pleased not Himself"! What a testimony to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon world today is ruled imperatively by the fundamental law of the gospel of Jesus Christ!

Paul gave the key-note of the gospel when he said, "I am a debtor to all men!" That is, Paul meant to say, "What I have I owe! If I have sight I owe it to the blind. If I have wealth I owe it to the poor. If I have culture I owe it to the ignorant and less favored than myself." Never was there an age in the history of mankind more swayed by this great fundamental law of Christian life than the present! Witness our charities, our hospitals, and our missions! There was never such a missionary age as this! Never an age so stirred by love of Christ for men, as this!

Then, too, if we turn from facts to principles: when in the history of the evolution of the race, have men ever given up anything really essential? Where in all the pathway of history has any great light been blown out that some noble soul had kindled along the pathway of the centuries? Men groping in darkness do not try to blow out the flickering candles in the hands of their guides! That people do go to church Sunday after Sunday and turn their faces to so many pulpits pathetically expectant of hearing something to help them in the battle of life, to me, is a most significant fact.

To my mind it ought to rest heavily on the conscience of every preacher, lest:
"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

The fact is, this is an age of wonderful opportunity for the ministers and the churches: for never in the history of the world have multitudes been more eager to hear something to lift the burden and the weight of this unintelligible

life. When the children ask for bread, shall we give them a stone?

Of late I have been about among the churches in various states in the Union: and my own personal view is one of decided dissent from that presented in the article from the *Literary Digest*.

I find splendid men in the pulpits, and noble self-sacrificing men and women in the pews. It is my firmest conviction that never were the churches doing a nobler work for God and man, than today.

That such notes of discouragement come from time to time from the ministers and churches, is no new thing. It is the old cry of the disciples: "Lord, we have toiled all night and taken nothing!" Then through the morning damps and fog, comes the answer, "Cast the net on the right side, and ye shall find." God never works as men expect Him to. Christ never comes as they think he ought to come. John the Baptist, eagerly watching Jesus from his prison walls, sends a message and asks doubtfully, "Art thou he that should come, or wait we for another?"

So with Jesus' immediate disciples. They looked for thrones and glory, and he showed them a cross and a tomb! "We trusted that it had been he that should have redeemed Israel!" they cried in despair. Yet later their hearts burned within them as he told them of himself from the scriptures.

He told them how it was written that he must suffer many things and be crucified, and yet how he would rise again to reign through the centuries till he **should make the kingdoms** of this world his own. One must be blind not to see how he is doing that today.

"O blest is he to whom is given,
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He,
Is most invisible.

"For right is right since God is God,
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

A Famous Preacher's Mother.

MRS. CUYLER, mother of the great clergyman, who was for years one of the spiritual landmarks of Brooklyn, was naturally very proud of her son.

She had trained him up to be a clergyman, and had thwarted a plan he had formulated for spending his life in the practice of the law. She lived many years to sit under and over his preaching.

"Whenever I hear Beecher or Talmage," she used to say, "I come home feeling as if I had been fed with an empty spoon."

After Dr. Cuyler had returned from a visit to Europe, during which he was presented at Court, some one said to the dear old lady,

"I hear, Mrs. Cuyler, Theodore saw the Queen."

"Not exactly that," was the placid but inexorable reply: "the Queen saw Theodore."

When people began to repeat the local proverb that there were only three kinds of people in the world, the saints, the sinners, and the Beechers, Mrs. Cuyler met the remark with the grave assertion,

"There are only *two* kinds of people: and those are Theodore, and the rest of the world."

During one of the President-electing years, the statement was made at a reception, that the wisest, cleanest, ablest man in the country should be chosen for that exalted office.

The good old lady shifted her cap slightly, raised her eyebrows a good deal, and said,

"He can't take it: I dedicated him to the ministry, and he must stay there."

When the distinguished divine began to lose his hearing, the mother at first grieved a little, but finally consoled herself with the following thought:

"Well, it doesn't matter so very much: he must do all the more talking. Theodore knows even now, a hundred times as much as all the rest of the world could tell him."

Gems From Talmage.

It is easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, but not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and doctor are witnesses of the Christian fortitude.

The brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who dashed to the cavalry charge, but to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God.

The heaviest clod that falls upon a parent's coffin-lid is the memory of an ungrateful daughter. Oh, make their last days bright and beautiful. Do not act as though they were in the way, but ask their counsel and seek their prayers.

There are so many ways of finding out all about the character and preferences and dislikes and habits of a man or woman, that if you have not brain enough to form a right judgment in regard to him or her, you are not so fit a candidate for the matrimonial altar as you are for an idiot asylum.

When the doorkeeper of Congress fell dead for joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip the Fifth, of Spain, dropped lifeless at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey expired as a result of Henry the Eighth's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other.

How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ, instead of bringing them to Him!—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skilful hunters; at the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is cracking an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game.



Napoleon's Stomach-Cancer.

By DR. H. L. CAMERON.

THE medical attendant with whom the great French emperor was furnished by the authorities that had imprisoned him upon the island of St. Helena, insisted that his distinguished patient's disease was not "cancer of the stomach", as it had been diagnosed, but simple indigestion—and advised him to "dig in the garden, if he wanted to get well."

This prescription could not have fallen upon very receptive ground: for a man who had swayed a scepter over continent upon continent, could hardly relish the manipulating of a spade and a mattock, over a small portion of a barren island—even for the sake of preserving his own life—which perhaps he did not value, now that he was shorn of his power. Still, they say, "Life is sweet, under almost any circumstances."

The circumstance, however, is a very interesting one. Supposing that Napoleon, instead of brooding over his misfortunes, and standing for hours upon the shore, with his hands behind him, gazing off upon the desolate waters, should have taken charge of a garden, and spent half or even a fourth of his time there, cultivating vegetables and flowers: what do you think would have become of his "cancer of the stomach"?

Unfortunately for Napoleon, the newer hygienic methods had no chance whatever, in his day. The old, old, drug-methods overshadowed everything then. There are pharmacies in France, that have stood on the same spot, of

course under different management and proprietorship—for hundreds of years.

Many of the physicians of that day, diagnosed all diseases as seriously as they could: for the worse the malady, the more their credit if they cured it.

No doubt there were quite a good many of the physicians, even of that time, who rebelled against the old-fashioned methods: and this one who attended Napoleon in his last illness, was perhaps one of them. But he was probably "turned down" by the distinguished ex-warrior, and, doubtless, by other physicians and it is said, had hard work to secure a pension of some \$600, that Napoleon had deigned to leave him in his will.

I remember driving through the hill-regions of Pennsylvania, one day, with a staid and reliable farmer, who, as we drove along, gave me some information or other, concerning every one we met on the road. One was a sturdy-looking, middle-aged fellow, on a load of saw-logs.

"That fellow does three men's work, every day of his life," said the farmer. "And yet, a few years ago, the doctors held a council over him, and made up their minds that he had cancer of the stomach. Well, sir, they put him under ether, an' opened his—his—colon, [the largest and most important of the intestines], an' examined him closely: a good deal more close than I would like to be examined by a lot of doctors.

"Well, they found the inside of that—colon, all netted over with *some* kind of a growth, and decided that they were right—it was a cancer, and a bad one.

The biggest surgeon anywhere around here, *he* said it was a cancer, and all the other ones, *they* said it was a cancer, and that the man couldn't live till morning. They sewed him up just enough to make a decent appearance to the undertaker, and put him to bed I suppose, and all of the doctors went away, except the boss one.

"Now," he says to me, 'I'll go back to town: it's no use for me to stay here any longer—I can't do the man any good. He'll die some time during the night. You 'phone to me early, and I'll send out a first-class undertaker. Take good care of him as long as he needs it.' And he went away, with not half enough sympathy in his voice. Surgeons can't help gettin' hardened like.

"Well, I watched him all night, but he wouldn't die. He 'came to' toward morning, and asked for a drink of water. He drank it, with relish, and about breakfast-time, wanted a little something to eat. We cheered him up as well as we could, and didn't tell him that he was going to receive visitors pretty soon—that the undertaker was bye-and-bye coming out to take care of him, by the doctor's order.

"Along half or three-quarters of an hour after breakfast-time, the doctor 'phoned, from his comfortable home twelve miles away, and informed me that he arrived home safely (which I was glad to hear) and that he had 'phoned the undertaker, who was all ready to start, as soon as I would give the word. He assumed, of course, that the man was dead, since he had left him properly dying: and wanted him properly taken care of, and by that undertaker. Whether he got a commission on the bill or not, I don't know: there were other undertakers, just as good, nearer by.

"The fellow grew better, right along, and never has been sick, to any extent, since. He had to have a few more stitches taken in him ('so as to make sure', it was said): but after that, he never had any trouble.

"Naturally, the doctors did not hold any more councils over him: but I un-

derstand they sort of discussed it among themselves, figured it all out, and explained the whole thing to their own satisfaction. They said that there really *was* a cancer in the man's colon, but having it open so long as they did, let in so much air, that the oxygen killed the germs, and everything went on the same as it used to, before there *was* any cancer."

This incident, or transaction, or whatever it may be called, is a very informing one, and ought to be printed in the proceedings of some medical association, and widely circulated. Perhaps it may have been: but if so, I have not seen it.

My explanation of the case is, that a council of physicians is, in many cases, not unlike a jury. One member of it really has one opinion, and another another: and each tells what he wishes, concerning what he believes in the matter. Sometimes a younger one does not care to disagree with a mature, established and well-known doctor, and maintains silence, or, perhaps, agrees with the prevailing opinion, in order to save time. Occasionally, perhaps, if a newly-fledged Aesculapius ventures a novel or heretical opinion, he is pooh-poohed out of court, and afterwards, too—as was Napoleon's young physician.

Short Health Stories.

Beef-tea is often a first-class stimulant, and a harmless one, and tides a patient over many rough places.

"Boiler-makers' ear paralysis" has been recognized as an ailment; and some people are trying hard not to be glad of it.

The beauty of eating your food "smoking hot", or at least warm, is that the stomach is spared some of the pains of raising it to the requisite 98 degrees.

When Thomas—pet-named Tommy—

was asked what was meant by "nutritious food", the tiny epicure replied: "Something to eat that hasn't got any taste to it."

Frances Willard used to say that a man too busy to take care of his health was like a mechanic too busy to keep his tools in shape. And yet poor Frances lost her health and died comparatively young.

The Mission of Water.

EVERYBODY uses it, enjoys it, and at times adores it: but few realize what a grand old blessing it is. That it is old, you can learn from the records of creation; that it is grand, the ocean will tell you.

But what a great ocean there is of it outside of the ocean! It is one of the "constituent elements" of all animal organizations. It keeps cool and uninjured that which otherwise would be burned to a crisp. The millions of little fires that are constantly being lighted throughout our systems, would burn us to death, were it not for the water that keeps quenching them.

Water is part oxygen and part hydrogen. These two seem inexorably mated, in the beneficent nuptials, and journey together wherever the waves and billows may go.

Every instant of our lives, a certain amount of water is given out of our bodies, through the pores of the skin: if it were not for this, we would soon be vile, inert, and non-living creatures. You can kill a man in a very short time, by covering him tightly with plaster-paris, so that perspiration cannot take place.

In order to give out all this moisture, the body must be constantly replenished with water. The moment the supply runs low, a cry of feeling, as it might be called, rises, and its name is Thirst. It is probably one of the most subtle and far-reaching sensations which humanity experiences. If it is not soon gratified, the strength and vigor of the body

will fail. You may feed a man with the most nutritious of viands, and if you do not give him water, what you give him to eat will be worse than useless. Complete deprivation of the divine fluid generally proves fatal in four or five days. One of the greatest tortures known to history, is the shutting a man up and depriving him of water until he dies.

Water not only cools the body, and keeps it from burning up, but it gets into the arteries, and helps the blood carry nutrition through the body. It also assists in removing debris through the veins.

But this splendid couple—Oxygen and Hydrogen, living together, working together—like many other congenial couples, sustain the intrusion of interlopers. There comes the danger of using the grand substance, unless you know that it comes nearly alone. More or less impurities, of slight importance, will cling and come along: and if you take them into your system along with the water, you run great risk.

Terrible cases of Bright's Disease have arisen, from the drinking of water from wells that were infested with lime. If the water had all been distilled before drinking, the interior of the kettle or still in which it was prepared, would have been coated with the white mineral: but instead of that, the kidneys of the people who drank, received the fatal deposit. Many fatal fits of illness have arisen from this cause.

Vaults of filth have found an outlet into wells, and thus the stuff has gone into the human body. What a terrible fact to contemplate!—Some of the purest of water, to be made into a death-liquid—as bad as any that Lucrezia Borgia ever gave to one of her victims!

One of the hilliest, naturally health-fulest states in our Union, has been transformed at times into a regular cess-pool of death. With the most balmy breezes, the purest of spring water, and the wholesomest of food, it has killed victim after victim—with adulterated water.

World-Success.

How to Write for Publication.

AFTER you have made your way into the country-paper, and are welcome to its columns, don't consider, for a moment, that your work is all, or a half, or a thousandth part, done. Having obtained your vantage-ground, you must work to keep it. "There are others", probably, that would like to crowd you out: and they will do so if you give them half a chance. If you let an important piece of news slip by, or make a misstatement, or commit one of a hundred little mistakes that are possible, you weaken your position with the editor, and make it just so much more possible for somebody else to take your place.

"Well, let them take it, then: there's not much of anything in it": perhaps you say. But in case you think that, it shows that you do not really care to write for the press, and are not one of the people to whom I am giving directions. If you are, look out and hold the position: there may be more and more in it as you go on.

The matter of correct statement as connected with either a country or city paper, is one of the utmost importance. In the first place, papers, although the opposite has often been stated, do not care to lie: they had much rather tell the truth. In cases where incorrectness obtains, it is generally not the editor's fault, but that of some correspondent or contributor. The more nearly you are correct, the more valuable you will be to the editor; and the more correct your manuscript is, the more you will be appreciated in the office.

Most of the manuscript that comes

into a newspaper office has to be edited—either by editor or compositor: pauses must be added, paragraphing supplied, and often a good many corrections of grammar and spelling have to take place. A correspondent who requires none of this work is, of course, more valuable than the general run.

The late David Gray, of Buffalo, was so correct, and was so well-known among newspaper men, in that regard, that when he once sent to the New York "Tribune" a report of some kind, in response to its request, the editor, Whitelaw Reid, gave special orders to his assistants regarding the contribution (or, rather, the commodity; for he received a goodly price for it). "Don't edit David Gray's manuscript", was the order given.

The "new fields to conquer", to which I referred last month, may now be considered.

You need not stop with the country paper: you have only just begun. Examine such city journals as you can procure and see if they publish any matter such as you can furnish. There are very often certain happenings of which they would like to have quick and reliable accounts: and perhaps you can learn to telegraph these things to them. Besides, in some city papers, like the "Springfield Republican", for instance, a corps of correspondents is maintained in all the different towns in the state large enough to deserve the name. If you have "a nose for news", there will be many ways in which you can help and be helped.

If your abilities go beyond the writing of news, and cross the literary line, you have another series of matters to consider.

Perhaps you write, or think you write, poetry. Somehow, it is one of the most difficult things in the world for any one to find out if he or she can really make verse. A kind of mist seems to cover the eyes, when one reads his own rhymes, and his judgment is likely to be perverted. I have known well-educated men, who made good prose, write the most ridiculous "poetry", and try to get it published—sometimes, more's the pity, succeeding. I know a man whose income at his profession (that of a lawyer), is twenty thousand dollars a year: but he uses up all his leisure time in writing "poetry", hires it printed in book form, and gives it away to his clients and his suffering friends. Everybody laughs at him when he isn't there, but he thinks he is some day to be known as the leading poet of his age.

But if you are sure you are a born poet, or novelist, or short-story-writer, and have made up your mind inexorably to that fact, go ahead in a sensible manner, and win recognition, if you can. Make a list of the best literary journals of the country, and bombard them with your articles—always enclosing stamps for their return.

And they are liable to be returned: the best of authors, and the oldest, sometimes have that experience. One of the most successful of story-writers whom I know, keeps a list of publishers, on his desk, regularly numbered: and when his story is finished, starts it out on its rounds. He makes a memorandum of having sent it, and if it comes back, he starts it toward number two, by the next mail; and so on till it finds a market.

He finds it necessary to "groom" the manuscript, as he calls it, occasionally, so that it will not look too much like a "rounder." This can be done by means of clean rubbers; and the gentleman is an adept at making his productions look, even to the thirteenth editor who examines them, as if they had just started out on their travels.

Whoever intends to make a livelihood

by writing for the press, must have as much courage as in any other occupation. It will be hard enough, if you have talent: if you have not, try something else.

Ancestors of Insects.

EVERY WHERE has long been in favor of the killing of injurious insects, such as flies and mosquitoes, with a view of shutting off the arrival of their descendants. It has advocated prizes or "bounties" to be paid for the dead insects, the same as paid for wolves in frontier states and territories.

Some years after **EVERY** WHERE started the idea, towns began to take hold of it—and now newspapers advocate it. The latest championing of it is from the *New York American*, which says:

"Now, as the warm weather comes, the flies that have lived through the Winter move about and show themselves.

"On the window-pane here and there you see and you hear the big, blue, buzzing fly, and the small, nervous black fly, the fly that is built like a tugboat, as wide as she is long, the slender fly of racing build—all of the flies are awake now, ready and eager to produce millions of flies for the Summer crop.

"The flies of the Summer and Fall, the flies that are to spread disease and keep disease alive, the flies that go out of doors to the piles of filth and bring the disease germs to the food that your children eat—millions and hundreds of millions of flies—will be born from the few flies that have lived through the Winter, and that struggle now against the pane to get out and begin their favorite industry of fly raising.

"Every fly that you kill now means a thousand or more flies killed.

"Every fly destroyed today means so much less distribution of disease through the coming Summer.

"In Cleveland a committee is alleged to offer a reward for flies dead—paying more at this season than later.

"Let your reward be the fact that you are as useful and as heroic when you kill a fly as was Samson working with the jawbone of an ass. You are killing thousands at a blow.

"When you destroy one fly living to-day you will destroy a thousand flies that would live later.

"And when you destroy a thousand flies that would live later you prevent the distribution of millions of disease germs by the thousand flies.

"Killing flies now, killing flies at any time, you protect the lives of children, you protect your health. And you bring nearer the day when human beings shall have conquered their real enemies—which we now know are not the tigers, the lions, the serpents or the extinct monsters, but the deadly germs of disease that travel about on the spongy, sticky feet of flies and poison the food of the children.

"Be a fly-killer, active and relentless.

"You may or may not get into history. You won't be as well known as Attila "le fleau de Dieu", you won't be Genghis Khan or Alexander—but you will be a big, important and useful fly-killer, and that is better than any of the gentlemen named.

"Kill Flies."

An Adjustment of Prices.

ONE of the most entertaining of raconteurs is Rev. P. S. Henson, not many years since, pastor of the Tremont Temple church, of Boston. He was one of those rare fun-makers who can on occasion make fun of themselves.

"Starting off from Chicago to fill a lecture-engagement," he says, "I had gone as far as the Michigan Central Depot, when it occurred to me that I had better have my shoes blackened. There was just time to negotiate it, before my train left.

"So I engaged a rugged little rascal to do the job, and he performed his work pretty well.

"At the conclusion of the function, he demanded for his services, 'a quarter.' 'Oh no!' I remonstrated, 'it's a dime.' 'It's a quarter!' persisted the boy, picking up a handful of mud and 'slush', and glancing at the shoes. 'I tell you, it's a quarter!'

"It was almost time for the train to go, and I couldn't afford to be 'splashed.'

"'You're right, my boy, it's a quarter.' I smilingly answered, and gave him the coin."

Gratitude and Generosity Bewilderingly Mixed.

SOME of the people at the elevated-railroad-booths are afforded interesting studies of human nature. One of the women says that a man rushed up to the wicket one day, and shouted, beseechingly, "Trust me for my nickel, and I will pay you as soon as I get back. I must make this train to catch another one at the Grand Central Depot: and it is a very important business matter, involving a good many dollars."

She knew the gentleman as a neighbor, and let him through, although under no obligation to do so, except as a matter of courtesy: and he made the train, which was already in the station.

In a few days, he came back to her, with radiance and gratitude in his face.

"You don't know what an advantage it was to me—your letting me through this gate the other morning!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't have missed that train, for anything. It enabled me to get a train in which I got to Boston in time to 'make a deal' that netted me over five hundred dollars. I shall always be under eternal obligations to you! and—here's your nickel."

The woman nearly fainted with gratitude.





April 3—Seven lives were lost in Mississippi floods which inundated 300,000 acres of farming land.

4—Mrs. Pankhurst was released from jail in \$10,000 bail, pending her hearing on conspiracy charges.

The Mississippi continued to rise, ten states being affected, and 7,000 persons rendered homeless.

50,000 British strikers returned to the mines, less than two-thirds majority favoring continuance.

5—The Government levee on the Mississippi River at Reelport Lake near Hickman, Ky., gave way, and 150 square miles were flooded, scores of people killed, and much live stock lost.

6—Ten thousand Canadians visited New York City for the Easter holiday.

More breaks were reported in the levees of the flooded districts; the Government began preparations for relief of the homeless and foodless.

7—The Mississippi floods continued rising till 2,000 square miles were inundated, 30,000 made homeless and \$10,000,000 property destroyed.

8—The Mississippi was reported as receding at Memphis.

The Arizona House passed a woman suffrage bill, 21 to 4.

9—A new break in the Mississippi levee, fifty miles north of Memphis, threatened 500,000 acres of rich land in Arkansas.

10—A serious break, seventeen feet wide, occurred in the levee of the Atchafalaya River, La.

Abdul Baha Abbas, leader of the Bahai movement, arrived in New York.

11—Premier Asquith introduced the Irish Home Rule bill in Parliament.

Gen. Frederick D. Grant died in New York City.

12—Ninetythree per cent. of the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers favored striking for a wage increase.

13—The "Protective League" of independent petroleum interests was organized in Berlin to combat the Standard Oil Company.

14—The great White Star liner *Titanic* sent

a wireless message reporting having struck an iceberg, and that she was sinking; many other liners rushed to the rescue of her 1,300 passengers and crew of 860.

It was reported that the Mahometans in China had decided to organize a force of 500,000 to resist the republic.

15—The *Titanic* sank at 2:20 A. M., 675 passengers being saved, 1,500 persons lost.

New breaks in the Mississippi flooded thirteen Louisiana parishes and ten Arkansas counties.

More rifles and ammunition were sent to Mexico for the defence of Americans.

16—The Irish Home Rule bill passed first reading in the House of Commons, 360 to 266.

Harriet Quimby of New York crossed the English Channel in a monoplane.

Eighteen children and five women were lost with most of the crew of the fishing schooner *Uranus*, in a collision off Sable Island.

17—The United States Senate directed a sweeping inspection of the *Titanic* disaster.

The Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs notified Assistant Secretary of State Wilson that his Government refused to recognize the right of the American Government to instruct it in its duties in international law.

President Taft named Miss Julia C. Lathrop of Chicago as head of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

18—The *Carpathia* docked with the 700 survivors of the *Titanic*.

An Italian fleet bombarded the entrance to the Dardanelles.

19—The Senate Committee of Commerce began its investigation of the *Titanic* disaster.

Ten thousand persons attended memorial services in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

20—The French line steamer *La France*, sailed from Havre to New York on her maiden voyage.

The Turkish Government ordered the removal of all mines from the Dardanelles.

21—A tornado swept across Illinois and In-

diana, killing twentyfive persons and injuring many others.

Two coast steamers of the Morgan and Mallory lines respectively, collided off Galveston, Texas, but no lives were lost.

The Stanley Investigating Committee made public their report on the Steel Trust showing that its twentythree officers and directors direct also organizations representing \$35,000,000, controlling many railroads, banks, insurance companies and industrial concerns.

- 22—Twelve incendiary fires occurred in Waterbury, Conn., the City Hall being burned.

The railway engineers voted to call a strike and then accepted an offer of mediation made by the Federal Mediation Board.

Many persons were killed by tornadoes in Alabama and Georgia.

- 23—The Porte accepted mediation by the Powers, in her present difficulties, on condition of retaining sovereignty over Tripoli.

Seventyseven bodies were recovered from the Titanic wreck by the *Mackay-Bennett*.

- 24—Three hundred stokers and oilers deserted the *Olympic* at Southampton, believing her new collapsible lifeboats insecure.

Commissioner of Labor Neill conferred with railway representatives in the effort to avert a strike of engineers.

A big Adirondack dam burst flooding two villages.

- 25—The anthracite coal strike was settled, the miners getting a 10 per cent. increase in pay, but no sliding scale.

- 26—Three hundred passengers offered to act as stokers on the *Olympic*; their offer was declined.

The transport Buford was ordered to the west coast of Mexico to bring out 500 Americans as the Madero Government declared it could not protect them.

The French delegation, representing all classes—art, history, politics and industry, arrived in New York, bearing the bronze bust, gift of the Nation, for the Champlain Memorial.

- 27—It was reported that United States and Great Britain had agreed upon a plan for settling by arbitration claims of citizens against either Government.

- 28—The two leaders of the Paris auto-bandits were trapped in a garage, and fought for hours against police and troops, until their retreat was blown up with dynamite; one was killed; the other died on the way to the hospital.

The *Buford* sailed from San Francisco for Mexico.

Twenty-six steamers were reported detained in the Bosphorus, the Porte fearing a renewed attack by Italian warships.

The great bazaar quarters of Damascus were burned in a fire that destroyed property to the value of \$10,000,000.

- 29—The Department of Justice ordered the prosecution of the Harvester Trust for violation of the Sherman Law.

Jules Vedrines, famous French aviator, fell with his monoplane in St. Denis, France, and fractured his skull.

- 30—The *Mackay-Bennett* arrived at Halifax with 189 bodies of the Titanic's dead.

A steamer was blown up by a Turkish mine near the Gulf of Smyrna and sixty-six passengers perished.

William T. Jerome was retained by the State to oppose Thaw's application for release from Matteawan.

- May 1—The Calais and London express jumped the track at St. Denis, France; the locomotive and cars were piled in the roadbed and three persons were injured.

The west side main line levee of the Mississippi broke at Torras, La., breaking all flood records.

- 2—The House passed the provision for a limited parcels post; and voted \$18,000,000 for good roads.

The British inquiry into the *Titanic* wreck began.

The Committee of Ten of the United Mine-Workers rejected the compromise agreement submitted by their own sub-committee and that of the operators.

- 3—The bronze bust "La France" was presented from the French to the American people at Crown Point.

The Board of Bishops of the M. E. Church recommended the rescinding of the rule against certain so-called worldly amusements.

- 4—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session at Minneapolis, denounced child labor in the factories; a commission of fifteen ministers was appointed to lead the fight against it. Fifteen thousand suffragists paraded in New York City.

Emilio Vasquez Gomez was appointed Provisional President of Mexico by the rebels.

The first warship, the cruiser *Fei Hung*, of the Chinese Navy was launched at Camden, N. J.

- 5—In Mexico City a demand was promulgated for President Madero to resign.

- 6—Twelve persons were killed and fifty injured in a railroad wreck in Mississippi, when Confederate veterans were en route to a reunion at Macon, Georgia.



Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

ASTOR, JOHN JACOB—On the Titanic wreck, April 14. He was born at Rhinebeck, N. Y., in 1864, and was graduated at Harvard University. The management of his vast inherited estates engaged much of his time. He served in the Spanish War and gave a fully-equipped battery of artillery to the United States Government. He was a practical inventor and was the author of "A Journey in Other Worlds."

BARTON, CLARA—At Glen Echo, Md., April 12, in her ninetyfirst year. The famous founder of the American Red Cross Society was born in North Oxford, Mass. She taught school when sixteen years old. In 1853 she was given charge of a division of the Patent Office, displaying rare ability in reorganizing it. Inheriting an ample fortune, she devoted it and herself to the service of the soldiers in the Civil War, being finally appointed Superintendent of an Army Hospital. In 1869, being in Switzerland, she helped organize the International Red Cross Society. She served at the front in the Franco-Prussian and the Spanish-American Wars. In 1877 the American branch was formed, and she was its president for twentythree years. At her suggestion it included the relief of suffering caused by great national calamities, such as floods, famines, and the like. She was honored by medals from many foreign powers.

BURK, ADDISON B.—In Philadelphia, Pa., at the age of sixtyfour years. Philadelphia was his birthplace. When only seventeen years old he entered the army and served with distinction in the Civil War. For twentyfive years he was associate editor of the well-known *Public Ledger*. He reorganized and developed the Spring Garden Institute, a technical school to which many other noted mechanical trade schools are indebted for their installation. He was much interested in internal waterways projects.

BRISSON, HENRI—In Paris, April 14. He was born in 1835, a native of Bourges, France. He studied law and later became a journalist. He was the founder of the *Revue Politique*. In 1874 he was elected to the National Assembly and was one of 363 to sign a protest against the Govern-

ment of May 16, 1877. Since 1902 he had been a Deputy from Marseilles. He was President of that Chamber, but previously had served also in other high positions.

BUTT, MAJOR ARCHIBALD C.—In the Titanic disaster, April 15. He was born in Georgia of a fine Southern family. He was brilliant and popular as a Washington correspondent. He volunteered in the Spanish War and became an officer. As personal aide to Roosevelt, when President, and then to President Taft, and as social director of the White House, he was known and loved by many people.

CUTTING, WILLIAM BAYARD—Approaching Rock Island, Ill., en route to his New York home, March 1, aged seventytwo years. He was a lawyer, director of many corporations and railroads, a leader in society, and interested in all civil progress and charitable affairs. He was Civil Service Commissioner and President of the Tenement House Commission under Mayor Strong.

DAVENPORT, HOMER C.—In New York City, May 2, aged fortyfive years. He was born in Silverton, Oregon, and reared on a farm. He tried various employments, finally becoming a cartoonist on *The New York Journal*, originating the \$-mark suit of Mark Hanna. In 1906 the Sultan of Turkey permitted him to import twenty-seven blooded horses from the Arabian deserts, the only real Arab steeds in America.

FOOS, PROF. CHARLES LOUIS—In Lexington, Ky., February 27. He was born in Alsace in 1823, and was graduated from Bethany College, Va. He was the last of the leaders of Trinity Church of Christ in America. He was ordained in 1849 and was President of Eureka College. In 1889 he was President of the Foreign Missionary Society. He was professor of Greek in Transylvania University.

FUNK, DR. ISAAC K.—In Montclair, New Jersey, April 4, aged seventytwo years. He was born at Clifton, Ohio, and was graduated at Wittenberg College. He filled pastorates for ten years, his last charge being in Brooklyn, at St. Matthew's English Lutheran Church. In 1873 he became one of the firm of Funk & Wagnalls,

publishers of the Standard Dictionary, he being editor-in-chief. He founded *The Voice* in 1880, *The Missionary Review* in 1888, and *The Literary Digest* in 1889. He was profoundly interested in psychical research.

GRISWOLD, STEPHEN B.—In Yonkers, N. Y., May 4. He was born in Vernon, N. Y., in 1836. He was graduated from the Albany Law School, practicing his profession until 1875, when he was appointed librarian of the State Board of Regents. It grew from 20,000 volumes to 81,000 during his incumbency of thirtyseven years, and was the most complete law library in the world. It was lost in the Capitol fire of last year.

HIERTEL, PROF. ALBERT—In Berlin, Germany, February 19, in his sixtyninth year. He was a native of Berlin, and studied art in Berlin and Rome. He became a Professor at the Berlin Academy in 1875 and was elected a member in 1901. His landscapes were noted for style and fine coloring. Emperor William purchased one of these.

HOWARD, DEAN WALTER E.—At Middlebury, Vermont, April 12, aged sixty-three years. He was a native of Turnbridge, Vt. He was United States Consul in turn, at Toronto, Ontario, and at Cardiff, Wales. In 1869 he became Professor of history and political science at Middlebury College, and in 1908 was made its first dean.

JUSTIN, REV. BROTHER (STEPHEN McMAHON)—In Philadelphia, February 28. Born in 1834 in Ireland, he entered the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers in Montreal, Canada. He held important positions as head of schools and colleges in United States, Canada and England, and founded the La Salle Training College, Waterford, Ireland.

MILLET, FRANCIS D.—Lost with the *Titanic*, April 14, aged sixtysix years. His native town was Mattapoisett, Mass. Graduating from Harvard, he served in the Civil War, and then studied art at the Royal Academy, Antwerp. He was secretary of the Massachusetts Commission to the Vienna Exposition, 1873, and was a correspondent for the *New York Herald*, and two London papers, during the Franco-Prussian War.

MACK, COL. ISAAC F.—In Sandusky, Ohio, April 18. He was born in Monroe County, New York, in 1838. He was graduated at Oberlin College, practiced law in Chicago and served in the Civil War. For forty years he was editor of the *Sandusky Register*, and was one of the earliest Directors of *The Associated Press*. He was one of the founders of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Sandusky.

McCARTHY, JUSTIN—At Folkstone, England, April 24. He was born in 1830, in Cork, Ireland. He was educated privately and entered journalism in 1848. Going to London in 1860 he edited *The Morning Star* from 1864 to 1868 and wrote for *The Daily News* from 1870. He was an ardent supporter of Home Rule, sitting for ten years in the House of Commons, and being Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party after Parnell's death. He visited United States twice. Besides being a most prolific journalist he was famed as a historian. Among his works are, "A History of Our Time," "A History of the Four Georges and William IV.," "Life of Pope Leo XIII.," "The Story of Mr. Gladstone's Life," besides many novels.

SMITH, W. WICKHAM—In Brooklyn, N. Y., February 27. He was born fifty-three years ago in New York City. He was graduated at the College of the City of New York, and the Columbia Law School. He practiced largely in Federal courts and was an authority on tariff law. He was Assistant United States Attorney during Cleveland's Administration.

STRAUS, ISIDOR—In the *Titanic* wreck, April 15, together with his wife, Ida Blum Straus. He was born in Bavaria, in 1845, and educated in Georgia at Washington and Lee University. He was elected to the Fiftythird Congress, and was a director in various banks and charitable institutions, and a member of the well-known firm of R. H. Macy & Company, New York, and of Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn.

STEAD, WILLIAM T.—Victim of the *Titanic* disaster, April 14. He was born in Embleton, England, in 1847, and educated at Silcoates School, Wakefield. He was, for awhile, in a merchant's office, and then entered journalism, editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* for a number of years. He founded the *Review of Reviews* in 1890, and the American edition in 1891. After visiting the Czar in 1898 he became ardent in the Peace Crusade, writing and lecturing on the subject.

WING, DR. YUNG—In Hartford, Conn., April 21, aged eightyfour years. A Chinaman by birth he was a graduate of Monson (Mass.) Academy and of Yale, with the L.L.D. degree. He abandoned the tea business for governmental affairs in China and figured in the Tientsin massacre in 1870. He prevailed on several hundred Chinese boys to return with him to United States for education. A leader in the Chinese reform movement the Empress Dowager offered \$100,000 for his head. He represented China during the Chinese-Japanese peace negotiations, and also in 1897 at Queen Victoria's Peace Jubilee. His wife was Mary Louise Kellogg of Hartford.

Various Doings and Undoings.

There are now over a million war-prisoners on the United States bounty.

Alaskans claim they are soon to come to the front in agriculture, as well as mining.

Brazil has eighteen millions of people, or more than one-fifth as many as United States.

Alaska is not yet considered capable of exercising home government, and Congress has told her to wait.

The ten commandments are obeyed by a good many people, but there are few even of these, that can recite them, verbatim, in order.

Philadelphia is said to possess more native-born Americans than any other place on the face of the earth. And such a slow town, too!

Swordfish are sometimes fifteen feet long, with a weight of a thousand pounds. One like this, was recently captured off Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

President Eliot, once of Harvard; is having a great time in China, and is flattered and feasted to his heart's and stomach's content.

The wreck of the Titanic has made several people crazy. One of them shot and killed the editor of a Spokane paper, because he printed too much about it.

A Jersey City man recovered \$2,500 for seven hours of false imprisonment: almost

six dollars a minute. Look out what doors you lock, and whom you leave in there.

The British Empire is ninetyone times as large as England itself. It has fortyfive colonies, twelve of which have legislatures of their own, while the remainder are governed from London.

A man near Yonkers, N. Y., came home from California several years ago, and hid two gold nuggets, worth several hundred dollars, in a tree. His grandson has just found them, thanks.

A Socialist meeting in New York was captured by a band of anarchists, who tore down the stars and stripes, and trampled them under foot. They were at last rescued by a woman suffragist.

"You lie!" said a Midland, Texas, lawyer to Judge J. H. Knowles. The Judge adjourned, thrashed his detractor, reopened court, fined himself for fighting, and went on with the regular proceedings.

For walking barefooted on a cold winter day, a Russian was arrested in Philadelphia. He stated that in his country many people did that habitually, proved that he was sane, and was allowed to go on about his business.

Glass-embalming has been patented. A solid block of the transparent substance is moulded around the body, which, it is thought, will thus be preserved indefinitely—or until

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something shatters the glass and lets in the air.

A chameleon flower has been introduced into Europe from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. The blossoms of this newly-discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon and to blue in the evening.

Be sure, when buying Chinese "antique" china, that it is not new ware, that has been placed in the body of a defunct dog, buried for a year, and then exhumed, bearing all the appearance of age. That is one of the tricks of the celestials.

Daily papers once gravely discussed the question whether a little girl did wrong or not, in lying to prevent a fire-panic—telling the inmates of a house that the blaze was extinguished, when it was not. Probably these same newspapers never lied, in the whole course of their existence.

A quarter of a mile of snakes was sent from Florida to the New York Zoological Gardens and when the cover of the box was lifted, they all escaped at once, and were captured with difficulty. There were in this happy family, rattlers, chasers, pinesnakes, coachwhips, copperheads, moccasins and black-snakes.

China certainly is becoming civilized with great rapidity. She overturns the throne for a presidential chair; she gives the suffrage to woman; and now we learn that the cinematograph has become popular there. The Celestials prefer scenes from real life and were much interested in pictures of the Rheims aviation week and the Paris floods of 1910.

A Hawaiian baby was recently christened in New York City, according to native ceremonies. It received the to us, peculiar, name of Momi Minewa Malieani Aeko from its fond parents, who are actors in the play "The Bird of Paradise." Momi means "a string of pearls", which doubtless seems appropriate when the baby arms enclose the neck of Mama Aeko.

In order to escape a "send-off" by their friends, a clever bride and groom locked the guests at their wedding in the attic of the house and escaped by automobile. The guests were not liberated until half an hour later, when a Cornell student made a rope out of some hunting and slid down three stories to the ground and then opened the attic door; by that time the newly married couple were far away.

Indian corn was not the only vegetable upon which the American aborigine feasted—

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pumpkins, beans and watermelons were also raised by the squaws—whose sphere was not limited to the wigwam. Milkweed took the place of asparagus and the acorn of the red oak formed a delicacy, after the tannin was extracted by a lye bath. Strawberries, raspberries, onions and buffalo berries varied the savage menu.

The long-late Wilbur F. Storey first made the Jackson, Mich., *Patriot*, then the Detroit *Free Press*, and then the Chicago *Times*. He distinguished them all with a tartness that often degenerated into bitterness. In his later days he did little writing, personally, but took pains to keep the reddest hot of assistant editorial pens around him. At the time of the great Chicago fire, he was "so angry and disgusted at the whole business," that he stored all the material saved from the *Times* office in his large barn, and did not resume publication for several days, while other papers were getting out in any kind of shape possible. When the *Times* finally reappeared, it looked exactly as it did before the fire.

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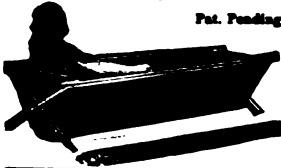
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VOLUME XXX

JUNE, 1912

NUMBER IV

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**"GREAT WATCH TOWER TOPS HAVE THEY."**



## A Song to the Mountains.

BY WILL CARLETON.

**T**HE mountains! the mountains!  
With crag-step rough and steep;  
With silent form and hooded storm,  
And avalanche asleep;  
Whose tops are hieroglyphics  
By fire and tempest wrought,  
That human race can never trace  
Till God the key has brought.

The mountains! the mountains!  
When fall the drenching rains,  
That glide and creep, that rush and leap  
To find their ocean-plains!  
When Winter with loud trumpet  
But soft and silent tramp,  
Chains brook and rill, and makes each  
hill  
A white tent of his camp!

The mountains! the mountains!  
With gardens in their keep:  
With bloom that shines, and emerald  
vines,  
And arbors still and deep.  
E'en in the tropic's empire,  
Like floral worlds they tower;  
For every zone that earth has known,  
Will send a greeting flower.

The mountains! the mountains!  
Where forests live and die;  
Where through long years tree-moun-  
taineers  
Are struggling toward the sky,

With combats fierce though silent,  
With struggles brave and long;  
While in their tops the wind oft stops  
To sing their battle-song.

The mountains! the mountains!  
That harbor beasts of prey;  
Where wild-dogs howl and panthers  
prowl

And reptiles shun the day;  
Where serpents creep and clamber,  
Where eagle-broods are fed;  
And caved from air the sullen bear  
Has found his winter bed.

The mountains! the mountains!  
Where sickness, pain and care  
'Gainst ramparts high may rest their  
eye,

And drink the creamy air.  
Where smile the clustered landscapes,  
Where robins brood and nest;  
And Nature's child with song beguiled  
May on her bosom rest.

The mountains! the mountains!  
Great watch-tower tops have they  
Whence, starred and clear, Heaven  
seems so near,

And earth so far away!  
Whence one may call to Jesus,  
Who mused on hills alone,  
Or hearts devote to Him who wrote  
The mountain-page of stone.





## The New Seven Wonders of the World.

### I

THE Faculty, graduates and seniors of Cornell University, have selected in answer to queries received, the following, that they think ought to be named as the greatest wonders of the world:

Wireless telegraphy, synthetic chemistry, radium, antitoxins, aeroplanes, the Panama Canal, and the telephone.

Such a questionnaire can lead to no scientific generalization, but it does stimulate *thought*, and serves to make the thinker better appreciate the marvels of the age in which he lives, and which make life for him so much happier and **more** comfortable than it was for his forbears. Analysis, discussion and argument should certainly lead to clearer vision and to truer judgments.

Let us briefly consider why these "wonders" deserve to rank among the greatest, and as a point of departure let us refer to the dictionary definition of *wonder*. Webster defines it as "that emotion which is excited by novelty, or the presentation to the sight, or mind of something new, unusual, strange, great, extraordinary, or not well understood." Also, "A cause of wonder."

According to this statement, what would be a wonder to one person, would not be so to another. Let us see if the seven above enumerated have a universal quality that would make them "wonders" to the large and decisive majority of mankind.

#### RADIUM.

Radium truly belongs to the above category, for its discovery aroused profound amazement not only in the lay, but in the scientific mind.

The discovery of radium opened up a new world to the scientist, and a study of its nature and action stirs one as does a noble poem, awakening in the soul awe, delight, and renewed faith in eternal law.

When its peculiar characteristics first became known to science, the adepts were non-plussed. It seemed as if the foundations of modern science were completely overthrown; and the two cardinal principles, the conservation of energy, and the persistence of matter, were proven wrong. But further research and experiment proved that even this mysterious matter embodied these same elemental laws.

It is difficult to convey to the lay mind an idea of this remarkable element in a few words.

Several surprising discoveries preceded that of radium. The Crooke's tube with its illustration of the cathode ray, (vibrations of moving matter) led to Röntgen's discovery of the so-called X-rays, which are invisible themselves, but so act upon other invisible substances as to make them give out light rays, and they can do this after having themselves passed through substances opaque to light.

Becquerel next added his quota to the chain of discovery. An accident revealed to his analytic mind that uranium possessed a property known now as *radio-activity* but a property never dreamed of before. In the words of Dr. W. Hampson, M. A., "this property of radio-activity, the power of *spontaneously, without known chemical change, and without known external help or stimulus, sending out invisible energy in such forms as to be capable of passing*

*through substances and producing chemical or other action at a distance, was investigated by others than its discoverer; among them by Schmidt and Mme. Curie."*

Mme. Curie found that pitch-blende manifested radio-activity in the highest degree, and, by continued experiments, through the process known as fractionation, succeeded in separating from barium of pitch-blende the element to which she gave the name "radium." We can imagine the delicacy of her experiments and the patience of her scientific mind, when we learn that from two tons of uranium residues of pitch-blende, she obtained about three-fourths of a grain of fairly pure radium chloride—one part in forty-two millions.

In the progress of investigation three new substances were found to possess radio-activity; uranium was the first: the others were named thorium, polonium, radium, and a fifth one was announced by Debierne in 1899, and called actinium.

The peculiar properties of radium that puzzled the men of knowledge were the facts that it continually gave forth heat but suffered no diminution of it, even after the lapse of months. Though it received no help or stimulus from any outside source, it neither burnt up nor grew cold.

Radium also emits three kinds of rays of startling powers, and besides, gives off some material called emanation, which excites luminescence in other substances and gives them power to ionize the air. The latter term means, that dry air is a non-conductor of electricity, but, by certain means, can be disintegrated so as to become a conductor. Radium, in some mysterious action upon other substances, enables *them* to so affect the air as to make it a conductor.

Hampson thus explains the phenomena of radium, as suggested by Rutherford and Soddy. (We must suppose an acquaintance on the reader's part with the atomic theory up to 1898.) Atoms are no longer regarded as indivisible. They consist of corpuscles, 200,000 of them to

one atom of radium. But they, the 200,000, do not nearly fill the space inside one atom. There is space for them to be in continual rapid movement, the tiny particles colliding with each other so incessantly and with such energy as to give forth continual heat, just as do the gas particles in the Crooke's tube. The heat developed by radium in one hour is sufficient to heat its own weight of water from freezing to boiling point. The total heat of a salt-spoon of radium would produce energy enough to drive a one-horse-power engine through a working year.

Radium is widely distributed and it is now supposed that many curative waters owe their power to radio-active properties, but as it can be separated only in extremely small quantities, it is very scarce and exceedingly valuable. The discovery of radio-activity obliged science to reconstruct its theory of the nature of the atom, while retaining its fundamental principle of the conservation of energy.

Once granted the new atomic theory, and the peculiar qualities of radium, imagination can set no limit to the future discoveries in the field of Science.

#### SYNTHETIC CHEMISTRY.

Still another of the modern Seven Wonders is synthetic chemistry, and truly, man seems in this era to have acquired a wizard's power over nature's elements.

For innumerable centuries the alchemist took apart, analyzed, disintegrated the organic and inorganic materials around him, to learn their properties, their elements, their action under different conditions. Many of these substances and their elements he has learned to apply and utilize in various ways, although at first the scientist and philosopher studied and observed for the mere joy of knowing and of adding to the sum of knowledge.

But lately, many of the sources of supply of the various substances, both organic and inorganic, which he has applied in manufacturing or in agricul-

ture, have begun to show signs of depletion.

The potash fields of Germany, the coal supplies of England, the saltpetre of Chili, will not last forever; the soil is continually being impoverished by the trees and plants that absorb its nutriment, the indigo supply grows smaller, populations increase all over the globe, and all the mouths want food.

What can man do in the face of these facts? He turns to the laboratory to experiment and learn how to synthesize the elements and so combine them chemically as to form the needed compositions. This is synthetic chemistry—to produce artificially nature's products.

Synthetic chemistry dates from 1828 when Wöhler succeeded in producing carbamide (essentially an animal product) from purely inorganic substances, proving to an astonished world that "vital force" was not necessary for the production of organic substances.

Since that day man has learned to utilize the by-products of manufactured articles that were formerly worse than useless.

We will give one instance: Leblanc, in France, invented the process of making carbonate of soda from salt. Its production let loose in the atmosphere quantities of hydrochloric acid gas that poisoned the air and devastated vast areas of land. In time the paper tax in England was removed; paper began to be made on an immense scale, hydrochloric acid was needed to bleach it and methods were devised to absorb and save every particle of the acid.

Man makes tons of the artificial aniline dyes that now replace the vegetable madder and indigo of former years, and he can now make artificial camphor also. By synthesis in the laboratory, he has also succeeded in making true diamonds and rubies artificially.

He now manufactures in Norway large quantities of nitrate of lime, for fertilizing purposes, using the nitrogen of the air and combining it by electricity with oxygen, a difficult process to work out originally.

So much has been learned of the possibilities of synthetic chemistry that now every important manufacturing plant has its laboratory and paid chemist who is continually experimenting to the end that he may devise new ways of utilizing waste products and building up fortunes out of what was once thrown away. Of making the desert blossom as the rose. He has got hold of a scientific key that will help him to make the supply equal the demand in all departments of life.

#### AEROPLANE.

Few if any people would omit from our wonder-list the aeroplane,—nineteenth century fulfillment of the dream of the mythical Daedalus, type of all those men of scientific or mathematical genius who, for countless centuries, have had visions of mastering the air.

The gas-filled dirigible balloon did not suffice for these thinkers: what they sought was a machine, heavier than air, that could, nevertheless, be propelled through space as a bird raises itself and flies. And it remained for our century to see these dreams become actual fact, in that ever memorable month of December, 1903, when Wilbur and Orville Wright flew for fifty-nine seconds, a distance of .98 of a mile, in a power-driven machine! A short time, to be sure, but the first short flight proved many things and led to many more. It meant that man was master of this new situation.

That first short trip was increased the next year to one of three miles in 5 minutes 27 seconds, and in 1905 a flight of 24.20 miles was made.

Many experiments had paved the way for the final success of latter-day flyers, and the work of Lilienthal and Pilcher, who experimented with gliders, added much to the knowledge of what particular curves to a plane help best to get a "lift" out of the air beneath it; as well as how to shape and control subsidiary planes. The glider, it must be understood, is a small kind of aeroplane which is not equipped with motive power. It might be likened to a canoe, furnished

with a rudder, but no paddle, and depending on the current to draw it along.

The Wright brothers experimented long and patiently with gliders, observing, trying, failing, trying, learning about the action and interaction of air-currents on planes, and the control of all parts of the mechanism. Then they installed their engine.

But we would not have the aeroplane today had we not had its predecessor, the automobile. The manufacturers, ever experimenting to secure much power in small space, evolved smaller and lighter engines, with maximum of

must learn to be also, so as to instinctively manipulate his various levers. Courage and self-possession are essentials would one learn to fly.

Much progress has been made since that first short flight by the Wrights. The English Channel has been crossed several times (first by Bleriot.) Long cross-country flights have been taken. Flying schools have been organized; the army is making continual experiments, and an item from Berlin, May 21, states that the Reichstag passed a pension bill for injured military aviators.

The revelation of radium's concen-



AN UP-TO-DATE AEROPLANE.

propelling force, and so, in time, coincident with the experiments of the air-men, came the gasoline motor, which the aeroists modified to suit their ends.

The general principles once learned, different men have worked out details in different ways. There are monoplanes, biplanes, triplanes, and even the hydroplane is now practicable. There are various types of engines; and some recent airships have carried more than one passenger.

The aeroplane is sensitive to every slightest gust of wind and the flyer

trated energy leads one to believe that perhaps in a short time some new fuel or source of power will be discovered that will give ever-increasing efficiency to the flying-machine.

Among the names famous in aviation are the Wright brothers, Grahame-White, Lilienthal, Pilcher, Latham, Johnstone, Le Blon, Farman, Paulhan, Moissant, Santos-Dumont.

The death-list is, alas, all too long. The first victim of a power-driven machine was our own Lieutenant Selfridge of the United States army.



## The Moving-Picture Pianiste.

BY ONE OF THEM.

**I**T looks easy and simple for a girl to sit and play tunes while the pictures are acting themselves out on the screens in front of her: but, as in the continuance performance of life, there is a good deal more of it than first appears.

In the first place, the pianiste, in order to make a success, must be a real musician, and not a drum-major, that scares an instrument every time she looks at it. Other things being equal, the more thoroughly grounded she is in the great, far-reaching field of music, the longer she will "last."

And then she must look out for herself, dress well, look after her health, take good care of her poor perishing body, and see that it does not perish too much between meals. She may not know such a tremendous lot about things in general, but what she does know, she must know good and hard, and be ready to hurl it into her piano at a minute's notice.

When I undertook the task of entralling the ears of the "aujence", and luring them away from the defects of the scenario, I was so lately out of short dresses, that my knees still felt uncomfortable. I had not yet learned to do my hair up "like a young lady should", and found myself under an inclination to reach for a small hand-mirror, and primp, right in the middle of a piano-obligato. But I was fully equipped in a number of other ways: one of which was Necessity. Father—poor dear father—had died, after telling me always to take good care of mother: "she will

have five of you to feed, clothe, and educate, and most of them are little", he whispered. "Do your part—won't you, now, kid?" And I had whispered back, "Dad, I certainly will."

I was the only tuneful one in the family excepting him, and he turned over all his music to me. There wasn't a single one else in our family, who knew or cared whether a tone was on the top of a sky-scraper, or three floors below the basement, with elevator in attendance. As for me, I didn't know a lot of things that they knew, but when the order of the day came to tumbling all over the ivory stepping-stones of a piano, everybody edged back and watched and listened. That was, and is, my little bit of brag, and still I am entitled to no credit for it: my father gave it to me. But his grandmother gave it to him, he informed me, and some one else to her, and where do we stop?

Well, when my fellow-childers began to go to business in different directions, and it became my turn, it was music, of course, as I wanted it to be, and would never have had it anything else to be. Teach?—not for your little friend. Not for mine, with this foolishly-high strung set of nerves, to try to run three or four generations back, and make Mozarts or Mozartesses of them at so much per. Not mine to bend over dear little darlings who know their mothers are out, and smell their undigested breath, and rap their little fingers gently when they wander among the wrong keys, and soothe them when they have candy-head-

ache.—Concerting? Well, you see, it's one thing to be a good player, and another, to get a good paying *chance* to play. Icebergs of jealousy and boiling lakes of unholy passion encounter you, and you must encounter them considerably before you begin to make any money. And—the moving-picture business came along, and I tumbled into it as soon as I could get there.

My employer happened to be a decent, live-and-let-live sort of man, and treated me "white", and made others treat me like a respectable girl earning an honest living, and I liked the business from the start, and carried home money to my mother every Saturday night.

But I found that there were a number of things to learn there, besides the chromatic scales, and the intricate convolutions of the latest favorite composer's brain.

I learned—That every different scenario (or set of pictures) requires not only a different musical selection to accompany it, but a different *kind* of selection. I knew one girl who played the same ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-a-dong-a-ding-dong sort of tune, whatever might be taking place on the screen. She seemed to think that whatever was going on, from a wedding to a funeral, the only thing required of her was to fill the air with sound, and keep the audience from going to sleep while the duller and more prosaic numbers were being exhibited.

I learned that it is best to know as soon as possible, what the program is to be for the day, and study it as well as you can without seeing it. A description goes a good ways, even before you do the Missourian act of being shown.

Having been taught by my good practical mother to do as thoroughly as possible whatever I undertook, I went at this new business, in as systematical way as I could. I divided "scenarios" into several classes, and made a list of the different airs that would be naturally associated with them.

For instance, there were the histori-

cal scenes; and it was necessary to learn the national airs of the different countries, as far as possible. Of course if there was anything happening on the screen connected with French heroism, it would not do to leave out the Marseilles Hymn: it had to come in somewhere. A player that left that out too often, would herself, be very likely to be "left out" ere many weeks—that is, if the manager knew anything about music, or there was any one who could tell him. "Rule, Britannia, Britannia Rules the Waves" is a good one for the English military scenes: and that is about the only spirited national air that the English have, in general use, excepting "God Save the King"—and when you play that, most Americans think you mean "My Country 'Tis of Thee", and have a habit-formed "going out" instinctive feeling at its conclusion. You can wake a Welshman up with "The March of the Men of Harlech", a German with "Watch on the Rhine", and an Italian with the Garibaldi March.

I think that of all countries, Ireland is fullest of famous airs: I have used almost dozens of them that the average Milesian welcomes very enthusiastically. "The Wearing of the Green", "Rory O'More", "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning", "Oft in the Stilly Night", "The Last Rose of Summer" are only sample-counters of the various ones that are always in vogue, and probably will never go out of it.

The Scotch also have some good ones, though not so many, that have "struck twelve" with heart-popularity. We of America have "Hail Columbia", "Yankee Doodle", "Gem of the Ocean", and the difficult but ever-inspiring "Star Spangled Banner." Several of the old Civil-war-songs are also still in a sort of vogue, although their memory is slowly fading away.

Social events, current happenings, etc., etc., covering a vast variety as represented in "The Silent Drama", have plenty of music to correspond to them, alas, they are not well enough known to the public generally, to produce any

startling effect. They all understand and, in a sense demand, that a fragment of one of the "Wedding Marches" (preferably Wagner's) must be played, whenever anything like marrying and giving in marriage appears, and some of the hearers keep up with the short-lived popular songs; and some of them know something of operatic airs: but to most of a miscellaneous audience, the greater share of the music is, so to speak, anonymous, although it has its effect among music-loving folk, and even, sometimes, among people who do not know one tune from another—of whom there are a great many—more than would generally be supposed. There is not only such a thing as color-blindness, with those who can see, but tone-deafness with those who can hear.

Although, of course, my back is always toward the audience (excepting when I slyly "rubber" around to see if any particular friend is there) I half-instinctively know about how my music is "taking." The orderly ones do not generally make much noise, and the unruly ones are generally soon squelched by the ushers: but there are, so to speak, degrees of silence—which I can feel better even than hear.

I have added to my work, the task of composing music, such as it is, and, I may say, with due modesty, sell a piece of music, now and then, to an unsuspecting publisher: and I always try it on the audiences before submitting it for sale. If it is greeted by a hush within a hush, I think it is on the way to success: if not, I decide that there is still something that needs repairing, and I go home and make the repairs as soon as possible.

Of course, we all have troubles, or we never would succeed in the world. Quite often a woman will come to the picture-show for the purpose of getting it to keep her babies still, and for the time succeeds only in making the show noisy. But, bless the poor dear! I am only too glad to help her out. The juvenile angels *may* spoil one of my most cherished musical performances, but they

can't spoil *me*. If they weep, I make my agent of acoustic torture weep all the louder, and the yelling and the sobbing and the thunder-and-lightning of the huge harp of the ivory keys can, in the marathon of sound, conquer any baby that ever rendered our lonely world the favor of getting itself born. You *can* "beat the band" (I have seen it done by sucking a lemon right in its face and eyes, and so setting the teeth of every member on edge), but you can't beat a piano, with a healthy and determined woman behind it—although, perhaps, the "boss" may grumble a little because he has to get the instrument repaired or retuned next day or night.

After the cherubs are silenced, it is a fine "stunt" to soothe them to sleep with such nice little ditties as "Hush My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber", or "Thy Father is Watching the Sheep", or something else of that kind: and occasionally I have furtively "rubbered" around, and discovered that the good mother was herself in the arms of the somnolent god. Once, I remember, they tumbled in a heap, mother and all, and the "babbies" made a fresh start, in an entirely new set of tones, and had to be out-noised again.

The usual and inevitable number of dudes and dangles, with their sweet little ways, may always be expected, and can be readily turned down, by playing the air of certain songs that have been composed expressly for the purpose of ridiculing them—and which they know, very well. There is nothing that will conquer them so quickly as the pricking of the bubbles of their vanity: and I have driven half a dozen out of doors with my piano, in one day.

But I could not tell half of my experiences, in a forest-full of articles. I can only say, in conclusion, that I like the business: and when I get married, as of course I'll have to, for he won't see the matter in any other light, it will be with the cast-iron proviso, that I'll play for the "movies" just whenever I wish.

## Roses on the Ocean Wave.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It was reported in one of the newspapers that a bereaved wife sailed from Nova Scotia, to the spot where the "Titanic" went down in April, carrying with her a ship-load of flowers, which were cast upon the sea.

**T**HEY came to one who sat alone, and told her  
That underneath the cold Atlantic waves,  
Beyond the reach of saviour or beholder,  
Her darling shared a thousand wandering graves.  
She knew that nevermore his smile should greet her,  
That nevermore his voice should call her Dear,  
Nor in the long sad years her love should meet her,  
Lost mid the ice-fields, dark and wild and drear.

She rose, and wrapped her widow's veil around her,  
And then in shadow of her life's eclipse,  
Went forth in silence in a grief profounder,  
Than aught that tells its tale from pallid lips.  
From stem to stern with flowers a ship she freighted  
And bade the captain sail across the sea,  
Unto the spot where aye its grief unsated  
The ocean moaned its ceaseless agony.

She cast her roses on the stormy billows,  
She said no word; her tears fell fast and free.  
They slumber well who rest on dark green pillows;  
They'll waken where there shall be no more sea.  
Then home she fared, the hearth henceforward lonely,  
But day by day, her vision growing clear,  
Would show her how the sadness lingered only  
A little while, for heaven was drawing near.

There are who claim that wasteful lamentation  
And idle grief were mingled when she cast  
Her wealth of roses in a great libation  
Upon the ocean, grim and chill and vast.  
But if it brought her comfort, who shall chide her,  
The one last act of love that she could give,  
When farewell words and looks had been denied her,  
And Death had made it weariness to live?





## Railroading in Mexico.

BY GEORGE LEO PATTERSON.

"YOU can see Sierra Blanca on the right", said a fellow passenger, as our train passed a small station in western Texas. The stars were shining with great brilliancy, rendering the rugged solitude a place of unusual beauty, as an elevation which appeared less than a mile distant became discernible through the clear night air.

"There it is," said the speaker, "it is ninety miles to the north."

From a discussion of the mountain, the conversation drifted to the adventures of my new acquaintance while employed as an engineer on the Mexican Central Railroad. "As luck would have it, I had seven smash-ups in one year", said he. "Greasers, or low Mexicans, threw a switch on me once, and the whole train went into the ditch. Only six weeks later a steer went to sleep on the track. I could not see him in time to stop the train, so we had another wreck. The next spring the train ahead of us spread the rails on a curve. The centrifugal force had carried the outer rail three or four inches beyond its place. We struck the spread and went to pieces." Concerning the other four accidents, my friend was silent, although at a later time I was to be favored with an account of one somewhat in detail.

In a few hours we reached El Paso, the little city that guards the extreme southwestern corner of Texas, eight hundred and sixtyseven miles from Texarkana, the northeastern portal of the Lone Star State. The people of Texas take great pride in the size of their commonwealth, and when we remember that

its area is greater than that of the German Empire with Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York added, it is easy to join with these people in saying that, size being the criterion, the Lone Star State is certainly the greatest in the Union.

The morrow found the engineer and myself strolling down a dusty street, discussing plans for the day. "There is to be a bull-fight this afternoon," quoth my companion. "They have them across the river in Juarez every Sunday." Not caring to be present at this brutal sport, we decided to spend our time exploring the ancient Mexican town. The Rio Grande, to my surprise, proved but a slight obstacle. Although this stream is eighteen hundred miles in length, its grandeur is to be appreciated only at times of high water. Half a dozen happy hens were peacefully fording its dark depths, while a small boy was seen to leap its broad bosom at a single bound. Startling stories were told us, however, regarding its width at times of flood.

Juarez may be called the Washington of Mexico. Many of the older citizens remember Benito Pablo Juarez, and describe him as a full-blooded Indian having no Spanish blood in his veins, a descendant of the Aztecs. On a hill in the central portion of town stands the adobe church, which has looked across the valley for three long centuries. There it stood as a mission to the Indians long before the first slave set foot on American soil, before Harvard University was founded, while Boston was yet a wooded solitude, before Marquette

paddled his way down the upper Mississippi, before La Salle made his voyage southward to its mouth and named the country Louisiana, and there it stands today with its walls of sun-dried brick uninjured.

The town was crowded with men and women, American and Mexican, eager to see the contest. Multitudes of people were coming from the Texas side, for the bull-fights of Juarez could not be continued if it were not for the American patronage. "I attended one," said my friend, "just to see what it was like. Then my fireman got interested and I went with him. Then my wife wished to see one, so I went with her. I have been to about a dozen of them, but don't care for the sport."

Americans find excellent reasons for attending bull-fights, and the remarkable thing connected with the fact is that they *never care to see them*.

Near the entrance to the grounds, stood a small building which was equipped with a cock-pit, while at the rear, spacious coops were to be seen from which issued the music of a large male chorus. "These cock-fights occur every Sunday", said my companion. "Sometimes they bring in a henney-cock. That is the most formidable kind of a bird for the ordinary rooster to meet, as it is a very fierce kind of a cock, yet resembles a hen. It is difficult to induce the other bird to fight one of these. Often he finds himself almost whipped before realizing that he is facing one of his own sex."

In the southern part of town stood the Mexican Central depot. "Just twelve hundred miles from here to the City of Mexico", said the engineer. "I ran on that road four years. During that time, they began to take off the old-fashioned solid pilot wheels, those of the forward truck, and to substitute those having spokes. They were lighter although of cast iron. Engineers began calling them 'buggy wheels', and they still go by that name.

"Nearly all the engineers on Mexican roads are Americans, as the average

native is not a natural mechanic, and besides, in times of emergency, a Mexican would be more liable to lose his head. American engineers make mistakes, however. One night Bill Zimmerman was bringing thirtytwo box-cars down the line. He was on time and thought everything clear, poor fellow, but he had forgotten just one thing. An engineer is bound to make a mistake once in a lifetime, the same as anyone else.

"The railroad companies say they want men who never make mistakes, but they never find them. There had been a great carnival at Mexico City, and I was pulling an extra excursion up the line.

"In the middle of a barren region, there was a tank at which we always stopped to take on water. The place consisted simply of a pump-house, the tank, and a side-track. I could see the switch-light for a number of miles, and it often made me nervous. I don't know how many times I had cursed that light, because at a distance I was always mistaking it for the head-lamp of an approaching train. In secluded regions one sees many head-lights that are dim, fed by coal oil.

"That night, I thought I saw it as usual. Pretty soon, it seemed to look a little bigger. Those things are deceiving. It is hard to tell whether they are one or five miles away.

"Then my fireman said, 'THAT'S A HEAD-LIGHT, AND IT'S THIS SIDE OF THE SWITCH!'

"About then, the thing began to glare at me the way one of them always does when it is getting close. I said, 'Jump Jimmy! We're going to hit 'em hard!' I did not jump myself, for I did not have much time after I had shut off and put on the air. I was way up high on the seat-box and was 'pumping sand.'

"Jimmy had a better chance, because he was already leaning out the gangway, watching. Then there was another reason. I had hesitated just one moment. The cab was stripped right off from me. As luck would have it, I got out of the scrape with a broken arm

and a skinned head. Poor Bill, the other engineer, was hurt so that he died in a few days. His fireman was killed as he jumped. Bill had forgotten all about his orders to meet me on that siding. You see, I was pulling an 'extra', that night.

"When Bill Zimmerman was dead, the boys wished to see him taken back to Texas where his family lived, and we had quite a time getting him there. You see it costs a hundred dollars to carry a dead body across the line into United States. That was the law, and we didn't want to pay that hundred dollars, unless obliged to.

"The crew had gotten his fireman's body across all right, and by a funny scheme, too. When they had got up here to Juarez, two of them hired a hack and sat him up between them. Then they got out some whiskey, and pretended that both were tipsy, and that he was dead drunk. That worked all right, but we dared not try the same game so soon after.

"Just then, Bill's conductor said: 'I don't think Zimmerman's spirit would feel hurt if we put him in the water-tank of the engine.' We talked it up with the division superintendent, and he sent a special locomotive across the line with our dead comrade. No questions were asked, and we turned poor Bill over to his wife and children.

"The same scheme was once followed in Arkansas. A railroad there had offered a reward of seven hundred and fifty dollars and a suit of clothes to any man who could steal a ride from a certain station to Hot Springs. A great many had tried to win the prize, but failed. At last, a fellow got into the water-tank of the engine, and stood with his head just below the lid of the man-hole. He got the reward, but the entire crew of the train was discharged. We thought that if a live man could stand it, a dead one could, especially as Bill was

a jolly fellow and would appreciate such a thing."

From this account, the conversation drifted to the emergencies of an engineer's life. "I have got through jumping", said my new friend. "I jumped once, and that was the only time I was ever badly hurt. It laid me up for six months. If you see that a collision is coming, the safest place you can get is on the running-board, that little walk that goes around the boiler. If you stand there, the shock will throw you away from the train. If you jump, you will land near the track and the cars are liable to pile on top of you.

"In some cases, it is better to jump, however. If you have time enough to swing down on the step the way Jimmy did, you may be able to keep on your feet and run away from the track before the smash-up occurs. It takes as much nerve to jump as to stay on your seat. A man has to make up his mind and act all in a moment. Look out of the car window when the train is trotting along at a forty or fifty mile rate, and imagine how you would feel if you were about to leap to the ground. It takes considerable nerve to jump, and it is often safer to remain on the engine."

#### Permission Sweetly Granted.

THE ever-to-be admired Walt Whitman had such a pure, sweet, luminous egotism, as to disarm censure.

One night, at a reception, he was sitting in an arm-chair, cheerfully appreciating himself, when he noticed that a young man was gazing at him with an expression of countenance not so very many mileposts from adoration.

Finally he smiled beamingly on his worshipper, and said, sweetly and benignantly:

"You may speak to me, if you want to, my young friend?"

Of course he spoke.





## Old-Fashioned Money.

**I**N these times, when politics and money are mingled so closely together, and both are occupying the attention of the whole country, a glance at the old-fashioned currencies will not be uninteresting. Greenbacks, silver certificates, national bank notes, gold, silver, copper, and nickel, are more or less familiar acquaintances of the present generation; although there are a great many quite thrifty and intelligent people, to whom the sight of a hundred dollars in yellow would be something of an event.

During the war of '61, not only gold but silver was a practically unknown currency; and people were "put to it" for change in the small business transactions of daily life.

American ingenuity, however, was equal to the test; and postage-stamps of different denominations became as current as pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters are at present. From this circumstance rose the habit of referring to money as "stamps", which with some people still exists. It also became the fashion for firms to make small medals containing their business cards, and launch them into circulation as one-cent coins; and considerable advertising was thus done at the expense of the general public, until the Government forbade it.

Postal notes were soon issued representing different fractions of a dollar; and it must be admitted that these proved just as safe as specie, and much more easy to carry. There was a general burst of enthusiasm when metal crept back into circulation; but it soon became an old and rather heavy story, and more than one suffering disk-car-

rier would have welcomed the paper dimes, quarters, and half-dollars once more.

Before the war, while change was about the same as now, a hundred dollars in small bills might represent banks in every state then in the Union—all with varying value and degree of security. Many of them were subject to discount; every now and then the company issuing some one of them would fail and make its issues worthless; bank notes were counterfeited much more frequently than at present, and any one but an expert felt upon receiving a "bill", that it might be money, or merely a piece of strongly-woven paper, with various words and pictures printed upon it.

Indeed, in 1857 nearly all the banks in the country suspended payment, for a time, and business came nearly to a standstill—not for lack of money, but for fear that the money was not good.

If any of our readers at that time possessed bills resembling those here depicted, they might be sure that they had at least ten dollars as good as gold. Wooster Sherman, who had issued these bills from his own private bank in Watertown, N. Y., was one of the financial predecessors of Henry Keep, as Keep was of the present famous and wealthy Roswell P. Flower. He was a descendant of the same common ancestor as were the Shermans of Ohio; and seems to have had a great deal of their firmness and sagacity in dealing with a situation.

When the trouble above mentioned occurred in 1857, Sherman promptly advertised that every one of his bills



would be redeemed in gold upon presentation. This announcement was like a breath of fresh and bracing air upon hot and enervating weather; and a few people met it by immediately taking him at his word. To their mingled gratification and disappointment, they found that the yellow coin was ready for them; people generally decided that if the bills were as good as gold they might in some mysterious way be a little better; and



nobody wished other pay for anything he had to sell, than the bills of which EVERY WHERE this month contains specimens.

Mr. Sherman gathered the fruit of the great orchard of confidence which he planted during this ordeal. He "woke up and found himself famous" for reliability; he was for a long while the only man in his section who could procure from distant sources enough money to



accommodate large financial ventures; and the result was that his business became more extensive and lucrative than ever before.

A few years ago the late brilliant and erratic Kate Field wrote an article with which she wished to point some moral, and in it mentioned having disbursed a three-dollar bill. "But there *are* no three-dollar American bills", wrote a critic. "But this was a Canadian one",

retorted Kate, driven fairly across the international boundary line in her vexation. If it had been a few years earlier, Mr. Sherman could have come to her aid with the second one of these very interesting and well-engraved notes.

No one knows what the future different forms of money will be: different requirements must be met, and the public taste must be pleased. Also ambitious artists will arise, who will want to exploit their talent. But all kinds of money look good to most people.





## "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

BY BERTHA JOHNSTON.

WHEN the "Titanic" sank so quietly, so irrevocably, beneath the icy waters of the wintry ocean, rumor had it that her victim-passengers sustained their courage and faith by singing Mrs. Adams' familiar, uplifting hymn. Although many of the survivors reported that the air then sung was "Autumn", a study of the former hymn, the history of both poet and composer, has been found most interesting, and is not untimely.

One of those fated to go down with the "Titanic" was William T. Stead, the well-known author, editor, and peace advocate. Some years ago Mr. Stead published a collection of "Hymns that Have Helped" secured by asking many known and unknown people to name such as they would wish included in a compilation of the kind.

We quote from his preface, italicising a sentence which, looking backward, hints, almost like a premonition, of the manner of his passing away:

"There is a curious and not a very creditable shrinking on the part of many to testify as to their experience in the deeper matters of the soul. It is an inverted egotism—selfishness masquerading in disguise of reluctance to speak of self. Wanderers across the wilderness of Life ought not to be chary of telling their fellow-travelers where they found the green oasis. . . . It is not regarded as *egotism when the passing steamer signals across the Atlantic wave news of her escape from perils of iceberg or fog, or welcome news of good cheer.* . . .

"'Hymns that Have Helped Me.' What hymns have helped you? And if they have helped you, how can you better repay the debt you owe to your helper than by setting them forth, stamped with the tribute of your gratitude, to help other mortals in like straits to yourself? All of us have moments when we are near to the mood of the hero and the saint, and it is something to know what hymns help most to take us there and keep us at that higher pitch."

"Nearer, My God, to Thee", must surely hold a high place in any such classification, and we find that when *The Sunday at Home* invited its readers to send lists of one hundred of their favorite English hymns, out of 3,500 replies, this hymn stood number seven. In his notes, Mr. Stead quotes King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, (1895) as saying of it, "There is none more touching nor one that goes more directly to the heart."

When we come to study the life of the lovely, gifted author, we find high-minded, courageous patriotism, romance, and happy domesticity, all having their share in the prologue.

Benjamin Flower was a brilliant young Englishman, who, crossing the Channel a number of times, found himself greatly stirred by the spirit of the French Revolution. Settling in England, he edited *The Cambridge Intelligencer*, expressing boldly his sympathies with the struggle of the people across the water, and criticising, rash man, the political conduct of a certain

Bishop who shall be nameless here.

The ardent young man was brought to trial, fined £100, and sent to Newgate jail for six months. Two happy consequences followed this experience.

Firstly, the occurrence must have created considerable debate in all circles, for, from this trial, dates liberty of political discussion in England.

Secondly, (and here enters romance), Miss Eliza Gould visited the prisoner to express her sympathy with his unmerited punishment, and with his political, religious, and humanitarian ideals. Refined, cultivated, gentle, acquaintance ripened into friendship, and blossomed into love and marriage.

Two daughters were born of this union, each possessing a fine, true, noble and spiritual nature. The mother died early, and the devoted father superintended personally the education and training of his daughters, with results that illustrate what paternal solicitude can accomplish, when duly and truly consecrated.

A radical in politics, and a Unitarian in religious faith, the daughters naturally followed in the father's lead, since his life seems to have been consistent with his humanitarian principles. Eliza, the eldest, developed an unusual gift for musical composition, which found its outlet mainly in writing music for the congregational singing of her pastor, W. J. Fox, of the now famous Unitarian South Place Chapel.

The second daughter, Sarah Fuller Flower, was born at Harlow, February 22, 1805. Her genius expressed itself in poetry and the drama. She sent her contributions to the *Monthly Repository*, conducted by her Unitarian pastor, and the two sisters, deeply devoted to each other, found their words and music sung frequently by their fellow-attendants at worship, as well as by others all over their Motherland. Sarah wrote plays as well, feeling that the drama should ally itself with the uplifting work of the Church. One successful drama, "Vivia Perpetua", (1841) is the story of the conversion of a pagan to Chris-

tianity, and is written in a highly elevated strain.

The gifted young woman wrote poems, also, upon humanitarian interests, strongly supporting the Anti-Corn Law League, and other liberal measures.

In 1834 Sarah Fuller Flower married W. B. Adams, a successful mechanical engineer, and the union proved a most happy one. But when her dearly-loved sister died in 1847, she herself gradually fell into a decline, and followed in 1848. Tall, beautiful, possessed of a charming personality, of utmost purity and nobility of character, her famous hymn well expresses the faith, aspiration and trust of her loving and deeply spiritual nature.

And yet the theme of the hymn is no new one. It is based upon one of the most ancient of ancient tales—one that tells of a tremendous spiritual experience that befell the Hebrew patriarch Jacob. But the poet universalizes this experience so that it voices that of every human heart.

To derive greatest help and pleasure from the poem one must assuredly know the old story of Jacob's night in the Wilderness, his stony pillow, the vision of the angels, and the building of the altar called Bethel, else the imagery means nothing. But knowing the story, how each line radiates spiritual significance.

How different life becomes, when our attitude changes so that all that comes to us, whether it be of pain, or loss or gain, or hardship, failure, or success, is regarded as a messenger to lead us ever upward, to union with the Divine.

But because this perfect expression of trust and aspiration was written by a Unitarian, and because there was in it no reference to the Messiah, many of the narrowly orthodox were minded to amend it, and in so doing failed to improve it. Their additions were of no value in themselves, and failed to carry out the analogy of the Old Testament narrative.

For instance, in 1851, ten years after its first appearance, A. T. Russell added this stanza:



"Christ alone beareth me,  
Where Thou dost shine;  
Joint heir He maketh me  
Of the Divine.  
In Christ my soul shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

And in 1864, a man named Skinner, suggested the following stanza:

"Glory, O God, to Thee!  
Glory to Thee,  
Almighty Trinity  
In Unity.  
Glorious mystery,  
Through all Eternity,  
Glory to Thee."

Still another would-be painter of the life suggests that the lines,

"E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,"

be changed to

"Tho' by Thy bitter Cross  
We raised be,"

which completely changes the author's thought, without improving it.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee", was first sung in England to the tune "Horbury", by J. B. Dykes, and later to that of St. Edmunds, by Sir Arthur Sullivan. But it had not yet found its way to the hearts of the people. The beautiful idea had not yet found its perfect musical expression. As Hezekiah Butterworth has said of it, "Such hymn inevitably acquires a single tune-voice so that its music instantly names it by its words, when played on an instrument."

Such tune-voice was given to it in 1861 by our own Dr. Lowell Mason, and it is an inspiration to learn that the career of the composer of "Bethany" was, throughout, worthy of the author of the hymn. Largely through his devoted labors, and high ideals, the crude, popular music of America, underwent a transformation comparable to the difference between a grub and a butterfly.

Lowell Mason was born in Medford, Mass., in 1792, with such a love and genius for music that he was soon able to master any instrument that came into

his hands, and at sixteen years of age took charge of a choir and singing classes. He trained bands in neighboring towns also.

He was employed in a bank in Savannah, Georgia, when twenty years old, and this gave him spare time to devote to music. Here he was greatly helped by F. L. Abel, with whom he studied harmony and composition, this being a period when all voices in congregational singing in America sang the air only. In Savannah he helped organize, and became Superintendent of, the second Sunday School in United States.

Now it came to pass that a member of Dr. Lyman Beecher's church, Boston, visited Savannah, and was greatly impressed by the unusual beauty and expressiveness of the choir-singing conducted by young Lowell Mason.

He talked, when he returned to Boston, and as a consequence, three Boston churches combined to call the youthful conductor to the Hub, and eventually we find him giving his choir-training gifts entirely to Dr. Beecher's church.

Meanwhile, finding the resources of the choir-master, in the way of suitable selections, most crude in quality and limited in number, he had selected airs from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and other great composers, and adapted them to well-chosen hymns. He suggested to the Boston Handel and Haydn Society that they would greatly benefit congregational singing throughout the country if they published, and stood sponsor for, his compilation. This was finally done, although with many prophecies of defeat. The young and unknown compiler kept his own self modestly and discreetly in the background. Suffice it to say, the compilation went through twentytwo editions and brought \$10,000 to the coffers of the Society.

Sacred music was, to Mason, a truly sacred thing, and at his mid-week and Saturday evening rehearsals he would analyze the meaning of the hymns and in every possible way awaken in the young singers a sense of solemn responsibility.

But his good work for the musical *vox populi* did not end here. He early became acquainted with Pestalozzian theories and methods, and was partly instrumental in introducing them into the public schools of Boston. A great lover of children, he made a special study of how best to begin with childish voices and educate childish ears, to know and to express sweet, pure tones, and musical harmonies.

Who does not recall singing, as a child, from the Mason charts,

"Gently row, gently row,  
O'er the glassy waves we go,"

and many other simple but beautiful airs.

But Mason's influence did not end with the children. He travelled through the States organizing Musical Institutes in which he gave instruction to teachers who came from far and near to obtain from them information and inspiration.

In recognition of what he had contributed to his country's welfare and happiness, the University of New York conferred upon him, as its first recipient, the degree of Doctor of Music. Upon his death, in 1872, he left to Yale University his invaluable musical library.

Such is the inspiring story of the man whose melody "Bethany" so perfectly tallies with Mrs. Adams' poetic interpretation of Jacob's experience, that one wonders why it was not called "Bethel."

The hymn has been translated into many languages, including the Gaelic and Arabic, and numerous stories are told of the comfort and uplift it has been in times of trial and distress.

The last words of the martyred President McKinley were, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and many now living recall how, at the hour of his funeral, September 19, 1901, at 3:30 o'clock, business, traffic and transportation were stopped for five minutes in all parts of the country, while choirs sang and bells tolled the wonderful hymn.

Soldiers everywhere have found consolation in its message, and it was sung by the Rough Riders at the burial of their comrades in Cuba.

Reverend James King recounts the singing of this hymn by a group of travelers on the Heights of Benjamin, near the spot where, legend says, rested Jacob's wearied head upon the pillow of stone; and Bishop Marvin, wandering in Arkansas, during the Civil war, homeless and disheartened, heard from a tumble-down log-cabin come the voice of an old widowed woman as she sang the familiar strains. And hope and faith and strength were renewed in his heart.

On May 24, the greatest orchestra ever assembled, numbering 500 instruments, performed in Albert Hall, London, as a tribute to the "Titanic's" bandmen, while 20,000 persons sang the hymn we have just reviewed.

Truly the world has been greatly blessed through this hymn; greatly strengthened, consoled, uplifted. And all may well be grateful who have, through its instrumentality, been brought nearer to the Divine All-Father.

### A Keen-Eyed Engineer.

**A**N old engineer was getting his sight tested by a doctor who lived in a house facing a large park. The doctor used to say to his patients, "Look over there and tell me what you can see." When the engineer learned that his sight was to be tested, he had arranged with his son to take his bicycle half a mile into the park and be oiling it. In due time the old man was led to the window, the doctor saying, as usual:

"What do you see?"

The old man, peering out, said, "I see a young man stooping beside his bicycle."

"Do you?" said the doctor. "I don't see anything at all."

"Nonsense," said the engineer. "Why, he is oiling it."

The doctor took up a pair of field glasses and plainly saw the scene. He took a good look at the engineer.

"Oiling nothing!" he replied scornfully. "He's just starting off with a girl. I shall report 'Sight failing.'"



## William Lloyd Garrison and John C. Calhoun.

BY CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

THESE two men embodied two different worlds—Calhoun an ancient world that is dead or dying, and Garrison a new world that is fast coming.

At a time when William Lloyd Garrison was slandered, vilified, hated and hunted to death, for his fearless advocacy of the great doctrine of the equality of man, and the rights of the enslaved and persecuted blacks, he wrote to a friend, "It is the lowliness of their estate, in the estimation of the world, which exalts them in my eyes. It is the distance that separates them from the blessings and privileges of society, which brings them so closely to my affections. It is the unmerited scorn, reproach, and persecution of their persons, by those whose complexion is colored like my own, that command for them my sympathy and respect. It is the fewness of their friends, and the great number of their enemies, that induce me to stand forth in their defence, and enable me, I trust, to exhibit to the world the purity of my motives." Again, when in great personal danger, he wrote to the same friend: "My friends are full of apprehension and disquietude; but I cannot know fear. I feel that it is impossible for danger to awe me. I tremble at nothing but my own delinquencies, as one who is bound to be perfect, even as my Heavenly Father is perfect."

It is interesting to read these two passages together, as forming a most complete commentary of the words of Jesus, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Read the passage in its connection!

Jesus has just been describing the Father in heaven as making his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sending his rain upon the just and the unjust. That is, the God of Jesus displays His wonderful perfection, not in exalting himself; but in humbling himself. He is perfect as He stoops to the lowest, the unworthy, the outcast, despised and friendless. According to Jesus the perfection of the Father in heaven consists in His communicating His life and love to the smallest things, and doing the most ungracious tasks for ungracious people. So Jesus manifested the Father as he apprehended Him. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," he said. "He that hath seen me as the friend of the poor, the despised, the outcast, hath seen the Father." Just as we see the Father when we read these noble words of Longfellow:

"Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.  
The tidal wave of greater souls.  
Into our being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares."

"Be like your Father in heaven," Jesus said, "be perfect as He is perfect." So live that you may say, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father!'" Jesus could talk with the harlot and the drunkard and not despise them. He moved among the very lowest of mankind without any word of scorn ever dropping from his lips; he was never cold or indifferent to any form of human suffering, misery, or guilt. He had compassion on the mul-

titudes because they were like sheep without a shepherd. He associated with the outcast and the obscure, and the unknown; was comfort for their sorrow, strength for their weakness, hope for their despair. Jesus saw beauty where others only saw ugliness, and worth where others saw only worthlessness. According to Jesus, God was the great Servant of all, and if we would be like Him or would show Him to our fellow-men we must love and serve as He did. "If I, your Lord and Master, wash your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you." It was Jesus' ideal for all his followers that they should so live as to be able to say as He said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

The spirit of Garrison is the spirit of our modern democracy. It is the motto of our modern democracy that he is greatest who serves the lowest. The old Roman poet sang:

"Odi profanum vulgus et aceo."

(I hate the vulgar throng, and spurn them from me.)

In many ways John C. Calhoun was a most noble and exemplary character; but he represented the opposite pole of what Garrison expressed, and stood for what was passing away. For the world is slowly turning to Jesus and his ways. Calhoun clung to the gods of ancient Greece, in spirit at least, even if he knew it not, and made his stately bow to Jesus of Nazareth. They were a splendid glittering aristocracy that exploited the race of mortals for their own pleasure and profit. They looked down without pity on sinking ships, burning cities, and contending armies. They would have no burdens, no cares, no sorrows, that they could lay on other shoulders. In the life of Rev. Horace Binney we have a most interesting account of an interview that he had with Mr. Calhoun and the impression that it left upon him.

"He obviously considered society as consisting of two classes, the poor who were uneducated and doomed to serve,

and the men of property and education to whom the service was to be rendered. Regarding these two classes as discriminating the people in Pennsylvania as well as in South Carolina, he said, emphatically, 'The poor and uneducated are increasing, there is no power in Republican government to repress them, their numbers and disorderly tempers will make them in the end the efficient enemies of the men of property. They have the right to vote, they will finally control your elections, and by bad laws or by violence, they will invade your houses and turn you out.'

"'Education will do nothing for them, they will not give it to their children, and it would not do them any good if they did.'

"'They are hopelessly doomed, as a mass, to poverty from generation to generation, and through the political franchise they will increase in influence and desperation till they overthrow you.'

"'The institution of slavery cuts off this evil by the root. The whole body of our servants, whether in the family or the field, are removed from influence upon the white class by the denial of all political rights. They have no power to disturb society.'"

So William Lloyd Garrison and John C. Calhoun represented two different and utterly antagonistic worlds. An old world that was passing away, and a new world that is still to come more and more.

It is coming through the mighty working of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth in human society. It is the dynamite of his gospel that is destroying old theologies, philosophies, and political economies. Democracy is only another name for the Christianity of Jesus, Christ with its sympathy with everything that is human.

The Christ of Democracy is the Christ who washed the disciples' feet, fed the multitudes, cleansed the Temple of fakers, and grafters, was too big to judge the poor woman taken in adultery. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them!" Horrible!

"Then gently scan your fellow man  
 Still gentler sister woman.  
 Though they may gang a kennie wrang,  
 To step aside is human.  
 'Tis He who made the heart alone,  
 Decidedly can try us.  
 He knows each spring, its varying tone,  
 Each chord, its various bias.

Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it.  
 What's done we partly can compute:  
 But know not what's resisted."

Jesus Christ has made humanity di-  
 vine, religion service, and life a joy of  
 doing good.

### In Woodland Paths.—By Benj. F. Leggett.

**W**ITHIN the dappled woodland shade  
 with birches silver stoled,  
 And beeches gnarled and hoary set with  
 mossy tufts of gold,  
 With stately sugar-maples and the oaks  
 of old renown—  
 The linden with the murmur of the  
 wild-bees in its crown,  
 What cool sweet shadows linger, what  
 rapture ever thrills  
 The wooded slope that leans upon the  
 shoulder of the hills!  
 Upon the lower fringes where the wil-  
 low makes its moan  
 The sombre firs and larches breathe a  
 solemn undertone:  
 And through the woodland branches  
 green—the sprays and tangled  
 vines,—  
 The chorus of the poplar leaves, the  
 minor of the pines—  
 Runs on the sweet old melody through  
 all the chancel vast—  
 The whisper of the ages through the  
 æons of the past.

The spruces lift their tips of flame, the  
 sturdy hemlocks tall  
 Stand up as carven pillars strong within  
 the woodland hall:  
 On lowland slopes the balsams pitch  
 their wigwam tents of gloom,  
 And yellow birches lift their stems and  
 stand in light abloom:—  
 The gray hawk screams above the nest,  
 his note the wood-thrush sings,  
 The squirrel chatters in the boughs, the  
 partridge beats his wings:—

There's music in the whispering leaves,  
 the soft and ceaseless whir  
 Of wing and spray, of moth and bee,  
 and countless life astir.  
 And in the ferny grot where lie the  
 lichen'd boulders old  
 The laughing water leaps to light from  
 caverns deep and cold,  
 And round it throng the graces sweet of  
 woodland shadows cool  
 And Adder's-Tongue and Lady-Fern  
 are mirrored in the pool.

A liquid song of cool delight from  
 naiad-haunted rills  
 O'erhung by fronded maidenhair the  
 woodland spaces fills:  
 And through the twilight of the glen  
 the limpid waters fall  
 Down-dropping through the greening  
 glooms their low, sweet, crystal  
 call:—  
 How cool the woven shadows lie around  
 our woodland rest!  
 And sweet our dreams that thronging  
 come when pillowed on earth's  
 breast:—  
 Then every note of rare delight from  
 leafy branches rung  
 Is but a song of welcome from some  
 happy dryad's tongue:—  
 Above the runnel's laughter low o'er  
 pebbles gay with moss  
 We see the airy phantoms dim as  
 dreamy shadows cross,  
 And down the wildwood hollows pass a  
 merry, trooping clan  
 While rings the mellow music of the  
 reeded pipes of Pan.



## Troubles of a Nurse-Girl.

**I** AM a fairly well educated daughter of an English farmer. I came to this country with wealthy relatives, but a sudden change in their circumstances threw me upon my own efforts for a livelihood.

I had little knowledge of the business ways of the country, and took the first respectable work I could get. This was a nurse-girl in the family of a lady of great wealth, who lives in a beautiful residence on the banks of the Hudson, and keeps a great number of servants. Mrs. Blank pays the highest wages, and secures the best help to be had. She never keeps a servant long. They will not, or rather can not, stay with her. The house is beautiful, the grounds delightful, all the surroundings as good as heart could wish, but the girls are simply prisoners in care of a stern jailor. I was with her fourteen months, and it is the first time in her life that she has been so long in connection with one servant, for her mother could never keep a girl either.

The baby I took care of is now eighteen months old, and teething. For five months I have not been in church once. I have never had a day off. The child is heavy, and has been in my arms day and night. Six weeks ago another baby was born. For this one there was supposed to be a special nurse, but in the six weeks we have had four nurses and have been the greater part of the time without any, so that I have had both of the children to attend; and it has been no unusual thing for me to leave the table seven times while I was taking, or rather trying to take, one meal.

Last spring I had to have a new dress, and a friend in New York offered to make it for me if I could come down to be fitted. I asked Mrs. Blank to arrange for letting me have one afternoon. Any of the other girls in the house would have been glad to take care of the baby for me if Mrs. Blank would allow her the time, but she would not hear of any such arrangement; she said each must each do her own work. (She never would let us accommodate each other in any way.) She would attend the baby herself, only she could not lift it.

Finally she said that if the baby went to sleep, I might take the one o'clock train, but I must be back at five, and she and her mother would manage while I was gone. The baby did go to sleep, but while I was dressing it awoke.

Mrs. Blank attempted to quiet it, but was so much of a stranger to her own child that it was afraid of her. She called me and said I must get it to sleep again. She had excited it so by that time that it was after three o'clock when I finally got it quieted, and I could not take a train for New York until four.

I reached the city to find that my friend had given me up, and had gone out. I waited for her, for I knew it would be impossible for me to get another afternoon off. She did not come in until after six. My dress was fitted as rapidly as possible, but do my best, I could not get a train back until 8.40.

When I got to Yonkers, it was raining in torrents, and so dark that I was afraid to go home alone; so I took a hack, which cost me a dollar. When

I reached the house, Mr. and Mrs. Blank met me as though I had been a criminal; and wanted to know what on earth I had been doing. I answered that I had been hurrying as fast as I could, and went on to my own room.

The next day, Mrs. Blank demanded an explanation. I told her plainly that I thought her own common sense ought to be enough. She knew the running times of the trains, and what hour I left the house; and I certainly would not for my own pleasure take a late train and have to pay a dollar to come up from the depot if I could have caught an earlier one, when I knew the carriage would be at the depot and I could ride up. I was saucy, I know, but the way they both condemned me without waiting to hear any explanation, or trying to reason it out for themselves, was more than I could stand.

It was just so in everything; none of the girls was allowed any time whatever to herself. They were supposed to be at liberty to go out in the grounds as they pleased, but Mrs. Blank managed to keep every one at work every minute, so that none of them felt like hurrying to finish her work, or like appearing to have any leisure, because they knew it was only a signal for additional labor to be found or made. Some of the family were always at our elbows at every turn. Whatever we did or did not do was spied upon, reported, and made the worst of.

Of course it was all right for her to keep watch of her own work, but she seemed to think we were all criminals, and in league against her. We felt like slaves. We could not draw one free breath or be self-respecting human beings. She did not intend to be unkind. On the contrary she thought she was very good to us, because she gave us expensive presents at Christmas, and if any of us were ill she continued our wages. When I had an abscess in my ear and went to the hospital she sent me fruit, and paid part of my doctor's bill. But she simply did not realize that we were just as human as she was, and

that we were willing to serve her honestly and faithfully if she would treat us like something besides machines that were bound to go wrong. One cook whom she had while I was there was a young Irish girl who had previously lived seven years in one place—the first one she had when she came to this country. At the end of the seven years she had quite a nice little sum of money saved and went home to Ireland to visit her parents. She stayed there eleven months, during which her grandfather died. Mary took care of him while sick, and paid all his funeral expenses. Then her father died, and she paid his funeral expenses and provided a home for her mother.

A little land which her father owned came to her, but was only an expense to her. She could not sell it, for there was no one to buy, and she could let it only for a few shillings a year. She had a good deal of trouble and expense in settling up things, and the result was that when she reached New York her money was all gone.

She took service with Mrs. Blank and stayed three months because she needed money, and felt reluctant to leave and perhaps be without work and have nothing on which to support herself.

Mrs. Blank gave her no money while she was there, because it is against her principles to pay her servants at the end of every month. She says they do not need money, as they have everything provided for them (she forgets that they need clothes), and she thinks by holding back their wages to make them stay with her. The week before Mary left, several of the other servants did the same, so that Mary, in addition to her own duties, had to be chamber-maid, waitress, and laundress.

The day she left, when she came down stairs, dressed to go to the train, Mrs. Blank called her and told her that the kitchen floor was dirty; she must go down and scrub it before she could leave the house. Mary was a very mild, timid girl, but that was too much for her; she told Mrs. Blank plainly

that when she came, kitchen floor, refrigerator, and closets were in anything but an orderly condition; that she had left them all clean, with the one exception of the kitchen floor, which she owned was not what it should be, but called Mrs. Blank's attention to the amount of extra work she had been obliged to do for the last four days.

Mrs. Blank said it made no difference; she must scrub that floor before she could go. Mary said "I won't", and left. But the poor girl cried when she got out of Mrs. Blank's sight, as if her heart would break.

She said to me, "I have worked here as I never worked before in my life. I have carried Mrs. Blank's meals up to her room, although it was not my place to do so; and when she was just as able to come down to them as I was to take them up. I have never had a day to myself since I have been here, because when I once asked for permission to go out, Mrs. Blank looked at me in such a way, and said such things to me, that I never had the courage to ask again. I have had three months of slavery, and I am going to be as free once more as a girl in domestic service can be."

### June Blood.—By Clarence Hawkes.

**I**T was the fatal day of Waterloo,  
And every hour the din of battle  
grew;

And every moment swelled the muck of  
blood,  
And murked the sky, but still the Eng-  
lish stood.

French horsemen packed into one solid  
form,  
Went up the hillside like a thunder-  
storm;  
And spent their lives against the crim-  
son squares,  
Until the hillside was a dead man's  
stairs.

As night came down, the last convulsive  
ire  
Of Waterloo, leapt upward like a fire  
About to die, then flickered to a spark  
And faded quite, and France was in the  
dark.

Still 'round the Emperor the old guard  
stood;  
For they had followed him through  
smoke and blood,

To victory since first his fame began,  
And one and all they loved him to a man

"Now yield ye," cried a Briton to the  
guard,  
"You are surrounded, all escape is  
barred";  
A thousand rifles frowned upon a few,  
But round the Emperor closer still they  
drew.

No fear of death had they; then from  
the rest  
The Colonel stepped and haughtily ad-  
dressed  
The Englishman. "We are the Emper-  
or's shield;  
The Old Guard laughs at death and will  
not yield."

Then rage a thousand triggers pressed  
upon,  
And when the smoke rolled back the  
guard was gone;  
None had escaped that storm of English  
lead,  
Except the Emperor; and he had fled.





### To the Mound-Builders.

**L**ONG have I dreamed o'er thy clay-covered dwellings—

Spectres of yore:

Heroes of histories vanished, whose telling,

E'en, is no more!

Oft will the grave, with its monuments singing

Praise, e'en through silence be heard:  
Thine, to the depths of Oblivion clinging,

Scorns us, and deigns not a word.

Not through the long fickle centuries faring,

Blest and unblest,

Even the names thou wert weary of wearing,

Now are at rest.

Yet thou dost tell me, though mayhap unwilling,

Deeds thou hast done:

Thou hadst the clouds of the earth, and the thrilling

Fire of the sun;

Thou hadst the keeping of Love's kingly treasure,

Chained with the mortgage of doubt and of care;

Thou hadst of Hate's mingled torture and pleasure,

Heavens full of hope, and the hells of despair.

Forests now dead heard the songs of thy dancing

In the gay hour,

Then o'er the plains blood-stained legions advancing,

Crushed every flower.

When our Today, with its shout and its gleaming,

Lies cold and dead,

Still will the child of the future be dreaming

Round thy grim bed.

Here the ambitious, whatever his choosing

Proudly immortal to be,  
Can, by this lack of a record perusing,  
Learn his bleak future from thee.

Nought born of earth but on earth has to perish,

New life to give;

Only the soul Heaven finds worthy to cherish,

Has long to live.

---

### The Little Laramie.

**I**T is born in the mountains, the beautiful river!

And its young waves fret over rugged rocks,

O'er its cradle the watching aspens quiver,

Clouds float above it in fleecy flocks  
And darken an instant the dancing river.

It comes from the mountains, the turbulent river,

Rushing away from its sheltering pines;

Its shimmering waves forever shiver  
Into sparkling fragments the sky that shines

Fondly and faithfully on the swift river.

What means the slackening pace of the river?

Has it grown weary of dance and of song?

Between low, level banks bare of aspens aquiver

A tired traveler it wanders along—

What burdens the heart of the listless river?

Look again! clasped in the arms of the river

Emerald meadows are stretching wide,  
Grain laughs in the light, the long grasses shiver,

A desert-won garden on either side;  
It has found its mission, the strong, slow river!

MAY PRESTON SLOSSON.





## Some Straw Opinions.

**T**HIS Magazine is taken and read by people of all sorts of political leanings. It has a good many opinions of its own, but does not take time to express them all. Indeed, it is going to let its readers edit it, politically, during the next few months. It has sent all about, asking for sentiments and preferences, and a good many of them have arrived. Here are some:

### TAFT THE MAIN STAY.

I do not see how any one can want to change our present Executive, for any uncertain quantity, such as any new President would necessarily be. We are progressing in pretty good shape. Living is high, but means are being brought to bear to make it lower, and to equalize matters so that every one will have a square deal. Can any one suppose that Taft does not want this, and that he is not working for it? More things of the right sort have been accomplished during his administration, than in any for a long time. He has done twice as much in his one term, as Roosevelt did in his two. It is unfortunate that the Republican Party has to have a big fight with itself before it has one with the Democrats, but when that is over let it take hold and maintain its position as the great organizer, and the great nation-saver.

SAMUEL R. KLINE.

### DARK-HORSE-HUNTING.

The Republican Party must begin to look after its Dark Horse—and to do a

good deal of thinking about him. That is what it did with Garfield, in 1880: it had had him upon its mind a good while before it sprang up and nominated him "all of a sudden."

I cannot agree with Mr. McGrath, in the May number of *EVERY WHERE*, that Mr. La Follette will make a good one to lead out of the stable: he has already been out too long. He has been curvetting about the country for months and months, without any breeching on his hips, or bridle on his tongue: and he has made enemies all over the whole broad land. He is probably sincere enough, but he has illustrated, if any one ever did, the old axiom that the truth should not be spoken at all times,—at least if a man wants to win votes by making friends instead of enemies.

I *could* mention the best dark horse in the whole paddock: but it isn't just the psychological moment, yet, and he will be brought out at the right time.

A. N. TUPPER.

### NOT CORDIAL ENOUGH.

We do not want a man in the Presidential chair any longer, or for a candidate, who is as cold as a fish. If you do not want to get frost-bitten when you shake hands with President Taft, wear a thick glove on your right hand. President Benjamin Harrison would have been elected for a second term, and President Ulysses S. Grant for a third, if it had not been for the same lack of responsiveness that affects our present Incumbent.

Roosevelt creates enthusiasm wherever

he goes, and attaches and holds people to him by his personality. Nominate him, and he will conduct a whirlwind and an avalanche campaign throughout the country, that will beat every other candidate "to a frazzle." Nominate any one else, and the Republican Party is a dead one.

EMMA R. DIBBLE.

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A SINGLE-TAXER SPEAKS.

I am a disciple of Henry George, the great author of "Progress and Poverty", which is to usher in a new system for raising the revenues essential for the support of Government.

All revenues should be raised from taxation of land values.

This does not mean that the average farmer would be more heavily taxed. It does mean that if he spent money in building larger and better barns, draining his land, or making other improvements (thus employing labor and putting money into circulation) he would not be taxed or *fined* for the outlay thus spent in benefitting the community. If the money A spends in improvements increases the value of stingy B's unimproved property, B's land would be taxed enough to make him want to improve it or sell it.

Two men own adjacent city lots: one waits many years for his neighbor to spend money in building, laying out lots, improving roads, etc., and then sells his own lot at great profit without himself paying out a cent in making his land more valuable, while they who have spent money continually, thus benefitting society, are, as it were, fined for so doing. Such is the system of taxation which was organized and has for innumerable centuries held sway under the government of our logical (?) predecessors.

Vancouver, Canada, has for five years been gradually reducing the tax on property other than land, and the impetus given to factory and home building has been remarkable. Indeed, such has been the effect, that its rival city Seattle

has made plans to try such a scheme.

As expressed by Henry George himself the program proposes, "not the disturbing of any man in his holding or title, but the abolishing all taxes on *industry* or its products to leave the producer the fruits of his exertion and by the taxation of land values, exclusive of improvements, to devote to the common use and benefit, those values, which, arising, not from the exertions of the individual, but from the growth of society, belong justly to the community as a whole."

A number of European States and many smaller communities are trying the plan and find it workable. It will not bring in the millennium, but it is a step in that direction. Send five cents to The Joseph Fels Fund of America, Cincinnati, Ohio, and get two well-printed copies of George's Book "Protection and Free Trade", one for yourself and one for a friend.

COMMON SENSE,  
New York.

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A FIRM PROHIBITIONIST.

You may turn the matter over and over and over again, and the main issue in American politics (and in English, too, for that matter) must sooner or later be Prohibition, and if it is not settled right, a general state of bestial drunkenness will afflict the majority of us. Perry M. Warner, in the April *EVERY WHERE*, hit the nail square on the head, when he asserted that we are going to develop into a "senile, wet-rot race", unless we take this matter up very soon.

I am informed by several who have seen what they describe, that certain ones of the prominent candidates are keeping up their strength, during the arduous labors of their campaigns, by means of alcoholic liquors; and that at a public dinner, they often drink whiskey as commonly as some would tea, or coffee, or even water. I am not saying who these particular ones are, but I have been given the names.

Supposing, now, a candidate like this

should succeed in being elected to the chief magistracy of the country: how long could the stimulus of alcohol be depended upon, to keep up his strength? Is there not danger of a collapse?

We had the humiliation of an intoxicated Vice President, at the very hour of his inauguration: and he afterwards became President, by the tragic death of his superior. Did his subsequent career make us proud of him? And how much of his dangerous eccentricity, bringing him to the verge of impeachment and the country to the limits of endurance, was attributable to alcohol? And how long can we bear to let this sort of thing go on, and how much of it can we afford?

HENRY N. BARLOW.

#### THE DEMOCRATS' HOPE.

Now is the time, Democrats, for us to get our innings! The Republican Party has been doing the Kilkenny cat act, and is hopelessly torn in two. How can any one of these two worse-than-warring factions, conduct a campaign with any degree of strength and enthusiasm, even in case it succeeds in nominating its candidate? Both sides of the party are tired out, and each thoroughly angry at the other.

Our Democratic Party has been conducting a fine old "scrap" among its various favorite sons, but there has been very little if any poison in it: no candidate has said anything that need prevent him from taking an active and profitable part in the coming campaign. We do not need a "dark horse": any one of several fine, well-equipped candidates, is good enough. We have saved most of our bitterness, for our friends the enemy: and they are doing the best they can, to help us.

If we have the self-possession and stamina to come into our own, and then know how to use our power after we get it, we can keep the control of this country for many a term, and save it from revolution and ruin.

G. H. McLAIN.

#### A Volcano That Became a Lake.

UNIQUE among the natural wonders of America is the lake in Crater Lake National Park in Oregon, which is described in a publication entitled "Geological History of Crater Lake", just issued by the Department of the Interior. The traveller who, from the rim of the lake, looks across its waters to the cliffs beyond, stands where once the molten lava of Mount Mazama boiled and seethed in its efforts to find an outlet, for Crater Lake is all that remains of a great volcano that ages ago reared its summit high above the crest of the Cascade Range.

Before the Cascade Range existed the region now included in the State of Oregon was a great lava plateau that extended from the Rocky Mountains to the present Coast Range. Gradually mountain-making forces became operative; the surface of the plateau was arched and there rose the great mountain system which is now known as the Cascade Range. With the hardening of the crust the centres of eruption became fewer until they were confined to a few high mountains that were built up by the flows of molten lava. In this way were created Hood, Rainier and Mazama, from whose sides and summits streams of lava poured. Hood and Rainier still lift their caps to the clouds. Mazama alone is gone, engulfed in the earth from which it came. In what is left of its caldera lies Crater Lake.

Mount Mazama in its prime rose to a height of over 14,000 feet above the sea. Mount Scott, which towers above Crater Lake on the east, was only a minor cone on the slope of Mount Mazama. The portion of the mountain that has been destroyed was equal in size to Mount Washington in New Hampshire and had a volume of seventeen cubic miles.

From the crest of the rim surrounding the lake the traveller beholds twenty miles of unbroken cliffs which range from 500 to nearly 2,000 feet in height. The clear waters of the lake reflect the vivid colors of the surrounding walls.

## Editorial Thoughts and Fancies.

### *The Sifting of a Calamity.*

**T**HE chief ocean-slaughter of all the centuries thus far, has been now depicted before the world in such a shape that the people can understand its gruesomely terrible details. In a philippic of clearness and force, Senator Smith has placed the matter so that no one can doubt the startling facts.

Some have asked why United States should take so much interest in the fate of an English vessel, and what she can do about it, anyway? To this may be answered, American citizens are constantly traveling to and fro upon these ships, and must be protected there the same as in any foreign country; and as for the matter of what she can do about it—she can close her ports to every British ship that approaches them, if due regard to her interests are not shown in their handling.

Here are the most important points covered by Senator Smith's speech, and by other accounts equally reliable:

1.—Every preparation for sacrificing the vessel to ruin if there should arise any opportunity for doing so, seems to have been made before she started. There were no tests of boilers, bulk-heads, equipments, or signal-devices.

2.—No proper discipline existed between officers and men, and the crew were not familiar with the ship's implements and tools, and with their use.

3.—There were 1,324 passengers, and life-boat accommodations for only 1,176. This would seem to indicate that the usual idiotic idea was, in case the ship should sink, and every bit of room in

these boats be used, that 148 of these passengers should drag on behind, and drag through the water till aid was at hand, or quietly and decorously drown.

4.—Although the sea was almost as smooth as glass, the confusion and lack of discipline was such, that these boats, capable as they were of containing 1,176 persons, took off only 740, and twelve of those were rescued from the water.

5.—On the evening of the disaster, no practical attention was paid to wireless information from three steamers, that they were in a region of icebergs. The speed of the giant ship was kept up to 24½ miles per hour—half as fast as one of our swiftest railroad-trains. A Sunday dinner and dance went on till a late hour in the saloon, in which champagne flowed freely, and some of it went out to the men who were supposed to be on watch.

6.—Nobody was advised of danger, although the President of the Company was on board, and knew of the warnings that had been given. All these people—of all ranks and conditions in life, who had trusted themselves under the protection of this precious band of careless roysterers, were allowed to believe that they were as safe as in their own homes.

7.—After the Company had been fully informed of the extent of the disaster, it for some reason gave out false statements that all were saved, and, apparently, yielded to the truth only when it had to do so.

8.—The above-mentioned President of

the Company, after he had been saved with other passengers, occupied one of the best staterooms of the rescuing-ship, and allowed feeble and suffering women and children to lie upon the floor, anywhere they could get a chance.

9.—The Captain of the vessel, an experienced seaman, and one who might be supposed to oversee everything, and safeguard the people under his charge, would appear to have been overruled by the superior commercial rank of the President of the Company, and to have conducted the boat in accordance with a desire to make a "record trip" for speed—no matter what risks were run. What more wholesale impishness has ever been known than this—if it be true?—and how else do the appearances look, than that they are true?

10.—Although the shock of the collision was sufficient to convince any practiced seaman that the ship was doomed, no general alarm was given for some time, and no orderly routine of rescue was established. What a forcible picture of the situation is this:

*"Haphazard, they rushed by one another, on stairways and in hallways, while men of self-control gathered here and there about the decks, helplessly staring at one another or giving encouragement to those less courageous than themselves."*

What a picture of the condition of things on an ocean palace that had been advertised as the safest ship that floated! That which ought to have been a regiment of well-trained rescuers, was a mob, bent upon saving itself, and such others as were bound to go.

And here is another diabolical fact:

*"The lifeboats were filled so indifferently and lowered so quickly that, according to the uncontradicted evidence, nearly 500 persons were needlessly sacrificed to want of orderly discipline in loading the few that were provided."*

11.—When the lifeboats were reached by such as were able to reach them, they were as poorly equipped as if they were intended to float upon an inland pond. There was not a compass in one of them: and lanterns in only two. Weak women had to do much of the rowing.

The above record is bad enough: but there is a worse one, connected with a man who had nothing to do with the "Titanic", and, apparently, took care not to have. The Senate Committee claims that one Captain Lord, of the ship "California", was WITHIN FOUR MILES of the sinking vessel, while she was firing distress-rockets that were plainly seen from his ship. Instead of rousing his wireless operator, who could easily have found where the trouble was, he went to his room and lay down, with all this misery where he could have reached and relieved it in fifteen minutes' time.

The world is curious to know what the man's explanation can be—if he has any. If there is no good reason that compelled him to perform this act of unparalleled cruelty and meanness, he ought to be pursued wherever he goes, with the curses of his fellow-men. A man who has the opportunity of saving life that this man had, and does not improve it to the utmost, is a thousand murderers in one. If there ever was a case upon the high seas that ought to be thoroughly investigated, and, if possible, punished, it is this.

Gleaming like a star through and above these murky clouds of woe, is the conduct of Captain A. H. Rostron, of the "Carpathia." No wonder Congress is presenting him with a gold medal, and will give him other honors that it is able to bestow. His rush through distance and danger to save as many of the stricken people as he could, will be told as long as the ocean endures; and when he dies, a monument will be reared to him, reaching well toward the heavens.

*Patois and Slang.*

ONE of the most sensible and conservative of our American newspapers is worried because some foreigner has been criticizing the way that Americans talk, he asserting that speech in this country is merely a succession of one *patois* after another.

The nation to which the critical foreigner deigns to belong is not disclosed; but whatever it is, he might as well look and listen at home. No country of any size maintains uniformity of speech and pronunciation. In England the Yorkshireman, the Cumberlander and the Northumberlander all have dialects of their own, and the cockney speaks a certain something over which no dictionary has ever been able to throw its protecting arms. France, Germany, Italy—all countries of any size, have their dialects, often amounting, sooner or later, to the dreaded *patois*. It is not to be wondered at if we, with such a large variety of climate (which in its influence upon the vocal organs is largely responsible for dialect) and almost every blessed and otherwise tongue of the earth to encounter, assimilate and extinguish, should "wabble" a little in our language. Let us hope that railroads, telegraphs, and especially telephones and phonographs, may some time help form a United States language that will be uniform and universally intelligible.

The same paper says that slang is perfectly reprehensible, even if it sometimes adds to the language; for there are already words enough and more too. It forgets that every language needs constant additions, from the fact that more or less old words are all the while going out of use. People get tired of always calling a spade a spade, and when some new designation comes, even if it be slangy, it rests them so that they are willing to give it a trial. If it

stands the test, it passes into the regular language; if not, it is dropped as soon as its novelty wears away.

A live language is not a stagnant pool of words, which must never be increased or lessened; but a broad, sparkling river, ministering and gathering as it goes; making its way through the valleys of Time into the ocean of Eternity; where probably all languages will mingle in one grand universal vernacular.

*The Combined Road-and-Railroad.*

IT used to be very dull, when roads were merely for carriages, bicycles, and foot-passengers. To be sure, the little two-wheeled gliders sometimes made people look to their steps in order not to be butted over: but on the whole, the highways were still a trifle monotonous.

When, however, the automobiles arrived, all was changed, and the world felt that there was something for which to live, and something by which to die. One did not have to drive close up to a railroad, in order to get his horses frightened half to death: he did not have to cross the tracks in front of a train, in order to be butted off the earth; the automobile furnished all needful sources of danger.

It is so now. The highways of our country are now practically all railroads. You are no safer, in walking or driving upon the road, than if it were a railway, along which express-trains were liable to rush along at certain intervals. Indeed, you are not so safe: for you know exactly where an express-train will run, and you are never at all sure where an automobile (or a motorcycle) will go, or from what direction it may be coming.

What comfort is there in America, if there is to be no safety for foot-passengers? If an aged woman cannot walk

across the corner, without perhaps her body's being crushed to pieces by an automobile, without any record as to who did the worse-than-careless deed? When one even has to be on the lookout in going along the sidewalk, for fear some one of the machines may "skid", and crush him against the wall?

If legislatures are good for anything, they will soon provide the means for every one to have a free chance to walk or drive along the earth, without the liability of being assaulted by machinery, and wounded or killed by mechanical violence.

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### *A Luxury-Famine.*

**N**O one in the city of New York, Washington, or any city of this country, but can buy enough food to sustain human life, at a few cents per day: but when it comes to the superfluities that "swell" people expect to have flung all over their viands nowadays, that is a different matter.

Did you ever ride through rural districts until you were "right jolly hungry", and then hitch in front of a village grocery-store, go in, and strengthen yourself up with crackers and cheese, variegated, perhaps, with a pitcher of new cider? You had no use for waiters then: all there were in the world might have gone on a strike that day, and it would have made little difference to you, from a palatal and stomachal standpoint.

You can have the same experience in New York, or any of the large or small cities: all you need to do, is to go without food long enough to give you a genuine appetite, and then walk into a dairy or bakery where good substantial food is to be had.

Some of the waiters of New York have been striking, and vowing that they will not carry any more high-priced

food to the tables of guests, if they do not have their way in the matter of remuneration. The proprietors are not yielding to their demands, and at this writing, the strike seems to be a failure, as, fortunately or unfortunately, nine-tenths of the strikes are.

If the people (who are the real sufferers in such matters) would cultivate more independence in their habits of eating, there would be no such troubles as New York has just been enduring—or thinking that it endured. But the average high-liver is a sort of slave to his waiter, and knows that if he wants himself and friends waited upon with any kind of thoroughness and decency, he must conform to that waiter's ideas of things—among which the most important are "tips"—large, and plenty of them.

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### *The Vacation Industry.*

**E**VERY WHERE wishes all its readers a pleasant vacation, and prays that no detail of the great annual outing may go wrong. May the fishings, the sailings, the mountain-climbings, the flirtings, the summer engagements, the sea-bathings, and the educational assemblies, all go off without flaw or accident. May the children have so good a time as to temporarily forget all the arts, sciences, and illimitable lore that has been injected into their brain by the Learn-it-all-while-you-wait System.

May everybody come back to work in the Autumn, better fitted for work than ever before.

And they who cannot afford a vacation, and there are many of them—let them remember that it is a short river that has no windings, and hope for better days ahead.

EVERY WHERE takes no vacation; it works all the harder during the hot months, and strives to make itself the more worthy of reading.





## Five Minute Sermon.

BY REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.  
FORGIVENESS.

**W**HEN John Wesley was in Georgia with General Ogelthorpe, on one occasion the General was in a rage with a soldier who had offended against military discipline. Wesley pleaded for the offender. "Forgive him this time, General", he said. "Mr. Wesley," replied the General, "I never forgive!" "Then God grant that you never sin, General!" replied Mr. Wesley.

Let us suppose a domestic servant of good intentions, but uneducated, untrained, and not very strong-minded. She goes out to service in a reckless, extravagant family where temptation is put in her way, and in an unguarded moment she takes a valuable bracelet or ring. She is detected and arrested, tried and convicted. Her general character is overlooked, her penitence goes for nothing, and her protestations of innocence are unheeded. She is sent to jail, her character is ruined.

She is like one who has fallen into the ocean, and left to sink alone. Had this first fault been covered and its repetition prevented by kind and watchful care, great good might have been accomplished. A character might have been formed instead of lost. But this first fault unforgiven became the beginning of a ruin that could not be arrested.

Here again is a young man just beginning life, who falls into bad company. He gets into debt, and yielding to temp-

tation takes money to use in an alluring speculation, thinking that he can win a high stake and replace it. He loses; he is unable to meet the amount of money he has borrowed without his employer's consent or knowledge. His father makes good the amount and the case against him is not pushed; but his reputation is gone. No one will employ him. He becomes discouraged and sinks into poverty, and as situation after situation is denied him, he is embittered, and drifts away in the vast multitude of the abandoned and self-abandoned. He feels that society is against him, and it is. What he needs is the whole moral and spiritual force of society behind him, pushing him onward to higher and higher moral and spiritual attainment: instead of that, it is in front of him, pushing him back into crime and wretchedness. The whole weight of the moral and spiritual forces of society are brought to bear on him; but to ruin him, not to help him.

So those who offend are reviled, condemned and dismissed from the regards of good people, and refused opportunity to reform or to redeem themselves. All this because men will not forgive the moment's weakness and drag the fault out into the lime-light instead of covering it.

Now let us look at the other side of the question.

Society needs to be toned up in virtue, and all crime must be punished as an example to others. The purpose of punishment is the protection of society. Each man must feel that he lives in the

presence of pitiless law, and that it is sure death for him if he swerves from the path of exact rectitude by a single hair. We have been sentimental and compassionate too long, till our virtue has lost its nerve, and we are more inclined to sympathize with the criminal than to punish him. Again, the individual for his own sake needs to be held to strict accountability. Personal character requires the support of law, and good men must feel that they have solid ground under their feet. If there be no justice, and if people may escape the evil consequences of their misdeeds, what encouragement is there to practice virtue?

Yet, after all, we are not satisfied with this reasoning; we cannot feel that it is altogether convincing. There is a lingering kindness in our hearts that protests against that harshness and vindictiveness that we are compelled to associate with pitiless law. Other considerations must come in.

The value of the individual: the individual soul and life and character cannot be permitted to go for nothing. Is not a human soul a most precious thing, and is not hope worth cherishing? Is it not our duty to make the most we can of the individual? Society is not a Moloch, that human beings should be offered before it on flaming bloody altars. It is made up of men, women and children; and each individual should, if possible, be rescued or given a fighting chance. How can one be saved, or how was any one ever saved, but by kindness?

Here come in the great precepts of religion—ever the same. Every scripture that has been accepted as sacred by mankind in any age of the world, bears the same emphatic testimony to the nobleness of kindness, to the omnipotence of love. We treasure the traditions of mercy as the dearest traditions of the race. We tell ever with unflagging interest of the lives of those who have devoted themselves to the saving of the lost; we think of the Christ going into the wilderness to find the one sheep

that was lost; we cherish that beautiful legend of St. John, who, says tradition, left his church, disappeared, and was supposed by his people to be dead, but who returned bringing with him a young disciple, who had relapsed into ways of wickedness; to save that one youth the apostle had left all and gone, not into the wilderness, but into the city to rescue the lost sheep. Such legends are the heart and soul of Christian history.

So we have the two laws,—and here is the whole subject before us; justice and mercy, law and love—the power that condemns and punishes, and the power that acquits and delivers. Which is supreme?

So the question of forgiveness is the central question of religion and lies at the heart of all great religious systems. The religious system of Christendom turns on the question, Can God forgive sin? If He can, on what terms can the grace be secured?

There is a wonderfully suggestive passage in Romans X.: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord: THEREFORE if thine enemy hunger, feed him, and if he thirst give him drink!" It is not ours to hurl the thunder-bolts, but to stand by to give the cup of cold water, the pitying word, and the helping hand. "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord!"

The worst punishment comes in the very act of guilt. He who lies discredits himself, he who steals robs himself, he who commits murder kills himself. We cannot do a wrong, or commit an act of impurity or injustice, but the punishment falls with immediate and awful certainty. Sins against the body are wrought into the very texture of the physical frame. The bones take note of it, the nervous tissue bears testimony to it, and the man is not the same man that he was; his organic constitution has undergone a change.

"Having eyes full of adultery they cannot cease from sinning!" What a terrible doom! This is hell! This is never-ending fire prepared for the devil

and his angels! The laws of spirit, as uniform as those of matter, cannot be violated with impunity. If a man entertains impure desires, hateful thoughts, and base purposes, the poison infects his moral and intellectual nature. Every earnest desire is corrupted; thoughts are weakened; all purposes are made infirm; resolutions do not resolve nor purposes determine. The man is undermined, ruined.

People in this world do not need to be told that there is a hell. They know that, well enough, already! What they need to be told is how to get out of it!

The writer was personally acquainted with a man who was an active member of a Congregational church in one of the New England cities. He was active in Sunday School, prayer-meeting, and in every good work, and was, I believe, a sincere good man, and an earnest Christian. In an evil moment, when hard-pressed in his business, he used money and securities that he had no right to use. His speculations proved a failure, and his guilt was detected. He was arrested, tried and convicted. He had opportunity to flee but refused to do so. "I have done wrong, I am heartily sorry, and now I mean to take my medicine like a man!" he said. When asked if he had anything to say before being sentenced he replied, "Nothing, I am guilty, it is right that I should be punished!"

In his church there was no sympathy or pity for him. His crime was all the worse because of his position, prominence and activity in Church-work. As unworthy of membership he was excommunicated. He was, many said, a disgrace to church and community. He came back to his home and his church after serving his sentence. He again tried to take up Christian work. He met the cold, unsympathetic stare and the averted face. "The idea of his coming back here where he is known! He ought to begin life anew where people do not know his record!" said many. "He is a disgrace to our church!" said others. There was no sympathy, no

friendly grasp of the hand, no word of encouragement.

Everything was said and done that could be said and done to remind him that the way of the transgressor is hard. He was, however, a strong good man and lived it down. All the efforts of the good people of that church to hold his head under water and drown him were in vain: he conquered at last, and won their respect and confidence. It was a long, discouraging task, however, for the most unforgiving people in this unforgiving world are too often to be found among the professed followers of Him who taught, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father in heaven forgive your trespasses."

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### Gems From Talmage.

There is a gravel in almost every shoe.

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Ointment may smart the wound before healing it.

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Surely this world is large enough for you and all your rivals.

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Oh, the opportunity which every woman has of being a queen!

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When you hear a man or woman abused, drive in on the defendant's side.

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It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian to the grave.

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Small ropes hold mighty destinies. Nothing unimportant in your life or mine.

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In all circles, in all businesses, in all professions, there is room for straight-forward successes.

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The body and soul are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul not pity it? Or your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it?



### In Toga Instead of In Shroud.

**M**OST people, at the age of eightyfive, are in their coffins, and have been so, for a long time. United States Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, is still on outside of his, and likely for some time to remain so. This is the way he preserves his health and strength according to his own statement:

"I eat very plain food. I don't want any pepper and spices, nor highly-seasoned dishes of any kind; no mince pies for me. I don't drink coffee, but take a cup of rather weak black tea with every meal when I can get it. This morning I had oatmeal, one egg, bread and butter and black tea; for lunch a piece of custard pie, bread and butter and tea. You would notice that I do not eat much meat. For dinner I'll have a piece of roast lamb, with nice potato—I am a great potato eater—and formerly I ate a good deal of fruit of all kinds; not so much now, as it sometimes disturbs digestion.

"One thing I might mention that is often forgotten, yet it has a great deal to do with good health, and that is, regularity of the bowels. I do not take much medicine, but for thirtyfive years I have taken a dinner-pill practically every day. I know its composition, and it is recommended by my doctor and it seems to be just what I need to keep me regular.

"There is one thing about this life in Washington," said the Senator, "that is not favorable to health—I am short on exercise, although I walk a great deal. The boys here seem to think I ought to

ride in the elevators, but I walk up and down stairs every time I can get away from them. That is very good exercise; and with committee-rooms on different floors, I get a lot of it. In the old days, in the woods, there was no trouble about exercise. Many a night have I lain out in the woods in zero weather. I would be cold, and shiver like a dog in the effort to get warm; we would be rather lame and stiff when we started in the morning and it would take some time to get warmed up: but we did not take cold. You would be more likely to take cold from a strong draught in a closed room."

"What do you do for fun?" was the question. "Don't you ever let up in work?"

"Oh yes," was the reply, "I play cards and I raise trotters. I have raised good horses on my farm for many years. I have a lot of good ones now that I've never even held a rein over.

"There is one bit of advice that is really worth something, if you want to keep well. You observe I have but one tooth, but don't think for a moment that I do not masticate my food thoroughly. It is very important to do so. You can't 'bolt' what you eat, and have it digest well."

Senator Stephenson comes of a long-lived race. His father was eightythree when he died. He has been thrice married and has seven children. He has a kindly, courteous way which makes friends. He declares that he enjoys his work and finds it as interesting and absorbing as ever. He was in the Wisconsin legislature in 1867-8; was a mem-

ber of the 48th, 49th and 50th Congresses and came to the United States Senate in 1907, succeeding the defeated Senator Spooner.

"There is just one thing more," said he, "that you can tell the young fellow who wants to live long and be successful. It's this: if anything you eat, drink, or do, hurts you, stop! About nine-tenths of the men don't have will-power enough to do that. Hence they don't succeed."

### Hygiene in The Home.

**T**HE direst needs of the human race are not shown in foreign wars or forms of government. The battle royal is between Health and Disease. Every home in the land is a center of the silent struggle, while the heaviest burdens and the most far-reaching responsibilities fall upon the housewife.

To maintain the proper administration of the home, even under normal and healthful conditions, demands the most intelligent and watchful care of the housekeeper. The proper selection and preparation of the food, and the execution of the thousand daily household duties involves a knowledge of hygienic laws and facts that science itself has not long since made possible.

But note for a moment the nature and extent of the added and abnormal burdens that enter the administration of the household from causes distinctly preventable by the careful and united exercise of simple hygienic laws:

In Europe a million persons die yearly from consumption; and in United States the mortality from the same disease reaches a hundred thousand. In fact, nearly a half of all who die go down before the ravages of infectious diseases made possible by unhygienic conditions. These cases with their manifold attendant dangers and complications, come into the home and there demand of the housekeeper the constant exercise of a thorough hygienic system, no matter how ill-prepared she may be, in knowledge or

in physical ability, to meet the responsibility.

That we are indeed derelict in our duty to Hygeia may be seen not only in a realization of present conditions but in contemplation of the vast plans for the improvement of public health that are already under way. The common consciousness is beginning to demand, in no uncertain terms, a national Bureau of Public Health or its equivalent, and some permanent provision therefor in the organic law of the land. Although at present Hygiene is almost an unknown name in our schools, earnest men and women are adopting a rich literature of hygienic science for graded and continuous instruction in the vast system of public learning. At present, however, if public inspection of sanitary conditions is defective, domestic cleanliness, gained at an increased cost of labor and vigilance, has to wipe out the plague.

Though our boys and girls may yet learn the laws of health as surely as their Arithmetic or Grammar, our housewives have, for the most part, only their sound sense to guide them. Yet, to the credit of the American housewife it must be said that she has always been faithful to her heavy burdens and wearing responsibilities; and when, in time, these have been rightly distributed by public enactments and a wider hygienic culture, our homes will indeed be temples of health.

But now, while the vast agencies and systems for the preservation of health are yet unformed, we must fortify the home, the storm center in the fight with death, with every weapon of defense that Science can offer. For the housewife herself we would not always suggest a painstaking study of the laws of life, for such a training may only be obtained, in a thorough and continuous way, by her children. But wherever and whenever it is possible, let those who can, throw the light of reason on the problems of household health, and let the housewife, by careful thought and patient industry, make the offered knowledge a part of her own good guiding sense.

### Death in Dish-towels.

**D**ISH-TOWELS are an important item in most families. One may have cheap and woolly hand-towels, very ordinary sheets and pillow-cases, and many other things of inferior quality, but the good housekeeper knows, to her sorrow, what cheap dish-towels mean. Their use entails almost double the labor required if one has those of poor quality. The lint and dust from cheap goods cover the china and glass, and lodge in every nook and corner of her belongings. Round-thread Russia crash is far and away and always the best dish-toweling that one can use. It absorbs water almost instantly, and can be used a long time before becoming unavailable because too wet. Who has not worried with the ordinary checked glass toweling in common use, rubbing and twisting and patting, trying to make it absorb the water from the dishes, while it is yet new? This sort of goods acquires value when it begins to grow old. Russian crash is in perfect condition after the second or third time of using. Dish-towels should be thoroughly boiled whenever they are washed, where scalding does not answer the purpose. The intense heat of boiling is absolutely necessary if one would have health and cleanliness in the kitchen. A merely scalded dish-towel is unfit for the use of any woman. It takes more than just hot water to remove the disease germs and impurities that may lodge in these domestic necessities. Because a dish-cloth looks clean it does not in any sense follow that it is clean. Many a family has had its number reduced by death because of the persistent refusal of the maids to boil the dish-towels as they should be.

### "Nerve" Discouraged and Nerves Saved.

**B**ERLIN, of all big cities, has most successfully dealt with the problem of keeping noises down to the minimum. Railway engines cannot blow their whistles inside the city limits. Hucksters,

newsboys and street peddlers are not allowed to bawl their wares. A wagon that makes an unnecessary rattling is stopped and the driver is lucky to escape a fine. The courts never hesitate to impose a pecuniary penalty on people that make useless noise, and they have a wide discretion. Even piano-playing is regulated in a town noted for its music-loving inhabitants. Before a certain hour in the morning and after a certain hour at night no one is at liberty to indulge in practice, and mere pounding on a piano is unlawful at all hours.

### Cure Up Your Clothes.

**I**F you have laid a suit one side for some time, owing to the fact that it does not agree with the season, rest assured that it is "sick"—more or less microbes have gathered within and upon it, and it ought to be subjected to remedial agencies, before going upon you again.

For such purposes, there are three fine agencies: the brush, the air, and the sun. The first does a great deal, if you give it a chance; the second more; and the third most. The power of the great "god of day" is just coming to be generally realized: it contains the very essence of health, and, physically, is the source of all life on this planet.

### Short Health Stories.

A towel wet with moderately cold water, pressed to the back of the neck, is a well-known remedy for sleeplessness.

"Whistle deafness" has been named by some surgeons as something often acquired by engine drivers, and is believed by them to be responsible for many railroad accidents.

The electric light is said to be responsible for a better state of the air in halls and churches, and public speakers and singers say their throats are the better for it.

## World-Success.

### "Some" Women.

**H**ERE is an object-lesson to women who have talent, but allow it to be repressed by untoward circumstances and environments. A suffragette procession of mothers, wives, sisters, brothers, sons, daughters, banners, horses, and brass bands, has a powerful effect upon the inhabitants of a great city, and it is no wonder that they are arranging already for the next one, that occurs in May, 1913.

A procession of brilliant business-successes in the life of an ambitious and capable woman, is also a great help in furthering the cause of suffrage. Here is an instance, as narrated by the *New York Mail*, that carries with it not only display, but practicality:

"One night, seven years ago, a woman stood watching the burning of a St. Paul, Minn., building. Her interest was not that of the merely curious spectator; the fire meant a loss of everything she possessed. A friend edged his way to her side.

"Are you protected by insurance, Mrs. White?"

"No," she said, 'my policy expired yesterday. This means a total loss to me.'

"Don't suppose you will try it again?"

"Yes, I will. My courage is fire-proof; I will be selling hats within a week.'

"It had been just one year since Louella White had opened a millinery shop in the building now demolished by fire. Her little establishment had represented years of planning, working and saving. Now it was gone, leaving her \$97 with which to begin again.

"On the way home from the fire she began to make her plans for the future. Before 10 o'clock the next day she had paid \$50 for the first month's rent of a basement storeroom. Then she obtained a stock of goods on consignment and started her workers on the execution of orders placed before the fire. There was still the problem of furnishing to be met. Her bank balance was \$47; she decided that this amount would have to cover the cost of furnishing the new shop.

"It can't be done,' said her friends.

"Mrs. White thought differently. She invested the \$47 in a couple of tables, some Japanese screens, lampshades and curtain material, several rolls of crepe paper and matting rugs. Chairs and mirrors she brought from home. The day after the opening it was noised abroad that she had the most unique millinery shop in town. She was quick to see the possibilities of such advertisement.

"I resolved then,' she says, 'that I would never again be an "also ran." My first establishment had been like any other millinery shop, and it took that fire to wake me up to the fact that if you want to be a big success in business you have got to do the same thing in a different way. It wasn't long before I outgrew my basement quarters. Then I took an entire floor and fitted it up like a typical Parisian shop. There were mirrors on all sides, all the wood-work and furniture were white, and my saleswomen and I dressed in black. This scheme was another happy thought that justified itself.'

"Mrs. White now has two establishments—one in St. Paul and the other in

Minneapolis. Every summer she spends in Paris, and twice a year she visits New York for new models.

"I never lose sight of the fact," she says, "that quality and style are the most important factors in holding my trade. My customers may be attracted by my salesrooms, but they must be pleased with their purchases. They must have the latest and best the market affords.

"I have never lost a customer through dissatisfaction. I sell hats to former Minneapolis and St. Paul women who now live in Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, and even in New York City itself.

"They knew me," she said, "and they can depend upon my judgment. I see every customer that comes into my shop, and I would rather sell a woman an \$18 hat that is becoming to her than a \$40 hat that doesn't suit her style. My customers, who have moved away, realize this, and they would rather buy from me at a distance than from some one close at hand whom they do not know."

"Mrs. White's reputation was made through unique furnishings, but she has kept her trade through sound business methods."

### The Motor-Man.

IT is said that motor-men on the electric cars endure the toil and bear the pain, or, as they say, "stand the racket" only a very few years; and then often retire into the Society of Human Wrecks.

One reason, as they allege, is that their nerves are so tried at narrow escapes of people who will run in the way and children who will dance across the road—and at some occasions when the escape is left out. In such cases, they are generally arrested, whether to blame or not; and although that process is in most cases a formality, it is at best a very gruesome one.

"Stamping on the button to ring the car-bell" is said to overwork the right leg, and produce habitual nervous

twitchings in it, which often run into worse trouble. This might, perhaps, be remedied by providing two buttons, both connected with the alarm-bell—so that the work could be equally divided between the feet. For if it is as hard as it sounds, there surely should be provided a division of labor among the limbs.

The joints of the right arm are also said to enlarge, from constant use of the lever in braking the car, and in some cases there is kidney disease from standing too long in the same position.

Taken all in all, a part of humanity has to pay pretty well for the facilities and conveniences the other part possess.

### A Gleaning From the Old Fourth Reader.

IT is a good test of the stability and natural qualities of Bryant's literary work, that many of the lines, even of his shorter poems, still linger in the memory of numerous people, and are brought to mind at different times of the year. Bryant was always happiest when describing some of the scenes of Nature.

The following letter, from one of our esteemed subscribers, is an illustration of the fact that Bryant, "though gone, is not forgotten": and that he has the same influence over the mind and the heart of thoughtful people, that he had while living.

Editor EVERY WHERE Magazine,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR:

I notice on page 373 of February copy of EVERY WHERE, a reference to a "heretofore unpublished poem of William Cullen Bryant."

I enclose a copy of "The Gladness of Nature" to be found in Sanders' Fourth Reader, which was used in the public schools of Norfolk, Conn., in the early fifties. I was then about eleven or twelve years old.

The poem must have been printed at least sixty years ago, for I shall be seventyone next month. The poem is



a gem, and might be appreciated if published in full in *Our Magazine*.

With best wishes for the success of  
EVERY WHERE in every way—

Your friend,

ELIZABETH BUTLER.

*Litchfield, Conn.*

### THE POEM.

#### THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs  
around,  
When even the deep blue heavens look  
glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through  
all the sky;  
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his  
den,  
And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure  
space,  
And their shadows at play on the  
bright green vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen  
bower;  
There's a titter of winds in that  
beechen tree;  
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile  
on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs  
to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how  
he smiles  
On the dewy earth that smiles in his  
ray,  
On the leaping waters and gay young  
isles,—  
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom  
away!

#### Knew How Much He Could Do.

WHILE still practicing law in Buffalo, N. Y., and before he had ever been mentioned for the Presidency, Grover Cleveland was offered the attorneyship of the New York Central Railroad in Western New York. The salary was \$15,000.

"Well, I'm making \$10,000 a year now, and that is enough", replied Cleveland.

"But you can still earn that, and the \$15,000 besides", persisted Chauncey Depew, who was making the offer.

"No," replied Cleveland: "I have set for myself a limit of the work I will do, and reserve time enough for pleasure and sport. I have reached that limit in my private practice, and a hundred thousand dollars a year would not tempt me to add an hour more to what I am doing."

He evidently knew enough not to work himself to death in order to make a living for others.

#### Missing Them, He Loved Them.

I DREAMED the plowman told me:  
"Grow your bread  
And tend your fields alone; I plow  
no more."  
The weaver bade me spin the clothes  
I wore,

The masons quit the wall above my head.  
Deserted so by all who warmed and fed  
And sheltered me, my heart was sad  
and sore,

For seek what path I would, I heard  
the roar  
Of sullen lions; and the sky was lead.  
My eyes fell open, and I saw the sun.  
I heard a hundred hammers beat as  
one,

The plowboy whistle, and the builder  
call;  
And then I knew my happiness—and  
then

I felt my endless debt to other men,  
And since that morning I have loved  
them all.

*Sallie Prudhomme.*



May 7—The Senate passed a bill regulating wireless communication.

The Navy Department ordered several warships rushed up the Mississippi, to rescue the endangered and dispense provisions.

The Swedish people subscribed \$3,360,000 to King Gustav for a new battleship.

General Orozco refused to recognize the Provisional Government established by Gomez.

8—The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations refused to report favorably the treaties with Nicaragua and Honduras arranging for a money loan.

9—The second reading of the Home Rule bill was voted in the House of Commons. Count Paul Wolff-Metternich resigned as German Ambassador to Great Britain.

10—Heavy rains and high winds vastly increased the flood danger along the lower Mississippi and every available man was rushed to the levees.

The bill for adding 40,000 men and 246 field guns to the German army passed its second reading in the Reichstag.

Mexican federals defeated the rebel advance guard north of Torreon.

The United States transport Buford arrived at Altata, Mexico, and took on board nineteen Americans.

11—President Taft signed the Increased Pension bill, carrying increased payments of \$35,000,000 the first year.

A tornado killed several persons in Alabama and did extensive damage.

John Grier Hippen was inaugurated President of Princeton University.

The House of Representatives adjourned early to attend a baseball game.

12—After twelve hours of fighting General Huerta, Federal, gained a decided advantage over 5,000 Mexican rebels under General Orozco.

The flood situation along the Mississippi River began to improve.

13—The House passed the Senate resolution for the direct election of Senators by the people.

The Senate Judiciary Committee sustained a recommendation that the Constitution be changed to limit a President to one term.

There was a heavy snowfall on a mountain near Cumberland, Maryland.

14—Taking of testimony began in the suit of the United States Government to dissolve the Sugar Trust.

The King of Denmark died at Hamburg, Germany.

Atlantic City adopted the commission form of government.

15—The eldest son of King Frederick was proclaimed King of Denmark, as Christian X.

The Austrian Premier, Count Stuergh, was stricken with sudden blindness and the Emperor asked Minister of the Interior Heinold von Udynski to act as Premier.

16—The second reading of the Welsh disestablishment bill was passed in the House of Commons.

Mme. Navratil, mother of the two Titanic waifs, arrived in New York and identified them.

17—The Turkish garrison at Rhodes surrendered to the Italians with the honors of war after a vigorous fight.

Dean Alexander Meiklejohn of Brown University was elected President of Amherst College.

18—United States District Attorney Wise brought suit to break up the valorization scheme of the "coffee ring".

The anthracite coal strike came to an end, after seven weeks' idleness, the men securing a good wage agreement.

19—Fire in Houston, Texas, endangered the business section and did damage estimated at \$400,000.

The United States transport Buford sailed from Salina Cruz, Mexico, with 399 refugees.

Archduke Joseph received the special committee of the Panama Exposition in special audience at Budapest.

A two-ton whale was lassoed by a cowboy at Arverne, L. I.

- 20—The Senate Committee agreed unanimously to report the resolution for a constitutional amendment to prohibit a third term for which to elect Presidents of United States.
- Prince George William, eldest son of the Duke of Cumberland, was killed in an automobile accident in Prussia, en route to attend the funeral of his uncle, the late King of Denmark.
- The republican governor of Sin-Kiang province, China, was murdered by Mahometan reactionaries.
- 21—The bill increasing the German army and navy passed the third reading of the Reichstag.
- The House voted to make the Panama Canal free to coastwise vessels and to prohibit railroad-owned ships from using it.
- Mexican rebels took the town of Guadalupe.
- The new \$41,000,000 Paris bond issue was oversubscribed eighty times throughout France.
- 22—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment without hard labor, for conspiracy and inciting to malicious damages.
- The Reichstag's final session was a stormy one, the Social Democrat leader, Ledebour, attacking the Kaiser for his threat in regard to Alsace-Lorraine.
- 23—The House of Representatives passed the Panama Canal bill making the canal free to United States coastwise steamers and forbidding railroads to control competing steamship lines.
- The Presbyterian General Assembly refused to open the pulpit to women.
- Premier Tang Shao-yi, of China, resigned.
- A strike of 15,000 transport workers began in London.
- The United States transport *Prairie* sailed for Guantanamo, Cuba, to protect American life and property.
- 24—The Senate and House conferees agreed upon a bill that removes Major General Leonard Wood from his place as Chief of Staff, with a restricting clause requiring ten years' service in field for future eligibility.
- Joseph H. Choate, in open court, charged that the Government suit against the Coffee Trust was instigated by certain persons for personal profit.
- 25—The Navy Department ordered the mobilization of two divisions of the Atlantic Fleet at Key West, to be ready to go to Cuba if need developed.
- Galveston, Texas, opened its new \$2,000,000 concrete causeway.
- 26—Conditions in the Province of Oriente, Cuba, were still reported serious.
- A parade of 15,000 dock strikers was held in London.
- Rioting in Peru caused the Government to declare the Presidential balloting (then in progress), closed.
- 27—Eighty persons were killed in a fire caused by an explosion of a cinematograph, in a theater at Vallareal, Spain.
- President Taft informed President Gomez that the sending of marines did not mean intervention in Cuban affairs.
- 28—The "Titanic" investigating committee reported its findings; the thanks of Congress were presented to the officers and crew of the "Carpathia" for their rescue of the survivors.
- The House passed the navy appropriation bill carrying \$119,000,000, without any provision for new battleships.
- The Ohio Constitutional Convention passed the woman's suffrage proposal in the final reading.
- The "Prairie" landed 700 marines at Guantanamo; the Cuban Government sent more troops to suppress the revolt.
- 29—The Titanic survivors presented Capt. Rostron, of the *Carpathia*, with a loving cup, and each of his officers and crew with medals.
- 30—The Senate passed the Steel-Revision bill.
- 31—Havana papers announced a serious battle in Oriente Province in which one hundred rebels were killed.
- June 1—It was reported in Havana that one hundred and forty-seven Cuban rebels, including eighteen women, had been killed by regular troops, and that affairs at Daiquiri were serious.
- 2—The Cunarder *Carmania* was seriously damaged by fire at her dock in Liverpool.
- 3—Senator Nelson introduced the Ocean Safety Act, covering the lessons learned from the "Titanic" disaster.
- President Gomez appealed to Congress for authority to declare martial law in Cuba.
- Fire in the Mohammedan section of Constantinople made 15,000 homeless.
- 4—Riotous members of the Opposition in the Hungarian Diet were evicted by the police, and the government rushed through bills that had been blocked.
- Belgium was reported in a state of riot the result of recent elections, by which the government will subsidize church schools as it does the public schools.
- Many more, including women and children, were killed in the Belgian riots.
- The convention on wireless telegraphy opened in London, with representatives from thirty-five countries.
- The United States Army formally welcomed Rear Admiral von Rebeur-Paschwitz and the other officers of the Kaiser's visiting squadron.
- 5—The fourth division of the Atlantic fleet was ordered to speed to Guantanamo.

## Some Who Have Gone.

### DIED:

**BLOCKX, JAN**—In Antwerp, his native city, May 26. He was born in 1851, and in 1902 was appointed director of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Antwerp. He was Belgium's greatest composer, and an authority on Flemish music and folklore. Among the operas he composed is "Princess d'Auberge", "Thiel Uylenspiegel" and "La Fiancée de la Mer", besides a large number of songs and cantatas.

**BORDEN, MATTHEW C. D.**—At Oceanic, N. J., May 28. He was born seventy years ago, at Fall River, and was educated at Yale. He became one of the most important owners of print cloth mills in the country, building several in Fall River. He was much interested in the genuine welfare of his employes, providing steady work at good wages.

**BURNHAM, DANIEL H.**—In Heidelberg, Germany, June 1, aged sixty-six years. He was born in Henderson, N. Y. He was educated in Chicago, studying architecture, and receiving honorary degrees from many universities. He was Chief Architect and Director of Works for the wonderful White City of Chicago, during the exposition year; was chairman of the national committee for beautifying Washington, and planned the beautification of Manila. Notable structures throughout United States were designed by him. He was a leader in every movement for developing a love of beauty and art in American life.

**CAMERON, AGNES DEANS**—In Victoria, (B. C.), her native town, May 13, aged forty-nine years. She began to teach when fifteen years old, and later was elected School Trustee. She became a journalist, author and lecturer, touring United States and Canada, lecturing on "Journeys through Unknown Canada," based on personal experiences in the region of the Arctic Ocean and the Mackenzie River.

**EATON, PROF. D. CADY**—In New Haven, Conn., May 11. He was born in 1838 and was graduated from Yale College. He was an officer in the Civil War and then studied law at Columbia. For thirty years he had

been Professor of Criticism and History of Art at Yale.

**FINCH, PROF. WILLIAM ALBERT**—In Brooklyn, N. Y., March 31. He was born in 1855, in Newark, N. J. He was graduated from Cornell University practiced law, and in 1891 joined the faculty of his *alma mater* as Professor of Law. He wrote "Finch's Cases on the Law of Property in Land."

**FREDERICK VIII., KING OF DENMARK**—At Hamburg, Germany, May 14. He was born in 1843, and succeeded his father to the throne in 1906, being then sixty-two years of age. He married Princess Louise of Sweden and Norway. He entered the Danish Guards at an early age, serving through the ranks, till he became Inspector-General of the army. He was a model constitutional monarch, and was beloved and respected by all his subjects, including the many Socialists. He was related to many of the royal houses of Europe, one son being King Haakon VII., of Norway. His eldest son, Christian, has succeeded him in regular course.

**FULLER, SIDNEY THOMAS**—At Kennebunk, Maine, aged seventy-six years. He was widely known as an authority on railroad engineering. He helped build the first railroad in Mexico and was Chief Engineer of the Mexican lines. In 1879 and 1880 the Massachusetts Railroad Commission appointed him to report on the condition of railroads in that State and the Russian Government employed him similarly. He had served as member of the Maine House of Representatives.

**GOULD, DR. ELIZABETH TAYLOR**—In East Orange, N. J., May 28, at the age of sixty-nine years. She was a graduate of the Woman's College, New York, and was one of the pioneer woman physicians of New Jersey.

**HERNDL, MARIE N.**—In Milwaukee, Wis., May 13, aged fifty years. She was a painter, receiving a bronze medal for her painted glass window, "The Fairy Queen", at the World's Fair in 1893, and was the recipient of awards at the St. Louis Exposition.

- IRWIN, DR. JOHN A.**—In New York City, June 1, at the age of fifty-nine years. He was born at Roscommon, Ireland, and was educated at Cambridge and Dublin Universities. He came to United States in 1882. He had been editorial writer for several important English medical journals and belonged to many well-known American and foreign medical societies.
- KILBOURN, EDWARD E.**—In New Brunswick, N. J., May 25, aged eighty-one years. His birthplace was Norwalk, Conn., where he went early to work in his father's hosiery and cloth factory. He invented, and in 1857 built, the first practical hosiery machine, which he later introduced into England and Germany. He organized several knitting and manufacturing companies.
- MARTINO, EDUARDO DE**—In London, England, May 22. He was marine painter in ordinary to Queen Victoria. His birthplace was Meta, near Naples, Italy. He was a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Rio Janeiro. After serving as an officer in the Italian army, he went to England in 1875. Among his paintings is a series of four of the battle of Trafalgar.
- MASON, VICTOR L.**—In a monoplane accident, at Brookfields, England, May 13, aged forty-two years. He was born and educated in Washington, D. C., receiving the D. S. degree from Columbian University. He was successively private secretary to Secretaries of War Alger and Root, having previously been secretary to the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications. He was prominent in National Republican politics and had many mining interests.
- MAY, KARL**—In Dresden, Germany, April 1, in his seventieth year. His early life was shrouded in mystery, but later he became well known as a writer of adventurous stories for boys. He translated hundreds of tales from Arabian, Turkish, Persian and Chinese sources and wrote many dealing with our own American Indians. A part of his life had been spent in prison.
- MERRITT, ARTHUR H.**—In Durham, N. C., May 17. He was a native of New York and became Professor of Greek at Trinity College, Durham, being one of the leading Greek scholars of the South.
- OTTEN-SACKEN, COUNT VON DER**—At Monte Carlo, May 22, in his eighty-second year. He was a Russian, who entered diplomatic life in 1853. He was made a Count for valor during the Crimean War. He served in legations at The Hague, Madrid, Berne and Turin, being at Darmstadt during the Franco-Prussian War, and remaining there for eleven years. Then to Munich, and finally to Berlin for seventeen years as Russian Ambassador, and where he was dean of the Diplomatic Corps at the time of his death.
- PASCOLI, GIOVANNI**—At Bologna, Italy, April 6. The poet was born at San Maura, Romagna, and studied at the Universities of Messina and Pisa. He held the chair of Italian Literature at the University of Bologna.
- ROMANA, A. LOPEZ DE**—In Lima, Peru, May 27. He was President of that country from 1899 to 1903.
- PORTER, EX-GOVERNOR J. D.**—In Paris, Tenn., May 18, aged eighty-four years. He was Governor of Tennessee from 1874 to 1878, and was Assistant Secretary of State under President Cleveland. He was Minister to Chile also under Cleveland. For many years he was President of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad.
- STRINDBERG, AUGUSTE**—In Stockholm, Sweden, his native town, May 14. He was born in 1849 and studied at the University of Upsala. Until 1883 he was librarian of the Royal Library at Stockholm, spending the next fifteen years in extensive travel. He was in turn chemist, scientific explorer, photographer and prolific writer of poems, novels and plays, being known as "the most hated literary man in Sweden", and as a bitter misogynist.
- TARR, PROF. RALPH S.**—In Ithaca, N. Y., March 21, aged forty-eight years. His native town was Gloucester, Mass. He was a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School and of Harvard University. He was one of the best known geographers in United States and was an authority on glaciers and earthquakes. He had held important positions under the United States Government, and wrote several text-books, besides monographs on geographical and geological topics.
- TYLER, MRS. KATHARINE SKARK**—At Ithaca, N. Y., May 27. She held the chair of music in Syracuse University from 1885 to 1892, and had been soloist in All Souls Church and the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Her husband was professor emeritus of philosophy at Cornell University.
- WERNHER, SIR JULIUS**—In London, England, May 21, aged sixty-two years. He was a Hessian by birth, but received the title of an English baronet from Edward VII., in 1905. He was the head of the South African De Beers Diamond Syndicate and of the firm of Wernher, Beit & Co. For forty-two years he was prominent in the South African diamond market. He was a great patron of art and known for his benevolence.

## Various Doings and Undoings.

A Japanese hermit has lived on fruit for ninety years, and is still healthy and vigorous.

You can hear fifty feet under ground, by aid of the microphone, and detect running water, thus knowing how to dig for wells.

Cats in offices and shops are said to produce content and increase of work among the inmates, especially if they (the inmates) are girls.

Lead pencils made Lothair von Faber, of Nuremberg, rich enough so that he was able to leave half a millions dollars to beautify the city.

"Will you see me starve?" telegraphed a college boy who wanted a remittance from a disgusted father. "Not at this distance," was the reply.

Lincoln used to say that books were valuable in showing a man that the thoughts he had considered as original with himself were not so very new after all.

The Boy Scouts are tabooed by some of the labor organizations, because they consider that the order is an aristocratic one, and does not give poor boys a chance.

Electric fans will soon be generally used in orchards and vineyards, during sudden cold nights, to keep the frost from settling down and spoiling the fruit.

Persistent efforts are being made to change

the date of the Presidential inauguration into April, so that the weather will surely be decent, or at least not blizzardish.

Bicycles still hurt and sometimes kill a good many people, although such an event does not awaken as much interest as before their big brothers, automobiles, began operations.

One of the greatest dangers that aviators encounter when near the shore, is sea-gulls entangling themselves in their machines. They sometimes bring the voyager down to death.

A ring half an inch across, contains the entire works of a watch just made in Geneva, Switzerland. It will cost you a little matter of six thousand dollars, should you wish to buy it.

College people are always disturbing the established order of things: and one of the Yale professors not long ago stated that horse-meat is the best and least liable to be diseased.

David Crockett's Masonic apron is in excellent condition and treasured highly. It was preserved by a descendant of a friend, one of the old-time settlers, and an associate of Crockett.

A hundred-year-old "bobs up serenely", every once in a while, as the years go on. Mrs. Spencer Mowry, of Woonsocket, R. I.,

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is one. She sees and hears well, and takes long walks.

The greatest living man that England possessed, died in the Titanic slaughter, and much less was said about him than about many an inferior man. His name was William T. Stead.

An Italian organ-grinder is on his way to Italy with \$40,000 which he has gathered in fifty years. He is going to "retire" into one of the worst tangles of discontentment often experienced.

Jessie Benton Fremont, who was a national figure in 1856, as the wife of John C. Fremont, first Republican candidate for President, would be only eighty-eight years old, if she were living today.

Just a little over half of all the victims to railroad accidents are trespassers on the tracks. Most of the automobile-killed people, on the most decided contrary, are rightful travelers on the public roads.

Rabbi Lyons, of Brooklyn, claims to be the first Jewish clergyman who ever took part in a Christmas eve entertainment. He is now going to Europe, and will call with a letter of introduction on the Pope.

Members of the British Parliament get \$2,000 per year for all their trouble in getting elected, serving their constituents, attending sessions, and so on and on. Very lucky is it, that they have some other means of support!

About six million dollars' profit from lotteries are pocketed every year by the Italian Government. It has drawings every week in Rome, Milan, Florence, Naples and Palermo. Part of it is no doubt used to civilize the barbarous Turk.

A Cincinnati man lost his leg, and demanded that it should have a proper burial. The Bureau of Vital Statistics demanded that a death-certificate should be shown first, and now the poor sufferer is called by his friends the dead and live 'un.

If you have a telephone that requires you to deposit the nickel before it will work, always carry one of the coins in your pocket, or a hundred-thousand-dollar fire may be the result, through delay in some fire department, as it did in New York.

Another train came very near being wrecked at Bridgeport, Conn., on the exact spot where such a terrible accident occurred a few months ago. In this case a spring under the baggage-trucks was broken, instead of carelessness allowing the train to jump the track.

President Taft has been written by an ex-

confederate soldier, asking him if it was really true that the country was going to redeem all the Southern money issued during the Civil War. He heard so and had a large amount on hand for the purchase.

An Englishman thus tells, in the *Fortnightly Review*, how Garfield received the news of his election to the Presidency: "We were at breakfast when the telegram arrived. His wife tore it open and, her voice all in a tremble, read, 'You are elected beyond shadow of a doubt.' I looked closely at the lucky man. Not a muscle moved; not the slightest change in his expression was visible. He was silent for a few seconds, and then, as he broke open an egg, he quietly observed, 'Mother, that egg would suffer no injury if kept another year.'"

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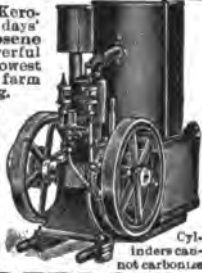


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and us by referring to EVERY WHERE

# Women and Children First!

**T**HIS IS THE RULE OF THE SEA. So that on the Titanic, with courageous self-sacrifice, the men stood aside while the women and children filled the life boats and were pulled away from the sinking ship.

On this ship were many men who had insured their lives in the TRAVELERS, against just such disasters, for more than a million dollars. This is a great sum for any insurance company to have at risk in one disaster, but the TRAVELERS will meet it promptly, taking pride in the fact that in protecting the widows and orphans of such men it is doing the work it was put in the world to do.

In times of sudden disaster men rise to these supreme demands of life. But may we not call attention at this time to those everyday acts of self-sacrifice by which many of these men who went down, built up the legacies which now belong to those they have left behind. May we not think that after seeing the women and children safe, the minds of some of these men dwelt with satisfaction upon the help that would come to their families from their policies. And may we not think that the little hardships of meeting premium payments helped to build the kind of character which was able to meet this supreme test of courage?

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"Say, pop, did the dog star ever have the  
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"An easy job will suit me, Senator."

"How about winding the clocks every  
week?"

"I might make that do. But what's the  
matter with my tearing the leaves off the  
calendar every month?"

### **LEAP YEAR "SUDDENNESS."**

She—What are you thinking of? Building  
castles in Spain?

He—No. I was figuring on a bungalow.

She—Oh, this is so sudden.

### **ELUCIDITY OF LANGUAGES BETWEEN DOCTORS.**

"What did you talk about at the last medi-  
cal meeting?"

"Nitrates."

"Well, they ought to be higher. It's worth  
something to leave a warm bed."

### **THE REAL QUESTION.**

He (soulfully)—There are a thousand stars  
to-night looking down upon you.

She—Is my hat on straight?

### **THE USUAL RESULT**

Hokus—Brownsmith was after a political  
job for a long time. What's he doing now?

Pokus—Nothing. He got it.

### **TWO WAS A CROWD.**

"That was an annoying coincidence," said  
Mr. Biggins. "It took great tact to manage  
it."

"What's the trouble?"

"The pension-examiner and the life-insur-  
ance doctor both called on me at the same  
time."

### **THE FILM-SNIPES.**

Distinguished Foreigner (on his first visit  
to this country)—What is the occasion of  
that riot, may I ask?

Chairman of Reception Committee—Oh,  
that isn't a riot, Your—Your Excellency; it's  
the police trying to drive back the men with  
the cameras.

### **A PERTINENT PUN.**

Standpatter—Don't you think Rantington's  
speeches are sound?

Insurgent—Yes, but that's all.

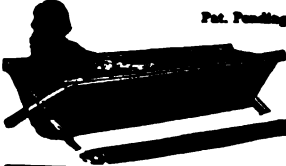
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Song of the Church-Bell.

BY WILL CARLETON.

COME to me, come to me, you who are sad and lone,
You who knew sorrows of others, that now have become your own;
You who greet only by memory the friends you once have known,
You who are walking desolate, tortured by thorns of care,
Come to the house of prayer.

Come to me, come to me, you who in pleasures bright
Drown the gold hours of morning, or the sweet shades of night;
Oh, you will feel for my presence when trouble encumbers sight!
Joy is the mother of sorrow: pleasures can breed despair:
Then there is wailing and prayer.

Come to me—come to me—you who helpless-wise,
May be unable to come in the fragile body's guise:
It is the spirit that clammers into the towering skies.
So though bodies be prisoned, yet souls in Heaven may share:
Come to the house of prayer.

Come to me, come to me, you who can only agree
In the great lessons of Nature, with what yourselves you can see;
Pray as you live—to the Unknown!—for all that is yet to be—
All that has been—has been given Mystery's garment to wear:
Mystery's even in prayer!

Come to me—come to me—you who diversely believe!
Many the doctrines and fancies that different natures weave;
Many the rafters to which their hopes of mercy cleave.
Heaven's great dome of splendor is reached by many a stair;
Come to the house of prayer!

Pray with me, pray with me, you who in toil are bowed,
You who are striving and grieving alone in a sneering crowd;
Maybe the lower they crush you, the higher the strength allowed.
Look to the sky above you—look to Heaven—it is there:
Come to the house of prayer!



The New Seven Wonders of the World.

II.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

WIRELESS telegraphy seems to the uninitiated one of the greatest of modern marvels, although to those versed in telegraphic lore and the vibratory theory, the idea of communicating through vast distances of space with no *visible* means of transmission may not seem quite so novel. Nevertheless, it was Guglielmo Marconi who, in 1897, first made it commercially practical.

As early as 1859 a Scotchman, James B. Lindsay, read a paper before the British Association on "Telegraphing without Wires", Michael Faraday and William Thomson (Lord Kelvin), being present at the meeting. In 1854 he had sent telegraphic messages across the river Tay, without submerged wires, the water being the conducting medium.

Later, Sir William Preece worked out another system based on the principle that an electric current passing along one wire, will at each make and break of the current, set up a similar current in a wire parallel to it, though many miles apart.

Marconi's system is quite different and more truly wireless. The hundreds of lives saved through its agency in the recent "Titanic" disaster indicates some measure of its value. But Marconi's invention depended upon the preceding discovery by Heinrich Hertz, that an electric wave could be projected through space much as is light.

A pebble, cast into a stream, sets in vibration rings of undulating waves that

may carry to the farther shore. Ether is supposed to pervade all space and to permeate all matter and an electric battery sets in motion ether waves something as the pebble does the water undulations. This imperfect comparison may help the imagination to perceive what occurs when a wireless is sent.

In ordinary telegraphy the operator employs a battery to generate the electricity, a contact key to close and open the circuit, and a wire to conduct the current to the receiving operator, the short and long clickings of the lever conveying to the latter the message. The experimenter with "wireless" had to answer the question: Is it possible to substitute for the contact key something that can be operated without the need of a conducting wire? The answer was found in the device known as the "coherer".

The coherer is a small tube or box filled with loosely packed iron filings. Under ordinary conditions these filings offer strong resistance to any current, *but*—if "certain ether or electric waves fall upon these filings their resistance to the current is so far diminished that the current is then able to pass through them and operate the telegraph instrument."

The tube, if shaken, returns to its usual state of resistance. Upon this peculiarity of the filings rests the principle of "wireless".

Let the reader imagine a battery, with one wire running from it to a bell, and another from the bell, back to the battery, making a complete circuit. If the electric current generated in the battery

runs *continuously*, there is no interrupted ringing or tapping to correspond to the long and short dashes that form the telegraphic alphabet.

Imagine one of these wires cut, and the coherer inserted between the cut ends. The electric current cannot pass through now. But that far-distant Leyden jar, perhaps in a far-away city, is sending its strong electrical discharges in short and long jerks: the ether waves vibrate to remote distances, the coherer opens and closes in response, the current from the battery passes through now in corresponding jumps, and affects the receiving-bell accordingly. In a regular wireless station the engine and dynamos for generating the currents for setting the ether waves vibrating, must be of great power, and hence magnetic and electrolytic detectors supply the place of the simple tube of iron filings.

In order to obtain secrecy, in the giving and receiving of wireless messages, it is necessary that transmitters and receivers should be so "tuned" that they respond to each other alone, much as one tuning fork responds to another, and this has been accomplished by various inventions. And a receiver attuned for long distance news will not receive short distance messages. Also, as has frequently happened, if several operators are sending messages at the same time the ether waves are likely to cut across and interfere with each other, causing great confusion. This fact has caused United States, since the "Titanic" disaster, to follow in England's lead and seriously consider drastic laws prohibiting amateur and irresponsible people from sending wireless messages. Bills recently introduced in both Houses of Congress make it necessary for all operators and stations to obtain licenses from the Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

Government supervision has also been proved necessary since it has developed that different "wireless" companies have occasionally refused to send messages, even in cases of dire distress at sea, to operators using rival apparatus. The

"Titanic" investigation has brought a certain order into this confusion of counter-commercial currents.

The many lives already saved through this wonderful evolution of telegraphic knowledge may well cause Signor Marconi to feel a thankful pride in his beneficent achievement.

ANTI-TOXINS.

The medical doctors, however prone to disagreement, would probably accord in at least one particular:—in counting anti-toxins among the new seven wonders that modern times have added to the old-time list.

An anti-toxin is a substance that may produce immunity from disease, or is capable of counteracting the poisonous effects of pathogenic bacteria. Hence the discovery of anti-toxins depended upon the previous discovery, by men of the microscope, of those infinitesimal forms of life known as bacteria, and the recognition of the fact that many forms of disease were traceable to such micro-organisms, in human or animal tissues, although most bacteria are not disease-producing.

The first to recognize and describe bacteria was a Dutchman, Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, (1632-1723)—a linen-weaver, who ground lenses with skill and perfection, as a pastime. He drew pictures of, and described the forms and movements of several of these animalculæ which he saw in water, his saliva, tartar, and other substances. In 1762 a Vienna physician, Plenciz, suggested for the first time, a germ theory of disease. Others continued his researches and the battle waged furiously between the *pros* and the *cons*, and between those who upheld, and those who opposed, the theory of spontaneous generation.

With Louis Pasteur began a new era in the study of bacteriology. He introduced the experimental method in studying the processes of fermentation, and putrefaction, and the relation of these organisms to disease. In 1880 he discovered that he could protect an animal from a disease by inoculating it with an

attenuated "culture", or anti-toxin, thus continuing, but on a scientific basis, what Jenner inaugurated with the small-pox vaccination.

Koch, Cohn, Novy, Behring, Roux and others developed further researches, Koch, in 1882, giving a new impetus to investigation by his gelatin plate culture method, which was much helped by Weigert's discovery of the fact that the study of bacteria can be much assisted through use of anilin dyes, since some bacteria take one dye, and some another, and thus can be made to stand out more clearly from the surrounding matter.

Experimentation upon innumerable sacrificial rabbits, dogs, guinea-pigs, horses, etc., have added much to bacteriological knowledge. The specific pathogenic bacteria of most diseases being known, the next tremendous step was to learn how to make artificial cultures of these, and employ these as so-called anti-toxins. When we recall how infinitesimal these are, we realize the remarkable type of mind that patiently learned how to separate one wee form of life from another, for often several kinds grow in the same "colony." The cultures are obtained by inoculating healthy horses, cows, etc., with the bacteria, and by various processes removing from the blood the desired anti-toxin.

Now, a teacher, if fearful that the throat of a child looks suspiciously as if infected with diphtheria germs, can take a specimen and have it analyzed by the Board of Health, and then knows what treatment is necessary.

In inoculating, however, there is always the possibility of infecting the body with other toxins, and there are those who hope that science, will in time learn to conquer disease without so much agonizing sacrifice of animal life, and by inoculating with germs of health rather than of disease.

PANAMA CANAL.

In point of its magnitude and the possible effect upon the history of the world, of this tremendous undertaking, the Panama Canal may be regarded as a

marvelous piece of man's handiwork, although no really great new principle is represented thereby.

The idea of connecting the two oceans is contemporaneous with the discovery that they were separated by so narrow an isthmus. In 1529, Alvara de Saavedra Ceron, a cousin and able lieutenant of Cortez, prepared plans for a canal, the Spaniards having begun to lose faith in the existence of a natural strait or waterway, but death came before he could lay them before the King of Spain.

Through the centuries many others dreamed of such a canal. In 1701 a Scotchman, William Patterson, founder of the Bank of England, and familiar with the country, suggested such inter-oceanic communication.

The great scientific explorer, Alexander von Humboldt, suggested nine different routes across Central America for a canal, and in 1827, the poetic genius of the German Goethe foresaw the development of United States westward, and prophesied the building of the canal by our country.

But we must omit many other names, until we come to De Lesseps, who had so well accomplished the building of the Suez Canal, and who was the first to really practically begin this gigantic undertaking, which he did in 1881, after many diplomatic negotiations with United States and Colombia, and despite the protests of the United States Government, and much consideration of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The writer recalls, as a little girl, a visit of the great Frenchman and his wife to the public school where she was a pupil, during Hayes' administration. But the great French project fell through, after millions of dollars had been wasted, through graft and corruption, although time has exonerated the great French genius from any purposed fraud, and we who know how few of our own Capitols or other public buildings are free from the taint of wasted, stolen money, can not throw stones at our French neighbors.

But United States has learned from the mistakes of the French, and has taken

advantage of the latest contributions of science to hygienic, to mechanical, and to sociological lore. The knowledge that yellow fever and malaria are propagated by mosquitos has led to the most precise sanitary precautions in the destruction of tropical plant life, proper drainage and use of all known safeguards: huge machinery, unknown a few decades ago, now does the work of many men; and the general life of the unskilled workman, as well as of those holding the most responsible positions, has been carefully regulated so as to be free of all corrupt influences, and to give to all a proper amount of rest and recreation. Indeed, it has been said that the so-called Canal Zone approaches closely to the ideal State dreamed of by the Utopians. No gambling is allowed, and all kinds of healthful wholesome opportunity are provided for recreation.

We cannot here go into the details of the procedure by which United States acquired possession of the Canal Zone, nor into the disputes concerning the rival merits of the Nicaraguan and the Panama routes—a dispute several centuries old. We will close, however, by giving a few important statistics taken from the unique little relief map published by Charles W. Gray, New York, and who publishes as well a nine-foot map of the Canal Zone, which is used by the Government:

The Lidgerwood Unloader is a monster unloading engine, operated by steam from a regular train engine. It draws by cable reel a huge steel plow the whole length of a train of sixteen cars in three minutes, unloading 320 cubic yards containing rocks of greater weight than could be used by human hands. Thirty of these unloaders are being used in the canal construction.

The stability of the canal hinges upon the efficiency of the Gatun dam. Two million cubic yards of concrete are being put in place at rate of 2,841 cubic yards a day. The extreme width of the dam is 2,000 feet; height above normal lake level 30 feet. The Culebra Cut is nine miles long. At Gatun there are three

double sets of locks; at Pedro Miguel one double set; at Miraflores two double sets, the average lift being twentyeight feet.

It will take eight to ten hours to pass through the canal and three hours through the locks. The area of the Canal Zone is 436 square miles; the width, ten miles. Forty thousand men are employed. The excavation amounts to more than 195,000,000 cubic yards, the estimated total cost being \$375,000,000.

TELEPHONE.

Many would undoubtedly give first place to the telephone in our list of Seven Wonders. Although the "far-off-sounding" instrument has been in use more than a quarter of a century now, it is still a source of profound mystery to many—the realization that we can actually hear, though many miles away, the very tone and inflection of a friend's voice.

The legal controversy between Bell and Edison for priority of invention, has made these two names familiar in the history of the telephone. Less known ones are those of Wheatstone, Page, and Reis, who may be said to represent different stages in its evolution.

Wheatstone, in 1831, showed that if the sounding-boards of two musical instruments are connected by a rod of pine wood, a tune played on one will be reproduced by the other.

Then it was found that if the centres of two discs of metal or membrane, each furnished with a mouthpiece, are connected by a string, held taut, the words spoken into one will vibrate the disc, the string communicates the pulsation to the other membrane, it in turn, to the air, and the sounds are reproduced exactly as to pitch, intensity and quality.

The next step was the application of electricity to telephony, and it was Dr. C. G. Page, of Salem, Mass., who, in 1837, unconsciously took the first step in this direction, by his experiments with "Galvanic Music." A Frenchman, Charles Bourseul, in 1854, wrote an article on the electrical transmission of

speech, and then came Philip Reis, the German, the first to use the word telephony. But in their experiments, while both Bourseul and Reis recognized that pitch and intensity were essentials that must be kept in thought by one who would reproduce sound, both failed to realize that *quality* must also be considered as an essential characteristic; hence they never carried their experiments to that perfection which the Scotch-American Bell, Edison, and hosts of other inventors have since helped in doing.

Countless experiments have brought to us the "phone", as we now know it, and use it daily for business and for social needs. The externals of the so-called transmitter and receiver are familiar to all. The mechanism they conceal rests upon the following principles:

Sound is air set in vibration which, striking the tympanum of the ear, sends a message to the brain. That which distinguishes one sound from another are differences in pitch, intensity and quality.

Sound vibrations travel through solids and water more readily than through the gaseous air. Molecules of air, being set in motion, set neighboring molecules to vibrating, but this vibratory influence becomes less and less with increasing distance and is soon dissipated and dies away; the electrical current is therefore called upon to be the indispensable agent in the real telephone, together with other adjuncts as follows: a battery, an electro-magnet, a box of powdered carbon, and some elastic metal discs.

The battery creates a current, which runs along wires that connect the transmitter and the receiver, the latter being, mayhap, miles away from the former. The progress of the electrical current is resisted by the box of powdered carbon, so placed as to intercept the wire. The lid of this box is the disc against which the air vibrations caused by the voice of the speaker press. This pressure, varying with every intonation of the voice, compresses the carbon more or less, and thus allows more or less of the electric current to pass through the carbon and along the line wire. At the further end

of the wire the ever-delicately-varying current is led through the coil of a tiny electro-magnet. Directly in front of this is a metal disc similar to that in the transmitter. This disc is attracted to the electro-magnet in exact degree to the varying strength of the current, and hence vibrates in unison with its mate in the far distance. The pulsation of the disc sets the air in vibration just as it is vibrated at the transmitter, and these air-vibrations affect the listener's ear-drum exactly as if the speaker were but a few feet away.

The telephone has brought the isolated farmer's wife into intimate conversational reach of her near or distant sisters; it has often hastened the steps of the needed physician, and also been the means of preventing many an accident; it has expedited business and added to the joys of mankind,—it may truly be regarded as one of the greatest blessings of modern times.

Short Editorials.

A bad man can sometimes make goodness itself appear bad.

* * *

The more Life gives to the human race, the more Death requires of it.

* * *

A brave man often has no idea that he is brave, until the time comes.

* * *

Few people are in a hurry to heal up a scar gloriously received.

* * *

A liar is handy and entertaining, until he gets to lying to you.

* * *

A "dog in the manger", before he gets away, is likely to be sorry he ever got there.

* * *

When you "stoop to conquer", do not go down so far that you can't get back again.

* * *

When you start off to have a good time, take a tremendously good temper along with you.



The Mistake.

BY ALMA M. HONEY.

WHEN Mother and Sister Annie received a letter from Belle saying that she had engaged herself to a big lumberman, who lived in the little country town where she taught, they were disappointed. Both had planned something better for pretty little Belle. They had scrimped to give her an education and they were proud of her. Some time they hoped she would make a "big match."

But Belle was the baby and she was pretty and had a winning way about her, and she usually got what she wanted, especially with the folks at home. So Annie merely sighed after she and the mother had read the letter, and said in a loudly-pitched voice—for the mother was very deaf—

"Belle says he won't always be a mere lumberman. He is smart and is out for what he can learn. He'll be here to spend two or three days with us in a day or two when he comes to town on a special load. We'll have to be nice to him, Mother, Belle loves him."

Mrs. Blythe nodded. "O' course, Annie, we'll treat him good. If Belle wants him, he must be all right."

It was a cold, hungry, heart-sick man, Bill, who trudged along the country road about dusk a few days later. It was bitter cold and the distance seemed endless. He had a desire to lie down in the snow and die.

He went up to the cottage and rapped timidly at the backdoor, and he was thinking up a little speech to say, when suddenly the door flew open, letting a flood of yellow light over him, and showing an angel standing just inside. At

least, he thought it was an angel. It wasn't, though; it was only gray-eyed Annie, with a pink flush of expectancy in her cheeks, smiling a friendly greeting on him. She held out her hand impulsively.

"You're Bill: ain't you? Come right in. We've been waiting for you; thought you'd get here about this time. Isn't it cold! Come right over to the sink and wash and we'll have supper right away. This is Mother. Mother," she yelled, "this is Bill."

Bill was so overwhelmed at such a welcome that he could only stammer, "Yes, ma'am."

While he washed, Annie looked him over out of the corner of her eye,—looked him over, and his clothes. They were coarse and worn, she thought,—but then, Bill was a lumberman.

Supper never tasted so good to a man as it did to poor, hungry Bill. It seemed as if he must eat plate and cup and all, and he had to hold himself in check so as not to disgrace himself before the pink-cheeked angel and the timid, white-haired, wrinkle-faced lady. The fried ham was just right and the flavor of the fried potatoes: he sighed to think he could have eaten all of both and not have felt he had had anything. The little biscuits were just like those his mother used to make: they almost brought tears to his eyes. The little dish of plum sauce made him smile. That much wouldn't fill up even one of the smaller hollows in his stomach, let alone the great, big hollow. And the cake? He laughed outright when he saw it, and then remembered he hadn't

spoken a word since they had sat down to supper.

"You make it?" he asked Annie, and the amused look in his big brown eyes made her pink cheeks flush again.

She nodded.

"It's great", he said approvingly, and smiled at its fancy-icing like a tickled boy.

There was something about this husky fellow, big as he was, that reminded Annie of a boy. She felt that he needed to be petted. Well, probably Belle would pet him. She didn't blame Belle now for loving him. He was quiet, but probably he felt strange, that's all. Yes, he was just like a boy.

"Put the frosting on?" Bill inquired incredulously.

She nodded and smiled proudly. "'Bill and Belle'" he read from the icing. "Say, that's great. I choose a hunk from Belle's name. The chocolate looks deeper that side."

They laughed like two children when she cut it, and he took his piece with "le" on it, and she took hers with the "ll" of Bill. The mother took all of "and", which was a pretty large piece for such a little wrinkled mite of a lady. Bill told her so in a loud voice, laughing, and she answered proudly, "Annie made it, so it won't hurt me none."

Bill insisted on helping with the dishes, because he always used to help his mother until the unfortunate day when he left home. When he spoke of home, Annie noticed tears in his eyes—this big boy, and she changed the subject quickly.

"You'll have the spare-room, Bill, and it'll be mighty cold; but I'll let you have three or four hot flat-irons, and be careful not to burn yourself. Probably your mother—" Annie stopped and bit her lip. She hadn't meant to mention his mother, since it made him feel badly.

"She did," said Bill solemnly, "always give me a hot flat-iron to take to bed." He smiled and dropped the white china cup he held in his hand, which broke in a hundred pieces.

"Never mind," said Annie, smiling

bravely, although it was one of her choicest cups. "Never mind, Bill, it was cracked anyway."

He settled down into the soft feather-bed with the greatest sense of peace and comfort he had known for weeks. It was so good to have some one look after you and fix you up with hot flat-irons and,—he fell asleep.

It seemed no more than a few minutes when he heard a voice outside his door calling softly, and he opened his eyes to see the sunshine.

"Bill, I hate to rouse you, but my water-pipe is froze solid, and I can't thaw it. Oh! could you help?"

"I'll be along in a minute, angel", he called, as he sprang out of bed, and heard her go away laughing into the kitchen.

It took half the morning to thaw out the frozen pipe, and they were all nearly starved before breakfast was ready.

"Now I'll just shovel the snow off your walk," said Bill, when he finished wiping his last dish for Annie, "and then I'll be moving along, I guess."

Annie turned on him, surprised. "Moving along? Why, Bill, the letter said you'd stay two or three days, and there's so much I want done about the place. I thought you would fix things up."

"Well, I got to be hunting a job, you know," said Bill, "and—"

"Hunting a job?" asked Annie, incredulous. Then Bill was dissatisfied with lumbering, and he was going into something else. Oh! that would be fine for Belle. Her eyes shone.

"Then, you're not going to be a lumberman?" she said, tense with happiness.

Bill shook his head. "No," he said. "not a lumberman."

"Oh, that's great," said Annie. "Oh! be a clerk, or something like that; it's much nicer. Will you?" She clasped her hands over the dish-cloth and held them out to him, pleading. She was such a pretty angel, Bill's heart went out to her. He felt he could deny her nothing.

"All right, angel," he said, laughing,

"I'll be a clerk. I'd do anything for you."

When the snow was cleared away, he asked for a hammer and nails to fix the hen-coop fence.

"It won't take me long to do up these little odd jobs, angel," he said, "and then I'll be hustling for that clerk job you're so anxious about."

It was while he was fixing the hen-coop that Annie answered a loud rap at the front door to find a tall, big-boned young stranger standing there smiling at her. He was a good-looking boy with a mop of light curly hair that stood up dishevelled from the cap he removed, and a pair of clear blue eyes. "A book-angel", she thought.

"Good-morning", she said stiffly.

"This Annie?" he asked, pleasantly.

She nodded.

"Well, I'm Bill," he said, smiling. "Belle said you'd know me just by that."

Annie gasped. "But you can't be", she said.

"Why?" he asked, wondering.

"Because Bill has been here since last night."

The fellow doubled up his fists. "Show me Bill", he said, pugilistically.

Annie spread her skirts across the door-way, barring him out. "Yes, I will," she said, "but—but promise you won't hurt him. Promise!"

The young man held up his hand, laughing. "I promise", he said.

Annie brought him into the kitchen and closed the door so that her mother might not hear. Then she called Bill from his labors at the hen-coop fence. She watched him closely when he came in to see if he would start guiltily. He merely looked questioningly at the young fellow, however, and smiled at Annie and wondered why she did not smile back, and why her cheeks were so flushed, and who this fellow could be.

"Are you Bill?" Annie asked him, holding her breath for his answer.

"Yes, ma'am", said Bill seriously. He began to feel a little of last night's shyness.

"Bill Jones?" asked the light-haired man.

Bill nodded and smiled at the angel. "Bill Jones it is", he said.

"There!" said Annie to the young fellow, as she sank relieved into a chair. "I told you so."

"Jones is a common name", said light-haired Bill, tentatively.

"Yes", said Bill, who could not get the meaning of this conversation. "Fifteen families of Joneses in our town."

"Where is your town?" asked light-haired Bill.

"Over at R—," he answered sadly, "over at R—." He sat down in the nearest chair and bowed his head on the back of it.

"Then you're not from H— and you ain't engaged to my sister Belle and you've never been a lumberman, and—and—and you're just a tramp?" Annie's voice trailed off into a whisper.

Bill raised his head and nodded at her sadly. "Just a tramp, I guess. You sure was nice to me, angel, and I'll never forget it. It's been pretty bad this last three weeks since I left home, and I thought maybe the folks had written you to treat me good and that's why you did and, well—I guess I better go. Good-bye, and thank you."

He picked up his hat, went out, and shut the door softly behind him.

"Well, I'll be gol-darned!" said the light-haired Bill.

Annie sat rigid, with her eyes glued to the door where Bill had disappeared. Perhaps she thought he might come back. Suddenly she jumped up and ran out to the door-step.

"Bill! Bill!" she called to him, where she saw him plodding up the road. "Come back and finish the hen-coop fence."

And Bill came.





The Art of Lace-Making.

SISTER-MEMBERS of the **EVERY**

WHERE Family, I am going to write you a letter from this far-off little hamlet of Buckinghamshire, England. Though my epistle is altogether unsolicited and does not claim to be "literary", I trust it will be interesting to many of the **EVERY WHERE** readers. I have, for several years, in the Massachusetts city where I have my home, been interested in developing a saner life for the girlhood and womanhood of our country. Children of the fortunate have the fine qualities of the soul developed by education, while the children of the unfortunate have those same qualities repressed by hard and unlovely physical labor. This tendency of society, working itself out through many years and decades, has reared between the two extremes of our sex a barrier that many generations of right living may not overcome.

If children *must* work, is it not possible to provide them with an occupation that will not stunt their growing physical powers, that will, in some measure at least, train their minds, and touch to life their innate love of the beautiful? These are some of the questions that I have thought a great deal about, and I am sure that many brave-hearted men and women in America today are working for the same end. And it is because I believe I have found a valuable suggestion along this line, that I write the letter: I want to tell you about the girl- and women-lace-makers of Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Northamptonshire, England.

As you pass through the quiet lanes

of these peaceful hamlets you find the lace-maker at her work, sitting under the shade of a lavender-bush or in the open doorway. So rapidly does she toil, that the swiftly-flying bobbin seems alive as it jumps here and there in the ever-restless shuttle of her hands. To watch the beautiful pattern of the fabric as it mysteriously emerges from this swift play of mingled hands and thread, the glint and clash of needles and bobbin, and the gentle jingle-jangle of bead-spangles attached to the apparatus, is indeed a fascinating sight.

The lace is made upon a great pillow-shaped apparatus that is held on a little stand or tripod before the weaver. In these villages the lace-pillow is as common a household article as the spinning-wheel used to be in the homes of our New England forefathers and as the sewing machine is in the American home today.

But all of these matronly-looking lace-makers have been weaving these delicate trceries of marvelous pattern since they were children.

Many years ago every neighborhood had its lace-school where the little tots were taught the beautiful and delicate art that they have used to such good advantage (for there is no poverty, no squalor in these humble English homes) in gaining their livelihood.

And the thought has come to me: why could not the idea of lace-schools be introduced into our own cities and villages? Why could not some of the many women's organizations that already exist for the betterment of working girls procure an experienced lace-

maker and give instruction to all the young who are anxious to advance themselves beyond the realm of the cotton-



THE LACE-TRIPOD.

mill or domestic service? There is nothing so powerless, so dependent, and therefore so prone to err, as the young, poor, untrained girl; and this plan, if put into operation, would serve to add independence, stability, and responsibility to character, and open the way to independent and happy life.

Nor would it need "fairs" and "festivals" to dispose of the products of such hand-made lace. If the American youths

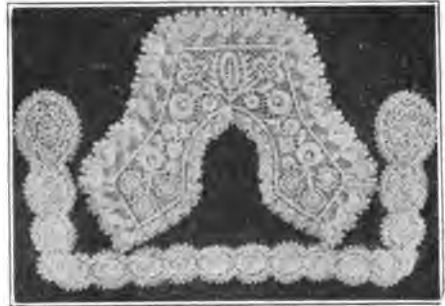


A MAKER OF LACE.

proved half as facile in making this "filmy stuff" as the little English maidens of a generation ago (for, strange to

say, there seem to be few young people in these English villages today) did, their products certainly would not have to go begging for purchasers. Though the machines of English and French manufacturing towns make intricate and finely-woven fabrics in lace, there always has been and there probably always will be a good market for the hand-made article, when intelligence and skill have been woven with the strands.

There are already schools of design, where new forms and figures of lace are created, and I see no reason why a lace-school might not be made the practical complement of such existing institutions. Then, too, if the simple lace-school were founded, the more capable and ambitious students might graduate into a depart-



A GOOD SPECIMEN.

ment of designing where unlimited development and reward would await them.

The story of lace-making, if properly presented by an instructor, would prove not only fascinating but an exceedingly profitable study, from every point of view, for the beginner in such an enterprise; for even the humble art of lace-making has a "history." Way back in the middle ages fashionable women wore small cords of plaited and twisted threads fastened in loops along the edges of their costumes, and sometimes a kind of darning work done upon a net-ground; and from these simple attempts at personal decoration has developed the marvelous production of needle point and pillow-lace, with their machine-made imitations. Probably from the Ionian

Islands and Greece—land where even common things were made beautiful and where things of beauty gave perpetual joy—these delicate meshes of thread were first made and from there imported into Venice. Here Greek influence was abroad, and the lace-industry took speedy root, and grew in beauty and variety of pattern, complexity of stitch, and delicacy of execution, until Venetian

lace attained an artistic grace and perfection which baffle all description. The two widely separated regions of Europe where the art of painting first flourished and attained a high perfection—the north of Italy and Flanders—were the same localities where lace-making first became an industry of importance both from an artistic and from a commercial point of view.

A Lesson in Chess.

THE Mayhew children had been playing a most momentous game of checkers with their Uncle Jack, and had beaten him for the first time in three weeks. They wished they had kept count of the moves, as they considered it one of the most important games on record.

Uncle Jack was pleased, too, though perhaps not quite so well as the children. "Maybe I could worst you on chess", he ventured.

"But we don't understand the game", replied Alice.

"I can teach you", rejoined Uncle Jack.

"But we haven't any chess-board", suggested Ethel.

"Why, yes you have", remonstrated the Uncle. "A checker-board is a chess-board."

"But we've no chessmen", said Arthur.

"You can make them easily", replied Uncle Jack. "The regular chessmen are images—little statues, in fact; but an image is nothing else than a graven picture. Cut out thirtytwo pieces of white pasteboard, about half the size of the squares on your checker-board."

Several hands made light work, and the required material was soon ready.

"Bring your bottles of black and red ink", said Uncle Jack, "and a pen and penholder for each." The articles were there before he had laid down his pipe.

"Now we will make the 'pawns' first", said the old gentleman. "There are to be eight of each color, and at the beginning of a game they stand in two rows, staring fiercely at each other. There are four rows of squares between them, and one row behind each of them."

The pawns were soon made. Uncle Jack did not use much care with them; they resembled a small pepperbox or saltcellar, as much as anything else.

"These are the common soldiers of the battle we are about to fight", said the Uncle. "They are not so valuable as the others we will make, but they are good men and true in a battle."

The pawns being duly placed upon the two second rows of the board, the Mayhew children awaited with interest the filling up of the one square behind each of them.

The next picture Uncle Jack drew was something that looked like the small turret of a castle of the middle ages. There were two for each color.

"These are the 'castles', or 'rooks', as they are sometimes called", he said. "They are very important men. We put one upon each corner."

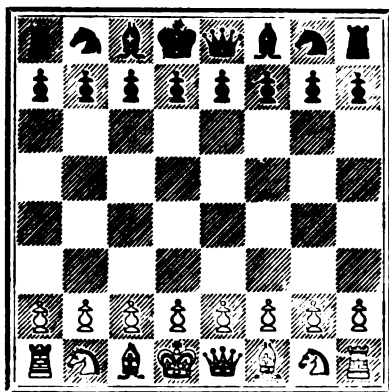
They were soon placed upon the checker-board, or the chess-board, as it had now become. Uncle Jack then pictured two black and two red images of something very like a horse's head.

"These are the knights", said he. "They go next the castles."

He then made something that looked like the hat of a bishop—two of each color. "These are the bishops", he explained. "They come next to the knights."

After this, he drew two crowns of each color: one of them with gems upon it, and the other of a soberer pattern. "One of these is the queen, the other the king", said he. "We put the black queen on the first black square, next a bishop, and the red one (which we call 'white' for convenience) on the first white square next *her* bishop. The space beside the queen in each case is taken up by the king."

The chessmen (and women) all hav-



CHESS-BOARD READY TO COMMENCE GAME.

ing been set, Uncle Jack now showed them about the moves. "They all have their own way of moving", said he: "a good deal like people generally.

"The pawns can go two squares straight ahead of them, the first move; but after that they can go only one at a time, and cannot come back. If, however, they happen to get through to king-row, then they become queens, and can move just as the queen does—of which I shall tell you a little later. When they want to take a man, they do not 'jump' him, as you do in checkers: they simply *push him off, cornerwise*, and stand in his place.

"The castles can go straight ahead or straight sidewise at each move, just as far as the coast is clear; and if any

other piece is in their way they can push him off, if they like, and take his place.

"The bishops can do the same thing exactly, except that they move *cornerwise* instead of proceeding straight up or across.

"The knights move very much like a restive horse under an ambitious rider. They go two squares straight in one direction and then one to the right or left. They can vault over anything, and push off any one of an opponent's men, if in the place where they wish to alight.

"The king can move just one square, straightwise or cornerwise.

"The queen is the star of the whole board so far as moving is concerned; she is the bishop and castle both together. She can go as far as the board is clear, in any direction—straight or cornerwise."

Just as the children had set their board nicely, and learned the moves, the supper-bell rang; and as they went to a board quite as interesting and more indispensable than the one they were quitting, Uncle Jack told them he would give them the next lesson before long, if they remembered this.

The Weight of a Hole.

SAMWELL, as they always called him at home (short for Samuel), had been two terms at the academy in town, so as to "top off" what common school education he had managed to acquire at the "deestrick school." The rest of the family were quite willing to have him do so; but they were rather inclined to laugh at him about it.

"Samwell ought to be able to hoe corn twice as fast as the rest of us", they would say.

"I don't see that Samwell gits any more potatoes out of a hill than the rest of us, for all his larnin'", another would assert.

"Samwell ought to be able to tell us into an ounce how much our hay an' cat-

tle weighs, without drivin' 'em onto the scales", a third would remark.

But it was a bright and well-disposed family, though an uneducated one; and the youth took all their good-natured jokes as calmly and smilingly as he could. One day, however, he *did* get a little roiled, although he had self-discipline enough not to show it. That was when one of them was telling about the famous hole in the butter.

It seems that a man had bought five pounds of the oleaginous substance, of "a groceryman", and found, after he arrived home, that there was a large hole in it. He had returned the article, claiming that he had been cheated. The man from whom he bought it, suggested that he would deduct twenty cents a pound for the hole, if the customer would tell him how much it weighed.

"I wonder how much that hole did really weigh?" remarked one of the boys.

"Samwell has been to 'Cademy an' ought to be able to tell us", chimed in another.

"How can I tell you, when I haven't the hole here?" inquired Samuel.

"Wall, it was about three times as big as the one in this cruller", replied one of the boys, who professed to have witnessed the circumstance. "Tell us how much *this* hole weighs, an' then the other'll be just three times as much."

"Samwell can't do it, for all he's be'en to 'Cademy" spoke up his father.

There was a good-humored laugh at the youth's expense, and the eating went amiably on. But Samuel was thinking. At last he spoke:

"Yes, Samwell has been to 'Cademy", he replied. "He didn't go there long enough to learn much, except the fact that he knew very little. But he believes he can tell you very nearly what that hole weighs."

At this, there was another good laugh. "A hole weigh anything!" they chuckled.

"Perhaps Samwell can prove it to you", remarked that young man, quietly, "and will, too, if you'll pay him a 'quarter' for it. Otherwise, it's hardly worth while."

The boys soon had the "quarter" made up, and laid it not far from his plate, to be his when he told them the weight of the hole.

Samuel "ciphered" for a minute on the margin of a newspaper, looked up, and said, calmly: "You told me yesterday, Nathan, that *you* weighed 125 pounds. I suppose that included everything in you at the time?"

"Sure", replied Nathan.

"All agreed to that?"

"Yes", they all replied.

"Well," continued Samuel, "it's fair to weigh the hole in the same way. Agreed again?"

"Yes."

"Well, it has been proved that every cubic inch of air at this height and temperature weighs 31-100 of a gram, or 31-700,000 of a pound; and there is a slice of that air in the cruller-hole, and, of course, there was in the butter.

"I should think this hole in the cruller contained about two cubic inches, for it's one of the largest that Mother builds; and if so, it weighs 62-700,000 of a pound.

"If the hole in the butter was three times as large as the one in the cruller, it weighed 186-700,000 of a pound.

"Well, 'tis worth somethin', after all, to go to 'Cademy", murmured Nathan. "Here Samwell has made twentyfive cents in just five minutes by the clock. That's five cents a minute, an' it would amount to somethin', ef he could keep it up all day. I b'lieve I'll go to 'Cademy myself, next winter."





Summer Musings.

BY BERTHA JOHNSTON.

THESE are the days when the nomadic instincts come to the fore and we all long "to take to the woods", or, if not personally concerned with the trend of politics, a trip up a "Salt River" is not viewed askance. There are many so-called rivers, in and around New York; narrow inlets and

to get far enough away to prevent any reasonable prospect of verifying the story by eyewitnesses."

Alas, that a placid stream that reflects the truth and purity of the sky, should have to mirror in its faithful surface the features of the piscatorial prevaricator. The scales of Justice and Truth



"A SMALL, GENTLY-MEANDERING STREAMLET."

sheltering bays, that lure those to meditation inclined—while fish and crabs attract the visitors of more active dispositions.

As our esteemed contemporary, the *Washington Star*, has recently remarked, with the wisdom born of self-study, "there is good fishing along the river front; but most fishermen prefer

seem not to accord with the scales of a fish.

So lovely and alluring to the eye are most of our small, gently-meandering streamlets, with their willow-fringed embankments, or lily-padded recesses, that, in driving along the roads of attractive countrysides, one questions, Why so few beautiful villas, or inviting



"WILL HE HIT IT?"

bungalows upon its terraces? Why so few canoes or yachts skimming over the surface? But soon, when the wind blows in the direction of our unfortunate nose, the reason is plain. Factories, here and there, pour into the wholesome stream their disagreeable, nauseating refuse, which kills the fish, spoils the bathing, pollutes the air for miles around, and destroys property val-

ues throughout a wide area. Unfortunately, for those whose olfactory nerves are at all sensitive, such odors have not yet been proved injurious to health, and hence land-owners and pleasure-seekers have as yet no redress. It may be that we must look to the chemical laboratory for relief. Realizing what synthetic chemistry has already accomplished in utilizing waste products, the experi-

menter may find some market value in that which now discolours and glazes over so unpleasantly with its oily scum the naturally limpid waters. Then will the current speedily clear itself once more. One wonders at the patience of the tax-paying citizen who, for so long, permits a few individuals to vitiate existence for hundreds of their fellows.

But there are rivers that still dance

shell", by which they are now known.

Is there any happier creature in the swimming pool than the clean, cool frog, who has finally completely outgrown his long baby-clothes, and dons his new suit of trousers? What boy but envies him his perfect skill at swimming, as he changes from a squatter on the bank, to become the lord of the pond.



"CROSSING THE CRUDE, LOG BRIDGE."

and dimple cleanly and sweetly beneath the summer sun, and midnight moon, and a joy it is to float and dream and study Mother Nature's change of fashions! Along the salt-water streams one may see the crabs, when one suit has been outgrown, in process of changing their clothes—half in, and half out of the old, stiff, shell—the new tender body that emerges explaining the name "soft-

Such a cheerful group of frogs recalls the incident in the boyhood of the great Unitarian preacher, Channing. Passing a small pond, one day, he, like the other boys, raised a stone, ready to fling at the unconscious creatures, when it seemed as if some invisible power held back his hand. He stopped, and ran home to his mother, asking in awe-struck tone, "Mother, what was it kept

me from throwing the stone at the frog?" To which the devoted mother replied, "Some would say it was conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in your heart."

But these placid scenes and quiet meditations do not suit all natures. There are adventurous folk who enjoy the sense of struggle, of combat with elemental forces, and alas, who can satisfy this primal, savage impulse only by undertaking for pleasure the hunting expedition, which, to primitive man, was hard work, rather than strenuous pastime.

One can, in part, excuse the yielding of civilized man to this instinct, when he gives his foe a fair deal. We can, in a measure, realize the excitement stirred, and the bodily and nervous self-control exerted, when stealing silently through the woods after the wrathful bear, or concealed behind a log, bringing down a bird with unerring aim.

The stalking of the deer, with all that it implies of patience, endurance, knowledge, skill, and general self-control, requires certain manly qualities that appeal to most masculine minds, and if the hunters have given their prey a fair fight, the return in the early morning, through the dewy woods, "Indian file", bearing across the crude log bridge the results of their labors, may easily cause a thrill of exultation in the hunter's heart. And yet—when we read the recent account by the German Crown Prince, of his hunting of the lion and the tiger in African jungles, although in his case the creatures destroyed were cruel beasts of prey, we find it hard to understand his point of view when he says that he feels nearer to God, the Father and Creator of all, when, in the evening, after a day's hunting and killing, he sits with his rifle on his knee, gazing into the wonderful depths of the starry sky, with all that they speak of peace and beauty. Such is the inconsistency of mankind! Destruction and worship claiming to be comrades.

Hunters will be needed as long as the

wildernesses harbor animals inimical to man—but, as we learn to understand and love Nature more and more, we will find greater joy in observing her living creatures than in destroying them. So that, though we sympathize to a degree, with the hunter's enthusiasm, we anticipate a time when his activities will find gratification in other directions. The summer days are too lovely for us to ruthlessly destroy that which is harmless, innocent, and happy.

We rejoice, however, that the spirit of adventure and competition has other outlets besides those found in conflict with nature. In the spring and summer days the streams are alive with craft of all kinds, the racing-shells being especially conspicuous, for their long, slender grace, and speed.

The college-boy has long been a feature of those streams that beautify the vicinity of the seats of intended intellectual culture, as he practices for a forthcoming race. Who does not recall Tom Brown's river experiences at Oxford, so graphically depicted by Thomas Hughes?

But the college-girl has come into being in our era and she takes the liberty of sharing the sports as well as the toils of her brothers. What prettier sight can be imagined, than a crew of bonnie maidens, in dainty white boating-costume, "keeping time, time, time", to the stroke of their leader.

It is frequently said that women do not know how to coöperate, to unite for common ends, as do their masculine friends. Rowing in crews should, therefore, be excellent practice for learning how to "pull together", both literally and figuratively, and is to be recommended for this advantage in addition to many others incident to life in the open air. But possibly *competition* should, in the case of women, be tabooed, as involving great strain on heart and lungs. The strenuous life has its merits, but in summer days let us learn the lesson of relaxation, and develop the powers of absorption and reflection.



Clerical Reminiscences.

IT is not often that a clergyman takes time to write a book of reminiscences: indeed, out of the many works of this kind that we have perused, we remember very few as coming from "the cloth."

And yet, no kind of life or occupation can be fuller of interesting and instructive incidents. The great trouble is, perhaps, that many a man can preach a good sermon, but is unable to tell a good story well—no matter how full of fine material it may present itself.

If Rev. Thomas Shrympton Anderson, of Bay City, Michigan, can preach as well as he can write, he is well worth hearing. His new work, "Thoughts and Pictures Taken from Life", is full of graphic interest, from beginning to end. The book, published by the EVERY WHERE Publishing Company, New York, and for sale by them, ought to command a large circulation, among both clergymen and laymen.

Perhaps the most characteristic chapter is the ninth, entitled "Parish Pickings." It is so interesting, that we take the liberty of quoting from it:

"This is a post-card and moving-picture age, and I might insert a few right here, if it were not that I wish to give you mental rather than physical impressions.

"The very first work of my ministry, while I was a student-preacher, was out in Keyapaha county, Nebraska. Every time I pronounced that name I felt like adding a war-whoop to proclaim the Indian. I boarded around with the people there. The life was pioneer, and primitive, indeed. Nearly all the people

lived in sod houses and dug-outs, with a few log cabins in the canyons of the Niobrara.

"The settlers had taken government land from the Nebraska end of the Sioux Indian Reservation. The oldest settler had only resided in the new homestead county about two years.

"Some of the people came a distance of ten miles to church service, held at first in a little log school-house. In the course of a very few weeks we all concluded to build a church and the student-pastor drove a mule team to haul logs to a portable saw-mill in a canyon. Afterwards he helped to nail the shingles on the roof of the church, doing the first carpenter work of his life. There were three carpenters in the district and these supervised the work. Everybody gave time and labor. The church cost very little money, all paid as needed, and it was quite a comfortable little building, seating about two hundred people.

"The Synodical missionary came to organize a regular church, and the student-pastor was given the use of a donkey and dog-cart to visit the parish. I could either ride or drive the donkey: and one process was about as easy as the other.

"I recall trying to ride the donkey to a distant home in a wing of a canyon. I was in perfect harmony with all nature, even with the donkey, as jogging along I reflected upon my visit and the prospect of my next Sunday's sermon. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, that donkey waved his left ear over his right eye, and exchanged ends, moving along both horizontal and perpendicular and even

zigzag lines at the very same instant, leaving me dazed and dilapidatedly lying by the roadside. Well, I had the pleasure of walking six miles, moodily reflecting upon the uncertainties of life and the unfriendly faithlessness of donkeys! I have had many other donkeys try to down me in my pastoral life and work since.

"The Sioux Indians were threatening an outbreak that summer, and I rode, on a good horse, one day with a number of cowboys to round up some cattle which were wrongfully permitted to graze on the South Dakota side of the line.

"I saw a cowboy, with his long-lashed cattle whip, snap the head off a large bull-head snake as it lay coiled in the grass.

"We chased a wild horse for a couple of hours over the plains and sand dunes, but lost him. We succeeded late at night in getting our cattle rounded up and safely corralled.

"My boyhood farm experience now helped me greatly, so that I could work out in the fields and with the cattle men and keep my mind preparing my sermons at the same time.

"The homes were nearly all just one-roomed buildings, curtained off at night into sleeping apartments. Yes, they were just as decently respectable and comfortable as modern Pullman palace sleeping-cars anyway.

"In one of these homes, where I was entertained more frequently than others, there was a very little three-year-old girl who became a great friend. One Sabbath in the midst of my sermon, she skipped away from her mother, and, running to me, wanted me to take her in my arms. I lifted her upon the pulpit desk, and holding her in one arm, I preached away as best I could, gesticulating with the other arm.

"But a few days after this in the home, the father was detained away until quite late at night, and the child caught the restless fear of the mother, and would not say her prayers and go to bed. I tried to comfort her and

assure her that her papa was safe and would come home very soon. Taking her in my arms, I asked her to say her prayer to me, and this is how it came: 'Now I lay me, I want my papa,—down to sleep, I want my papa,—if I should—want my papa—die before—I want my papa, I, I, I, want my papa, I pray. I pray, I want my—my—I pray'—and the little head wearily fell over and the eyelids closed and the troubled little life was resting fast asleep, and so the loving father found her.

"When I completed my summer work the people gave me fifty dollars and a monster big watermelon to express their appreciation of my labor, and ever as I look back upon the scene, that watermelon grows larger and larger, until it seems to fill the earth with its watery sweetness.

"In the twenty-four years of my ordained ministry I have had four pastorates. This is not nearly so frequent a change as the average minister makes, and there is little need that I should mention it, only that it affords opportunity to suggest the shifting home scenes of a minister. If a man is a home-builder and home-lover he feels keenly this broken-up condition of ministerial life. Men are not turtles or crabs, that is, most men are not, so as to live in a shell and carry home on the back. A true home is not only established in the confident love of a family, but it is knitted into and closely woven with a necessarily limited number of warm loving-friendships in community relation.

"Why should a minister be compelled to be a man without a friend, because he is constantly held to be a comparatively passing stranger in the community where he lives?

"However, a minister is supposed to be neither fish, flesh nor fowl, and so he may be very foully dealt with. I may, perhaps, further along show you how some nondescript churches, put together like the class in Zoology put together the mysterious humbug, not only torture the pastor, but destroy every vestige of the home life of the church

itself, and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ.

"Of course, ministers may be somewhat to blame also. They are just as human as the rest of humanity, if not a little more. But they are one among hundreds generally, and far better trained, and the church could hold and help them if it would.

"Since the church relation between pastor and people has always been symbolized by marriage, neither party, I

guess, wishes to fall behind the times in divorce proceedings. Indeed, the relations of a great many people to the church today are about as perplexing as Sambo's relation to home and family. Trying to explain his unfortunate state he said: 'You see, it was just this way, —fust my fadder dies, den my modder marries again, den my mudder run away and my second fadder marries again, and howcome I doesn't seem to have any parents at all, nor no home, no' nuffin.'"

The Witches' Brew.—By Margaret E. Sangster.

THE witches three they stir their
broth

Infused with bitter rue,
With many an incantation wroth
Above the evil brew.

Then swift three phantom shapes appear,
The witches fade away;
And Pride, and Hate, and craven Fear
Stalk in the light of day.

They mock our banner of the stars
With cruel jibe and quip;
They break our peace with fateful jars,
From bad to worse they slip.
Lo! Fear at every seaport stands,
With look of dread dismay,
And fain would turn with hostile hands
Our alien guests away.

And Greed, a robber chieftain he
Grinds out the life of men,
Steps on the bloom of infancy
And drains its life blood, when

In mills and mines and sweat-shops
drear,

The children spend the day,
Grown old and haggard, wasted ere
They have an hour to play.

And Pride, with brow of haughty scorn
And air of conscious strength,
Forgets the place where Pride was born,
The place he'll reach at length.
And riding in his car of ease,
He dares to bruise and slay
The crowds who strive his mood to
please,
And make his holiday.

The witches three from ancient eld,
They stir their evil brew,
And who by them in chains is held
His plight of woe shall rue.
The witches three, they call them forth,
Grim shapes that blight the way,
And East and West, South and North
O'ercast the blithesome day.





Superstitions of Poets.

IT is related of Homer, the greatest epic poet of whom we have any account, that in the various battles which he conducted on paper, or more accurately speaking, on parchment, or papyrus, he never killed a man, without first kneeling and praying the gods to tuck him up and do the best they could with him, as soon as he arrived in the next world. Homer had not only a good head, but a good heart.

Homer is also related to have had a superstition, that Helen, reputed to have been the handsomest and winsomest woman of all history, used to come to him when he was asleep, insinuate her facile spirit into the interstices of his soul, and beg of him, in the next book of the Iliad, to do her proud.

Now the human eye, as has been asserted by scientists, can see both ways, outwardly and inwardly. When it is what is called awake, it sees into this little world of ours, and what few things Nature wants it to see: when it looks the other way—into the great recesses of mind—it sees what it longs and yearns itself to see. When it looks out into the physical night, it sees the great bright stars that fresco the sky: when the five out of possible million senses are shut off, then we are expected to look within, and see the treasures of the mental and spiritual world. Splendors that artists cannot paint and wouldn't be believed if they did. Figures that Fra Angelico tried to bring from his trances, and only partially succeeded; poets and painters and dreamers of all kinds, have seen these visions. Prophets have seen them; seers have seen them. The drunkard who has

been putting fiery serpents of destruction into his body year after year, until, in the very ganglions are nests of writhing creeping animalculæ, sees an image of them in his mind, and yells in mortal fear of the snakes which we do not see, but which he *does*. That which we store in our minds, we will some time see again. The pen of memory does not use sympathetic ink. It brands in letters of fire the records of our actions and our sufferings, and the impositions that others make upon us. And as bodies breed each other and fragments of animal life breed into definite forms in physical life, it is no wonder that constituent elements in the mind should do the same thing. It is no wonder that Luther, having contemplated one by one the hoofs and the horns and the omnivorous maw of the evil one, should bye and bye witness him as a whole, and materialize him, until the whole hideous creature furnished a target at which to throw his ink-stand.

How much of that comes from the seer's own inner consciousness, and how much from some other inner consciousness, we do not know. Whether the baby smiles because, as the doting father believed, the angels were whispering, or whether, as the prosaical nurse suggested, it had too much wind on its stomach, we don't know.

What did the poet of *Paradise Lost* see, after blindness had shut everything out from mortal view?

Let us then look at some of the dead poets. Was it a superstition when Thomas Campbell said that tigers roared on the shores of Lake Erie? Or was it

a guess? Or was it a prophecy? Perhaps the last-named; for there wasn't a tiger on the Western continent when he wrote that: and now it is fulfilled. He only located it a few hundred miles west—and, what is that, between friends—and poets?

Burns saw in the old Kirk Alloway, that "coffins stood round like empty presses, that showed the dead in their last dresses", and he has made the world see it ever since. He paraded a train of gypsies pursuing Tam O' Shanter, and that crowd of people take their jaunt every time an appreciative pilgrim visits the spot. Thus do the superstitions of yesterday flame up into the realities of today. Burns had another superstition, as it might be called: that every woman was divine and an angel. In many cases, it flames up into reality.

Poor Cowper had a superstition, toward the latter part of his life, that he was booked for eternal spiritual destruction and damnation. Of course we all know that such a gentle and commanding spirit as Cowper, would naturally be persona grata in Paradise. If the angels already there knew that there was a movement on foot to send him to the other place, there would be another strike in Heaven. It was certainly a superstitious delusion that ailed Cowper.

The poet has always had the right of way, through all superstitions. Superstition is recognized as one of the poetical licenses.

When Washington Irving—more of a poet than many a rhymester—sent the famous Van Winkle out into the mountains, he created a superstition that never will be destroyed. And what a grand refreshing thought—of such a sleep—twenty years at a stretch—or maybe without a stretch! What a rest from the busy and lazy cares of the world—and from Gretchen! I have often wished that my last distemper might be the sleeping sickness—so that I could get a good rest before passing from the activities of one life to those of another—with perhaps a pleasant and acceptable change of climate.

The American King.

WE brook no king with haughty mien
To hold our sons in thrall;
No knight or lord with clanking sword
To rule in court or hall.
No potentate of high estate
May mould us to his will;
No despot power in evil hour
Our land with woe may fill.
One king alone rules on the throne,
Each freeman's will to cross;
He rules by might through wrong or right,
In politics the boss.

We proudly boast of all it cost,
Of blood and toil and tears,
To set us free from tyranny
These many gladsome years.
O'er land and seas floats on the breeze
The flag we love so well;
No more it waves o'er dusky slaves,
Our nation's shame to tell.
We love each star; each crimson bar
We guard from shame and loss;
But the star-decked flag in mire we drag
At the bidding of the boss.

We vote and fight for home and right,
For pure and upright laws;
Each candidate must legislate
And work for freedom's cause.
We still maintain that right is gain,
Since righteous laws must win;
We prate of truth to man and youth,
And dread the shame of sin.
Known men of skill to work our will,
If free from selfish dross,
We call to rule, then blindly pull,
At the bidding of the boss.

No laws are made without his aid,
Or passed against his will;
The Senate bends to suit his ends,
The House its servile sill.
Each party quails whene'er he rails,
It shrinks before his frown;
His willing tool is made to rule,
His foeman is cast down.
Through wily ways and tricky plays,
Through games of pitch and toss,
The party makes, the party breaks,
At the bidding of the boss.



Up and Down the World.

Origin of Some Common Plants.

THOSE who have learned something of the wonderful mechanism of plant structure, something of the manner of plant growth, and how the great races of plants are all related, one to another—have had their imaginations stirred to ask some of the more fascinating questions of plant history and destiny.

When one has gained some knowledge of these elemental truths, and caught the great idea of organic continuity, it is natural for the mind to go back into some past epoch and ask what kind of plants were then dwellers upon the earth. It is natural for the imagination to roam about wanting to know what kind of vegetation made these hills and valleys green, and what kind of forests covered those mountain-sides. If a certain species is found only in widely separated places on the earth's surface, then the natural query is: "How and when did it traverse the intervening spaces?"

In other words, as soon as one gets a glimpse into the heart of the earth's great garden, the romance of the plant world appeals to him, and makes further study a ten-fold delight.

All of these things cannot be even touched upon in a short space and, in fact, the secrets of many of them have not yet been learned. It will be pleasant and profitable, however, to know something about the origin of two or three of the most common vegetables.

The apple-tree, for instance, belongs to the great rose family, members of which, either in their wild or domesticated state, have spread to nearly every

portion of the globe. Just where the king of fruits originated, or how many years it had lived before the foot of Adam pressed the soil of the garden of Eden, is not very accurately known. For the place of its birth we have to go back to the region of Caucasus and Thibet, a country so fertile in beginnings—the very cradle of the nations.

The races to whom fell the luxury of harvesting the first crop were probably some of the western Aryans. Roots of certain of the words that they coined to describe the plant and its fruit are *ab af*, *av* and *ob*; and they are recognized in *aphal* (old German), *appel* (old English), and *apli* (Scandinavian).

The country in which the apple appears to be most indigenous, is near Trebizond, in Armenia. The variety which there grows wild has leaves downy on the under side, short stems, and sweet fruit. Evidence also goes to show that it developed independently, and perhaps at about the same time, in northern Russia and eastern Asia Minor. It is quite certain, however, that the fruit had been taken from its wild state, and cultivated for the use of man, long before the dawn of history.

As to the potato—that very humble but powerful inhabitant of the soil—powerful because it is useful—where did its progenitors dwell? It is not, as might be supposed, a native of the Emerald Isle; but, instead, it has been proved beyond a doubt that at the time of the discovery of America, the cultivation of the potato was practiced, with every appearance of ancient usage, in the temperate regions extending from Chile to Central America. In the latter half of the

sixteenth century it was introduced into that part of North America now known as Virginia and North Carolina, by the Spaniards. These same bold sailors were responsible for its entry into Europe, about 1580; and soon after that, Sir Walter Raleigh carried it back to Ireland.

The date-palm is another very old inhabitant of the East. It is certainly much older than the recorded memory of man, but just how ancient it is, or where it first began to bear its delicious fruit, may not be known until palæontological research brings up more secrets from the depths of the earth. There is evidence, however, that in times far anterior to the earliest Egyptian dynasties, the date-palm already existed wild, or sown here and there by wandering tribes, in a narrow zone extending from the Euphrates River to the Canary Islands. It is probable that the cultivation of the fruit began much later, and covered an area extending from northwest India to the Cape Verde Islands; so that the natural boundary-lines of the date-palm world have remained very nearly the same for more than five thousand years.

A Floating Farm

JENS SOEBY'S "floating farm" is one of the famous sights on the Columbia River. All the buildings are supported by three rafts made of huge pine logs. Soeby, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, got the idea of a floating house-boat when traveling in China and Japan, and when he returned home after the war he built three rafts on the Columbia River, and on these he erected a house and a warehouse to keep nets and boats, chicken pens, and so on; he also made a garden in which he raised enough vegetables for the use of his family. Soeby's farm and inn, floating serenely on the water, soon became a favorite headquarters for fishing parties. Here they were housed and fed, and at night Soeby would play his old violin for their entertainment. He also gave

music lessons. The "farm" was moored in front of the property of Mr. C. E. De Long, who charged Soeby fifty cents a month rental. When Soeby did not pay his rent for two years De Long secured a judgment and a writ of ejectment from the judge of the Superior Court, but when the sheriff attempted to enforce the order the water was too low to move the rafts. Recently, after a freshet, the water rose, and George Johnson, deputy sheriff, was sent to remove Soeby's property. He hired a river steamer and crew of half-a-dozen men, pulled up the anchors of the rafts, and towed this unique floating habitation half a mile down the stream, where it was anchored, and where Jens and his wife still live.—*Wide World*.

The Labor-Saving Windmill.

WIND-ENGINES, whose name is legion, consist for the most part of variations and amplifications of the familiar windmill, which is not, however, so familiar in England as it deserves to be. With a surface sufficiently exposed great power is obtainable for operating a dynamo. One cannot help marvelling at the general neglect of this source of industrial energy. They are used for draining purposes in Holland and Norfolk and for mining in several countries. It was Lord Kelvin who first proposed to utilize them in charging electric accumulators. A single windmill at Faversham, of fifteen horsepower, raised, in ten months, twentyone million gallons of water from a depth of one hundred and nine feet; but American windmills have far exceeded this record of usefulness. These latter have the sails arranged in an annulus or disk, the sails consisting of narrow slats arranged radially, each board inclined at a constant angle of weather. In what are called centrifugal governor mills the slats are set in a bar; by rotating the bar the slats are brought end on to the wind, the action resembling the shutting of an umbrella. The slats are held up

to the wind by a weight, and are also connected to a centrifugal governor. If the speed of the governor increases, the balls fly out and lift the weight, and at the same time the sails are partially furled. There are five hundred wind-mill patents in America alone. If a single horse-power wind-engine were affixed to the roof of every London house, think of the enormous saving to the hands, the legs, and the backs of half a million housewives and domestic servants. Every family could then keep its horse or at least its horse-power; every householder could afford a motor; and, from an artistic standpoint, what a great gain to the eye it would be to see London a city of windmills.—*Strand*.

Should Vivisection Be Abolished ?

SOME say yes: some no. Alexis St. Martin was vivisected in spite of himself, with having the fleshy cover of his stomach torn off by a shotgun: and Dr. Beaumont, his physician, was not very anxious to put the covering on again, even if he could have done so. He made very valuable discoveries concerning the process of digestion, which could not have been accomplished without that fortunate-unfortunate accident.

But this was different from taking some helpless animal, and making it suffer in order to get from it a little more knowledge concerning the functions of its body. And if this is permitted to go on, how can we be sure that the same process will not be perpetrated upon human beings? Upon condemned criminals? Upon captives, that never will be able to tell what they suffered—their deaths being attributed to other causes? Upon brave men who secretly submit to it in consideration of a sum of money paid to their families? Many sell their bodies, so to speak, *after* death: why not, in rare cases, before?

A physician writes from London to "Health Culture", as follows:

"Every one who is interested in reform in general, and health-reform and food-

reform in particular, must be interested in humanitarianism, and the Anti-Vivisection cause.

"The attitude of those who go in for vivisection is quite wrong; the argument of the research people, as they call themselves, is that, because their data has been obtained by certain methods, therefore no other methods were open to science; they have implied that science, or what they mean by science, does not know of any other methods. Even if we grant that some of the data obtained by vivisection and inoculation experiments have value, it does not prove that these methods were the best, or even that they were necessary. I wish to support those statements from two points of view.

"The first is my own. For many years I have advised people about health and fitness; I have given advice as to diet and abstinence, exercise and muscular relaxing, deep and full, breathing, simple water treatments, simple mental helps, and so on; of all the advice which I have given, I cannot trace any items to information supplied by experience in vivisection or inoculation; every principle which I have applied has been derived by different means.

"Secondly, I have, working with me, an expert who makes an analysis of blood, urine, etc.; by a prick with a needle, he gets a drop of blood; beyond this there is no vivisection: the work is chiefly microscopic; none of the facts of physiological chemistry, which he relies on, are supplied by experiments in vivisection or inoculation; his methods for the correct diagnosis, on which we base our advice, are independent of these branches of science.

"Without vivisection and inoculation we can give a satisfactory and sensible treatment which prevents or removes disease and produces health, and that we owe nothing to these branches of research, is an argument against vivisection and inoculation.

"As to the horrors which have been perpetrated under cover of these names, everyone who becomes a food-reformer

along sensible lines can scarcely bear the thought of them.

"One more argument. It is generally admitted that the disease of the age is neurasthenia; I think no open-minded person could claim that the prevention or cure of neurasthenia has been aided either by vivisection or inoculation experiments.

"If it be maintained that uric acid disorders are more prevalent than neurasthenia, let us ask, with regard to the treatment of uric acid disorders, what contribution of any value has come from vivisection or inoculation?"

The Model Woman.

SHE ariseth early in the morning and retireth late at night, and eateth not the bread of idleness: yea, she maketh her own bread and buyeth not yeast of the baker. She maketh also her own cakes, and pies, and soap, and candles, and soups, and sauce, and pickles, and preserves, and puddings, and dough-nuts, and dumplings. She washeth; she moppeth also and ironeth.

In the spring she teareth up the carpets and pryeth out the windows, and whitewasheth and cleaneth from garret to cellar. Then she tacketh down the new carpets and darneth the old and maketh great spreading mats to cover the darns thereof.

She seweth also and quilteth, and cutteth carpet-rags, coloring much and dyeing many times. She maketh the clothes of her children; and concerning the garments of big John, she maketh them over for little John, for she saith, "Shoddy is dear, and the old will last longer than the new." Her own dresses she maketh when at any time she getteth any, and these she weareth long and buyeth no more forever, that Angelica may have many dresses and go to school and graduate.

Also she goeth not abroad, except on Sundays, when she sitteth meekly in the corner in the shadow of the window, lest her old bonnet and shabby gloves should

be discerned by the children. Neither goeth she to hear what is her sphere—whether to go out or to stay at home; and thereby she saveth a quarter.

She stayeth also at all times with little John, because big John wanteth not little John to assemble on the street corners. But little John crieth and saith "Why can't I go out to play high-spy and mumblety-peg with the other boys?"

Then the model woman saith unto little John, "Go not forth my son into the streets to learn the ways of saloons, but be thou like thy father, who stayeth at his office, and smoketh not, neither playeth billiards like ungodly men; or like the nice college boys, who are so wise and well-behaved." But little John "winketh with his eyes" and saith, "What does a woman know? for does not father smoke all the time at the office and play billiards when he is coming home? And do not the college boys play pranks when a professor is not with them?"

Then little John readeth his Mother Goose, and when he is sleepy his mother tucketh him in bed, and waiteth for big John to come from "down town." And by and by Angelica cometh in from a party, and big John also cometh in, and the model woman riseth and stirreth the cakes and setteth the house in order and sleepeth hastily till the five o'clock bell rings, when she ariseth and stirreth the cakes and goeth over the work of the day, yea, the work of three hundred and sixtyfive days; which addeth wrinkles to her brow and tingeth her hair with gray.

But Angelica riseth not, for she hath a bad cold, and had a beau last night; by and by she hath another beau, and then she graduateth, and when she hath earned fourteen dollars and twentyfive cents teaching school, she marrieth Philetus, and her husband taketh her home to his folks. But the mother of Philetus is not a model woman. She scoldeth much that Angelica is long at lacing up her shoes, and is tardy at breakfast, and is good for nothing on general principles.

Then Angelica groweth wrathly and crieth aloud, and goeth into hysterics and teareth the hair of Philetus, and biteth his mother, who saith, "You can't skeer me; I've seen too much of sich actions."

Then Angelica saith if she has got to live with his folks, she'll go home to ma, and Philetus stayeth with his pa.

And the model woman goeth on rising early and retiring late, till at last the night cometh when she stirreth not the cakes, and riseth not in the morning, but turneth her face to the wall and saith, "I am sick, I am sick. I am so tired." Then she foldeth her hands meekly and murmureth, "My children, oh, my children", and dieth. On earth a model woman less, in heaven an angel more. And the good husband goeth and buyeth her a tombstone, and then looketh about cautiously but industriously, but we hope unsuccessfully, to find another model woman.

An Oasis with a History.

IN the mountain range of El Guettera, writes Captain A. H. Haywood in the July *Wide World*, I came across that precious and rare thing in the desert, a clear spring. Of course, these springs are very few and far between, and there is a tragic little story attached to this particular one. A man and his wife were making their way across the desert not long ago, and their water supply ran short. They struggled on weak and parched with thirst. One by one their camels died, and at last, overcome with suffering, the woman died too. The man dragged himself painfully onward in the weary search for water. It was all in vain, however, and at last he, too, gave up the struggle; and tortured with a burning thirst, death came upon him and mercifully relieved his suffering. Someone passing that way soon after found his body—lying barely a hundred yards from the little mountain spring of El Guettera. Little he knew how close he was to his goal, poor fellow!

East Centerboro.

[From the *East Centerboro Intelligent*.]

BY the advice and with the aid of Eli L. Barker, Miss Jane Esther Sample, who has written more or less all the time during the last few years, has consented to pen her literary paroxysms for the *Intelligent*. These are not to mean that she has been in a real paroxysm concerning literary matters, but that she is to tell to the world how she succeeded in becoming such a great writer, and the authors for whom she has suffered paroxysms of fondness. Mr. Barker points out the fact with great truth that other authors, especially Mr. Howells, sometimes do this, and that it should be performed with the proper amount of reference to the author who had the paroxysms. He has also been kind enough to fix them over a little.—[Ed. *Intelligent*.]

JANE ESTHER SAMPLE'S LITERARY PAROXYSMS.

I do not know how I happened to run across the novelist that I love better than I love any other that I ever nief; but I whisper this to my readers: that I early read Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and that I drew from him, as I may say, much of that ability which I now possess. I think that if I have any choice, I should say that I choose him. I do not mean to say that I have not read other writers; but I, who was then I, am now another I, and I still hold to Sylvanus. Most of my friends with whom I have read the Gunmaker of Moscow and other stories that I have enjoyed with them, are now dead, I believe; but I remember very well how they enjoyed my enjoyment of them—indeed do I!

I should have liked very much to have known Tupper. He existed in my time, but I hardly think I appreciated him at the time. I do now; and indeed, I am not sure but I did then. Indeed I did feel every thing he said that I find now could have possibly aided me in my preparing to be the writer that I am. I at one time commenced writing like Tupper; but Tupper is hard to imitate,

and nobody would read it. I see now that I made my mistake in that I did not do something wholly of my own. Tupper was undoubtedly a favorite of mine. I have long thought it more discreditable to our taste and less to his talent, that he is not now considered the leading English poet. I think, however, that if I was hard pressed, I could better him a little here and there; but after I had bettered him here and there, I am not sure that I should like him so well as I do now. I will not pretend to say why others like him less than I do; I am out of patience with such people, and I have small regard for their taste.

My affections have been terribly battered in my various literary paroxysms, but I am sure my readers who may happen to love history, will be glad to know that I, too, have always loved history. Perhaps I shall not be believed, when I mention the fact that I only read Milton last year, and that I have yet to say whether Virgil, Homer, and Euripides meet with my approval. I may tell this later in another series of paroxysms. My readers will also be surprised, when I inform them that I am yet to know whether I approve of the Moody and Sankey Collections Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

I have, during the past — years and — months, read carefully some seven thousand three hundred and fifty-four books, besides the head-lines of a great many newspapers, which I have counted as fictions. Some of them I have been moved by—some I have not. I have written a great deal during that time; my friends all say to me, Go on and write more and more and more and more, and so say I, and you may look for additional literary paroxysms.

Short Editorials.

A man's stomach generally goes along with his dreams.

* * *

Interference with pleasures is one of Nature's great industries.

The Brook.

MY meadow brook slides through the
sedges green,
While o'er it wave brown clubs of
bladed flags;
Sometimes it hurries on, sometimes it
lags
In open space or shady nook unseen—
But still it sings where water-cresses
lean,
Or where the rushes stand in jointed
mail;
In sun, or gloom, its song doth never
fail,
But gurgles low its ferny banks
between—
Sing ever on, O songful meadow stream!
While seeking aye thy boundless
ocean home,
And nearing it with all thy curves
and turns;
Thou flowest on as though a quiet dream,
While ragged boneset spreads its
creamy foam,
And scarlet cardinal's lighted signal
burns.

"Follow Me."

WHAT power in that divine command

That all the twelve obeying,
Arose as one, with clasp of hand
For service, an unselfish band,
No vain regrets delaying.

That there was one of sordid aim
And one whose stern denial
Should one day his forbearance claim—
This brought not banishment nor
blame;—
Far hence his hour of trial.

And how he loved them every one,
Their human faults excusing,
Gently or strongly leading on
That upward sunward path where shone
Heaven's virtues for their choosing!

—JEANIE OLIVER SMITH.

Editorial Thoughts and Fancies.

Neutral in Politics.

NOT as a partisan, but as an impartial spectator, EVERY WHERE is looking upon the great political conflict now taking place. It will next month have a variety of statements, from people of different opinions and prejudices, as last month and the month before: is gathering them up, with the view of again presenting the most trenchant of them to its readers, and will continue to do this, from issue to issue, during the campaign: but will, as a Magazine, take no part in the nation-wide controversy. It recognizes the fact that it is read by people of all parties and opinions, and that, as far as possible, they are entitled to expression on its pages—with no sign from its editor, either of approbation or disapprobation, concerning measures or men. It will look upon the strife with a kindly feeling toward all, and use the various events and utterances that will come forth, merely as material for the instruction and amusement of its readers.

The Blessing and Curse of Wealth.

TO one not burdened with very much worldly pelf, wealth "looks good." Handsome clothes, dainty food, pleasant surroundings—all seem legitimate objects of the most intense envy.

But when we look at the curses that

are always ready to follow it if you give them a chance, our envy is very much reduced in quantity, if not entirely removed.

For instance, no doubt the much-to-be pitied mother of the lunatic-murderer, Harry Thaw, is perhaps more to be pitied than any other woman in the country today—however poor in purse.

Hotel Carelessness.

THE hostelry is naturally supposed to be a home—and a safe home—for whoever makes his temporary abiding-place there. They are its guests, and pay for the privilege, whatever it asks. Should it not use the utmost care to keep them from being robbed and murdered?

Should not the character and former life of every servant be closely investigated, before he or she is admitted into the house?

They have the run of the guest's room; they can examine his baggage, unless he takes pain to lock it up, which he seldom does; they have really supervision over his very life.

But what particular care does the average hotel take, to secure proper conduct from these employes? Only a few months ago, a seventeen-year-old lad, who had been caught in dishonesty before coming to New York, climbs into the rooms of a deaf old man, tries to chloroform him, finally chokes him to death, robs the body, and gets away with his plunder—no one but the victim having seen him.

The little wretch had been discharged, a day or two before, as "suspected of dishonesty": but he seems to have still had the run of the house, and, according to his own statement, carried a pass-key, with which he could unlock any of the rooms. Upon being discharged from this hotel, he had immediately obtained a similar position in another one—evidently without the recommendation of his former employers, or any one else.

How many guests had he robbed, before? How many travelers had missed one or more articles, and had not time to "bother" about it? How many had lost valuable jewels, and been unable to detect the thief? How many have been found dead in hotels, and announced as "suicides", when they were really the victims of servant-murderers?

Probably the majority of the attaches of most hotels, are honest: but one bad one is more than enough.

Strict laws should be passed concerning the liability of inn-keepers in such matters, and, more than that, *enforced*.

Editorial Correspondence.

En Route—on train.

A DASH out among the schools and colleges, and back again!—it is joyously pleasant, even if laborious. The leaves and flowers of June, that form almost a glittering avenue from one railroad-station to another; the towns where commencements are to be held, in gala mood, and perhaps gaily dressed; teachers and pupils keyed up to a high pitch of excitement; and so, political conventions may come and go at Chicago and Baltimore—but to the student, the memory of this blessed day will go on forever.

So yesterday afternoon at five, I took the "Wolverine" fast-express-train for Michigan (that was the state into which I was first going). It is not such terribly hard work to travel, nowadays, so long as you are used to it, make yourself at home, keep on the big trains, avail yourself of every opportunity for comfort, and, luckily, keep out of smash-ups.

The dining-car this time is superb, and

really gives you something fit to eat, though it charges a price that convinces you it is thoroughly aware of the "high cost of living"; the waiter is a Chesterfield in animated bronze, and thanks you devotedly for what you give him independently of the above-mentioned prices; the porter of the sleeping-car is good-natured and obliging; our fellow-guests are orderly and decorous, and do not look as if they would snore when night comes; the lower berth into which I tumble, is almost as good as my bed, and better than most beds; and sleep, to one who has at one time and another and in one way and another, travelled a few millions of miles, and is used to curves and jolts, naturally comes very soon. The Hudson River, and the histories and legends that linger upon its banks, gradually sink out of the mind's sight.

Still En Route.

Alas and alack! In the morning, I awaken, believe that I am not so very far from Detroit, and decide that it is about time to gain a series of perpendicular positions. But, unhappily, there is plenty of time to "turn over" and go to sleep again; Detroit is still afar off, and St. Thomas, Canada, will be the next populous town that shall greet us.

While all of us were sleeping, a freight-train went wrong—two, in fact—and the New York Central "metals", as the English call car-rails, were littered for furlong after furlong. The Wolverine Express could not get past it, and had to return nearly to Albany, cross the Mohawk River, and go to Buffalo on the West Shore track: and so it was, that I arrived in Detroit nearly four hours late, lost the northern train, and missed my engagement: for there was not time, the railroad-managers informed me, to get through, even with a special train. Heaven speed the day of practical aeroplanes!

A "wire" to the Lecture Committee, several hundred miles off, an asking of them if they could postpone the engagement for a fraction of a week, a gracious reply that they could, and the pitching of a room-tent in a large hotel near the shore of the Detroit River.

A different sort of stream is this Detroit River, from the one which greeted me a few years ago, when I came here to the City of the Straits to edit at one of its newspapers. Then, a room upon its banks was restful;

with now and then a string of sailing-vessels coursing up or down the stream from one big lake to another: what steamers there were seemed to have a sort of dignified hush along with them, for vapor-propelled craft. Even since coming to New York, I can remember, the river used to look lonely, as compared with those of our great Eastern metropolis.

But now! Sorry am I that I engaged rooms looking upon this watery highway, for this night of waiting for convenient trains. There is scarcely a minute but some one of the monsters of this river-deep howls at another, screams at people on the shore whom it wants to come with it, yells at the earth, the air, the sky, or whatever may be nigh at hand or far away. The iron-ore steamers on their way from and to the upper lakes, their black shark-like hulls well-nigh a score of rods long, with a pilot-house built upon the bow and a cabin on the stern, pass each other every few minutes, giving amiable growls of greeting, which echo to and fro among the hills of Canada, just across the river. All of which is interesting, but not resting.

No, Detroit is not now the dear old dreamy city it used to be: but a great rustling, bustling, hustling camp of commerce, making faces at Chicago, and not even pretending to understand why it shouldn't some day be at least the second city of America. It has already caused more people to mortgage their homes so as to buy automobiles, than any other city in the world.

It is full of history. Not far from where I am writing, this minute, Lewis Cass, once a candidate for the Presidency, bought a farm of 500 acres, and grew rich farming—city lots and outside lands speculations. He also knew how to deal gently but thriftily with the Indians all about, and was a sort of nineteenth-century Penn to them. He was in his day one of the most popular citizens of America; but like many another favorite and eagerly willing son, he could not dig the Presidency up from either end of the rainbow.

Would like to walk, and drive, and sail, and swim all about here, and call on and visit with an hundred well-loved friends—just as I used to do: but a week of day-and-night travel, with talks and original recitations strung constantly in between, makes one hearken when the drowsy-eyed old god Morpheus comes to him

and says, "You must lie down, become unconscious, and be as dead." I can feel intimations of his approach: he will soon be here.

Dear old Morpheus! What could we do in the world, if it were not for him?—Die. And the nearer we can let him bring us to the seeming of death, the better. A straightforward, dreamless sleep does more for a human being than any other one thing in the world, except religion, and even more than that, if his religion shouldn't happen to be the right one. I have been pretty nearly all over a good part of the world. I have railroaded, stage-coached, bicycled, motored, ballooned, horsebacked, walked, and have stood in front of a great many hundred audiences, at the close of fatiguing journeys; and my only stimulus has been sleep. Lecturer after lecturer and reader after reader, full of bright hopes and glorious talents, has gone down before my eyes, on account of stimulating to keep his strength before exacting audiences. One of the best woman lecturers that ever charmed America, is a wreck to-day, and has been for years, on account of the rum-fiend.

Morpheus has come. Welcome, drowsy old god! Wake me up about breakfast-time to-morrow morning!

Chicago.

Too much excitement for a dreamer: I shall, please Heaven, leave this babel of stealthy whispers and maddening sounds called a National Convention, and hie to more congenial scenes. And yet a thousand delegates, ruly or unruly, is an inspiring sight—congenial or uncongenial.

For instance—when a deadlock occurred in this very city, the issue being whether General Grant should get a third term, I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing one of the most dramatic events that ever occurred within convention walls.

The voting had gone on day after day, until the delegates were all tired out, and the country, too, for that matter. The Michigan Central Railroad on its way to its station ran along within a few steps of the convention hall, and thousands of passengers, as they per day went by, gazed longingly at the outside of the grim walls. The cars were compelled to proceed very slowly through the city, and it was easy to swing on or off as they went along. I was coming into the city, and instead of gazing longingly at the big

hall, dropped off at its very back door. A few delegates had wandered out, and were standing around, getting a little fresh air, in contrast to the "hot air" within. I heard and felt the activity going on within the hall, and felt an intense desire to be there. I knew there was no use of going around an eighth of a mile to the front doors, for I had no ticket, and there were no seats to be had in the galleries, anyway.

An inspiration, or whatever you call it, seized me. I began to act as much like a tired, jaded, worn-out delegate as I could. It seems to me that I yawned once or twice and inserted my knuckles into my eye-sockets. The guards (themselves tired) evidently began to look at me as a poor, jaded, delegate, out a few moments for a breath of lake-ozone; and pitied me when I finally lounged "back" through the door into the convention.

Mercy!—before I knew it, I was right up on the platform! There was at my very feet a huge concourse of delegates—any one of whom had a better right there than the subscriber within those sacred precincts. The famous Senator Hoar, permanent President of the Convention, sat within a few feet of the chair into which your friend the new-comer carelessly dropped. Don Cameron was right behind me. Roscoe Conkling was down on the main floor, within a few inches of the edge of the platform. Ben Harrison, who was afterwards to be President himself, was three hundred feet in front of me, and eighty feet to the right. I, a political nonentity, was surrounded by political giants!

But the fact seemed to make no particular impression on any one; there was too much excitement in that great sultry hall, with its thermometers up in the nineties, for any one to throw intruders out. They were voting and had been voting, day after day, to see if Grant (or rather Mrs. Grant, for she was the really ambitious one of the family) should have a third term.

One monotonous vote after another was taken—and then—Wisconsin gave her fourteen votes to James A. Garfield: and there took place one of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed in any room. The whole convention was carried away by a mental cyclone. The tension was relieved, and with a bang. Delegation after delegation rushed forward to change its vote to the

coming Ohioan. He was standing in the crowd during the tumult, looking grand and self-contained. Several of the delegations ran up and made an impromptu awning of their banners over him. Peal after peal of applause hurled its way up, down, and across the vast temple of politics. Silk hats were flung toward the lofty ceiling, with apparently very little chance of their owners' getting them back. Men deliberately (?) took off their coats, leaned over the edge of the gallery, and waved and "flopped" the discarded garments up and down, and in every direction excepting toward the proper position upon their shoulders. Men hugged each other, pounded each other, embraced each other, waltzed with each other.

Owosso, Mich.

Good-bye, Chicago, with all your interesting memories, and your grand realities and startling absurdities of the present; here is something of more importance than a national convention: the Commencement of a High School. The men in the former are striving to decide who shall rule a hundred million of people: in the latter is gradually being decided who shall rule in future days over perhaps a hundred and fifty or two hundred millions. There are perhaps in this audience of 2,000, boys (and girls) who will be governors, who will be congressmen, senators—perhaps presidents. There may be capitalists, generals, editors, authors, and philosophers. They may be some of the worst criminals that are to infest the country. Much depends upon how the schools are conducted.

I have addressed a good week-full of these commencements at high schools and colleges, and every one of them has gladdened my heart.

Would that I had space here, to tell of the brilliant appearance that this grand exhibit of education makes!

Short Editorials.

When a man has not strength of soul to have religion, he is likely to pick up a few superstitions instead.

* * *

Be careless where you place things when done with them, and you will spend half your life hunting for them.



Jesus Christ, the Founder of Modern Democracy.

By REV. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

"He who will be greatest among you let him be your servant."

CHRISTIANITY AND CHRIST.

THERE has been too often a wide difference between what is popularly called CHRISTIANITY, and what Jesus lived and taught. He gave life, and men have turned it into doctrine. He gave liberty, and men have turned it into bondage. He gave GOOD NEWS, and men have turned it into "Christianity", Churchianity, Inanity, and even Insanity. Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and see how men, for centuries professing to be the followers of Jesus, acted like the devil. Yes, and in the name of Christianity and Christ!

To know what true Christianity is, we must look to Christ himself.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY THE SAME THING.

Jesus was the first true democrat. "The common people heard him gladly", for he was of the common people. He said: "Whosoever among you will be greatest let him be your servant." "I am among you as him that serveth." "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren!" All equal, all kings and priests unto God! What is this but the real and true charter of Democracy?

Why do we revere the memory of

Washington and Lincoln? Because they were the servants of the people. They washed the people's feet as Jesus did, and set them in the ways of liberty and truth. Absolutely unselfish they were, and with such men for leaders, ours is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; but when selfishness gets in, and greed, and public office is made the stepping-stone to wealth and special privilege, and people are plundered by robber-tariffs, then a government of the people, by the people, for the people, changes into a government of rascals, by rascals, for the rich. The good shepherd gives his life for the sheep; but the rascal shears them and runs away with the wool. Think of men that in Senate and House make merchandise of the people, and rob them! Why does it cost so much to live today? Turn the rascals out!

ANCIENT AND MODERN DEMOCRACY.

All ancient democracies rested on an iniquitous injustice in the way of slavery and social inequality. There was no such thing as universal suffrage under ancient democracy. The rights of the citizen alone interested them. They knew nothing of the rights of man. They had no conception of humanity as we have. One thing only did ancient democracy contribute to modern democracy: that is the conception that law should express the will of the people, and that the voice of the people is the voice of God. *Vox populi vox Dei!*

In all ancient civilizations we find law thought of as something revealed super-

naturally by God himself, and therefore as unchangeable and unalterable through the popular will. But in Athens and other democracies in ancient times, the people came to realize their power to make laws for themselves: hence the phrase, *lex est quod populus jubet atque constituit*. Law is what the people determine and establish.

MODERN DEMOCRACY THE CHILD OF THE REFORMATION.

Under the tyranny of the Papal Hierarchy, in the dark ages of despotism, this truth of the people's right to enact laws for themselves, was forgotten. Then, in the Reformation, men began to read the New Testament, and found that the Christianity of Jesus Christ was a pure democracy, in which it could be truly said, "One is your Master: even Christ and all ye are brethren." There was then no Pope.

So they hit on two great principles: the right of each man to read the Bible and judge for himself as to the truth, and, secondly, that all men as brethren were equal before God—were they popes, bishops, or kings! They first applied these principles to the government of spiritual affairs; but they could not but perceive that they applied to political affairs as well. Here we have the origin of our modern democracies. Here is the source of that one truth of the Declaration of Independence, "WE BELIEVE THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL."

This truth, through the Reformation, goes back to Christ and his disciples.

"ALL YE ARE BRETHREN!"

The equality of man as stated in the Declaration of Independence means that all men are equal in the sight of their Creator, and in the sight of justice, and that there should be one law for all and one equity for all, one rule and moral obligation, and that all should hold life under the same conditions and be permitted to pursue happiness by the same road. All have an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?

"Law is what the people order and establish." Well, then, who are the people? If we are striving to build up a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, the prime question obviously is, Who are the people? Democracy means a government of, and by, and for, the people, and today we are in the midst of a hot discussion as to who the people are. It is the question of suffrage. At present, among us, there is a hot debate as to whether women shall be counted as among the people, or counted with lunatics, criminals, idiots, and babies, as incapable of expressing a voice in the government of the country they live in; and the writer is free to confess that he is one of those who are convinced that men should not have the exclusive direction of affairs in communities in which women are a large and deeply interested class. It is to him self-evident, that women should have a voice in making the laws and ordering the arrangements under which they are to live. If any one has any doubt as to this, let him note the unutterable silliness of the arguments against woman suffrage. You would think that the men and women who concoct them had just jumped out of Noah's Ark and had not had time to catch up with the modern world.

In Christ, as Paul said, there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, male nor female, bond nor free. Here is universal humanity! All human beings are the people.

ONLY HUMANITY CAN LEGISLATE FOR HUMANITY: THE ULTIMATE RULE OF DEMOCRACY.

Neither sex, color, or creed should be any bar in the way of a purely human administration of human affairs. Women should be admitted to citizenship as human beings on precisely the same conditions as men. No class can legislate for another, neither can men legislate for women any more than women can legislate for men. Each class, as a

class, requires to be held in check by its opposite,—the rich by the poor, the learned by the simple, the powerful by the weak, the exalted by the lowly. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." "Mind not high things but condescend to men of low estate." Such are the injunctions of Christian Democracy.

No class can be entrusted with the concerns of even a specific department. The property interests cannot be safely committed to the wealthy; the interests of education could not be entrusted to the exclusive management of the learned. Nothing less than humanity can be entrusted with the regulation of the affairs of humanity.

HUMANITY'S RULE DEMOCRACY'S GOAL.

This is what is going on today in our nation. Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts Bay, used to say, "In every community the lesser part is the wiser part, and of that lesser part it is only the smaller part that are fitted to rule." This is the political philosophy of that eminent statesman, Noah. He took it into the ark with him and kept it quite dry, till the flood was over, and it has been handed down to our own day and we hear still, that the people are not fit to rule themselves, and that they must be ruled by men cooped inside that moss-grown document called the Constitution of United States, that was made over a hundred years ago, by a nation of three or four millions of people dwelling along the sea-coast! So the will of the people is to be forever expressed by the words of men dead and gone ages ago. Not only that, but whatever reforms are hindered, whatever suffering and injustice ensues, we are to fall on our knees and cry, "Great is the Constitution!" You might as well try to keep a grown-man clothed with baby garments! When the goldsmiths of Ephesus thought that their craft was to be interfered with by the gospel that Paul preached, they all bawled, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana

of the Ephesians!" So today, those interests that have entrenched themselves behind certain outworn and mischievous features of our Constitution, when they see their business of plundering the people threatened, cry, "Great is the Constitution! Great is the Constitution!" "The people cannot be trusted to govern themselves!"

That means that the government is to be run in the interest of the rich, powerful, and intelligent. They are to be the people! But the hour has struck for such business to come to an end. The handwriting is on the wall. "You cannot fool all the people all the time", as Lincoln said.

Gems From Talmage.

Some of the finest houses of our cities were built out of money paid for votes in the Legislature.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate; but in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids.

I unroll the scroll of public iniquity and I come to bribery—bribery by money, bribery by proffered office.

If some one is more beautiful than you, thank God that you have not so many perils of vanity to contend with.

Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain:—for all of them, you must be brought to judgment.

The world has the habit of making a great ado about what you do wrong and forgetting to say anything about what you do right.

Life is short at the longest; let it be filled up with helpfulness for others, work and sympathy for each other's misfortunes, and our arms be full of white mantles to cover up the mistakes and failures of others.



• Dialogue with Death.

BON VIVANT.—Good morning, old fellow: I have been face to face with you so long, that it seems as if I had always known you. How are you today?

DEATH, *languidly*, but *promptly*—Oh, I'm always well; I have so much to do, I can't afford to be sick. And how are you today, my fine fellow? Almost ready to go along with me?

B. V.—You know just as well as I do, that very few of us want to go with you at any time; but we have to, when you give the word.

D.—When I give the word? Oh, no! I always have to wait till the word is given to *me*. They call me the great murderer, and bestow upon me several other pretty names, for all of which I am very much obliged; but as for being a murderer—why, I am only obeying the commands of Providence, when I liberate any one from this world.

B. V.—Well now, my dear but I trust distant friend, you know, as well as I do, that you can leave me here as long as you wish: *don't* you?

D.—You never made a greater mistake in your life. When you depart from this world, you will be really your own murderer.

B. V.—My own murderer? How you talk! I had never the least bit of such an idea!

D.—Listen. You will never die of old age; and, bedridden as you are now, it is not probable that you will become the fated victim of an accident, or of a homicide. And those are the only three

ways that people die, that are not the result of their own actions.

B. V.—How can my death, when you choose to take me, be called the "result of my own actions"?

D.—You commenced killing yourself in your youth. You were always the first arrival and the largest eater at your parents' table. You continually kept asking for "a little more", and held on till you got it.

B. V.—Well, but doesn't any growing child do that?

D.—To some extent; but the largest proportion of children know at least when they have got enough; while you *never* seemed to.

B. V.—Well, you're about right. But what else did I do?

D.—You went on eating faster and more than ever, after you grew to be a man. You became an epicure and a gormandizer combined. You never ate less than three or four times as much as you needed, at any given meal. You had money left you, and instead of using part of it to keep others from starving, you contributed it toward stuffing yourself. Am I not right?

B. V.—Yes, I suppose your statements are about correct, though not particularly chummy. I have been a high liver. But why and how should that kill me?

D.—Little by little, it has been taking your life. The large quantities of food that you ate, clogged the stomach, and made it digest with difficulty: it thickened the blood, and put into it all sorts of impurities. The spices and other "relishes" you used with which to sharpen your appetite, strung up your nerves to

an unhealthy and dangerous tension, and then let them back into drooping, languid masses. The impurities in your blood settled, many of them, into and between your bones, and gave you rheumatism, sciatica, and gout.

B. V.—Yes, gout, plague take it!—Why did I need to have that come upon me, with all my other ills?

D.—You did not need it; but Nature could not prevent it. There are certain laws, from the obeying of which there is no escape, except through the regions of disease and death.

B. V.—You rather enjoy seeing any one fall into your hands, don't you?

D.—Why, of course I like to have plenty of business, but I do not care to be overworked. Like many other people who obtain employment, I find that I am expected to do a great deal more than I at first contracted for. But I am really engaged in doing deeds of mercy.

B. V.—How can you say that?

D.—What can be more merciful than to release the sufferer, after he has lived as long as he can do so without daily torture? What can be more beneficent than to help a soul escape from the house that is falling upon it, timber by timber, and crushing it?

B. V.—And yet, O Death, I feel that I am not quite ready to go, just yet: that I have many things I ought to do, and that I have done many things that I want to undo; that I have much to learn that ought to have been learned long ago. Can you not spare me a few years longer?

D.—You can spare yourself.

B. V.—How, pray?

D.—Follow all the rules of health. Purify your system, and then keep it pure. Eat in moderate quantities, and of the simplest food. Breathe and exercise in the open air. If you do all these things faithfully, and quit gorging yourself with food on every possible occasion, you may live several years longer. It is indeed unprofessional for me to give you this information, but you are a rather good fellow, aside from your appetite, and I have handed you infor-

mation free, which will be worth several thousands of dollars to you, if you value your life that much.

B. V. (*moving over lazily*)—Well, I'll think of it.

Balancing the Circulation.

HEALTH is maintained only when the circulation is evenly balanced.

In an acute attack of fever or inflammation of any organ the blood and nerve forces are sent to that organ to remove some stoppage in the circulation caused by an accumulation of waste particles.

The physician's duty is to send this extra blood away—that is, to “balance the circulation”, as Dr. Trall used to say regularly daily as he came into the lecture room. This can be done in many ways. The wisest way is to do this with the least disturbance to the vital economy. It can be done in this way: The extremities are cold; the trunk of the body is hot. We must warm the extremities by calling the blood back to them.

First give a large enema of water as hot as can be borne, using soap or borax in the water to dissolve or soften the hard mass; send this water up into the transverse bowel, under the stomach; and if possible down into the right groin. Have this retained as long as possible.

The next thing is to put the patient into a bathtub of warm water, having plenty of hot water at hand; pour this in carefully, stirring the bath to prevent scalding the patient. Keep the patient in thirty or forty minutes. If the hot water is added slowly he won't faint. Now take him out, wrap him in a hot sheet, which is covered by a hot blanket, put him in bed, let him lie a while, then wipe dry and put on dry clothing. Now, if the trouble is inflammation of the lungs or bowels, put on cloths (wrung in a towel) and well covered with hot flannel, or, if the circulation will permit, crack ice, wrap in a dry cloth, apply well covered; now watch

and prevent the drip of the ice from wetting bed or clothing. Always watch the feet and hands; see that they are warm and dry. Plates made hot by putting in boiling water is a pleasant way of keeping wet applications warm.

Keep up these applications until the pulse and temperature are normal and the pain all gone. Suit the patient's feelings about the different temperatures.

How Not to Nurse.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON, in a letter to her physician, described a stupid nurse as follows:

Can I endure the presence of this surly, aimless cow another day? No! Why?

She has less faculty than any human being I ever undertook to direct in small matters.

When I ask her to bring me anything, she rises slowly with a movement like nothing I ever saw in my life, unless it be a derrick.

She sighs and drops her under jaw after every exertion.

She "sets" with a ponderous inertia which produces on me the most remarkable effect. I have a morbid impulse to fling my shoes at her head and see what would come of it.

She asks me in dismal tones if I am well in other ways besides my throat, conveying the impression by her slow-rolling eye that I look to her like a bundle of unfathomable diseases.

She takes the tray out of a trunk to get some articles at the bottom (where articles always are), and having given me the article asks helplessly if she shall put the tray back again. (Happy thought.) Next time I'll tell her "No, we keep the trays in piles on the floor."

Is this Christian? No, for she is well-meaning and wishes to do aright, and I don't doubt every glance of my eye sends a thrill of inexplicable discomfort through her.

But as a professional nurse she is the biggest joke I ever saw.

The Occupation of Dying.

IT is singular how many people, almost as soon as they are born, go immediately to dying. There are a million and a third deaths in the country, every year—almost one half as many as the whole population at time of the Revolution. And we hardly ever hear of any one's dying because old enough to die—most of them go through some needless disease.

There is typhoid fever—which only the other day carried away Wilbur Wright—one of the greatest inventors of the age. It was the filth in some food that he ate, or some water that he drank, that planted the germs of the fearful disease in his system. There are over 30,000 people dying every year in this country, of the baleful disease of typhoid fever alone.

Of the numerous cases of tuberculosis that spring up all the time, a hundred and fifty thousand of them succumb to death.

It is asserted by those who have made a close study of the matter, that of the myriads of children born every year, only one third live until they are five years old.

Amid all the ingenuity used for making life comfortable, why can there not be used some for keeping and enjoying it longer?

A Freckle-Exterminator.

FAREWELL to freckles on faces, arms and legs, if the experience of a South American lady is verified. She says that some time ago, in the absence of water, of which there was a great dearth at the time, she washed her face with some of the juice of a watermelon. The result was so soothing that she repeatedly washed her face in this manner, and her astonishment was great, a few days later, on seeing that there was not a freckle left on her previously befreckled face. This recipe is not guaranteed, but is given without charge.

World-Success

Succeeding as A Guest

BY FLORENCE L. MCCARTHY.

HOW to succeed as a guest?—Why: get an invitation somehow, and go and stay and stay and stay till the time for which you were invited runs out, and then go home, or somewhere else?

No, my unsophisticated little maiden: take another good nice long thought. If you make a success of your visit and bag (not beg) an invitation to come again, you'll be as wise as a serpent in a miniature anaconda-show, and as harmless as a young man calling on his coveted sweetheart for the first time.

First, you must "be somebody"—but not too much of anybody. You must not in any event whatever, come nearer than within a degree or two of your hostess' appearance. You must be good-looking, but not enough so to inspire jealousy; and if she is homely, you must take a considerable tuck in what comeliness you may happen to possess. You must look well enough so she will not be ashamed of you when you go out with her: but must always allow it to be understood that she is the "looker" of the occasion. You must never, on any account, walk the least bit ahead of her—but just about the eighth of an inch behind.

At meals, and in general company when your hostess is present, however brilliant a person you may be, do not be as brilliant as you can: you are not in the family to play a star part, but the second violin, or some of the other minor roles. You are in some one else's house, and not expected to outshine her, but to help her shine. You cannot expect her to be so fascinated with your fine qualities, as to turn the whole estab-

lishment over to your entertainment and aggrandizement. You are there to be helped, to a certain extent, but you are there also to help, in every deft and subtle way you can.

I have known guests to enter a house with the evident intention of showing off their own qualities, and they seemed to get along very well, for a time: but, somehow, they did not thrive very long in their guestship. Something or other would occur, the first they knew, that made it inconvenient for them to stay there any longer, and they never were invited back. In other words, when you go into a family as a guest, *join the administration*.

If there are children in the family, you must study and know them pretty well, in order to get along with them and their parents. This requires vigilance and patience, especially if the dear creatures have been spoiled by their parents. In that case, they are sometimes disposed to snub you, at first, and require you to pay court to them before they will have much of anything to do with you: or, if they are of a more responsive nature, they will perhaps want to use you as a plaything, so long as the novelty lasts, and your vogue continues. There are, however, ways of dodging them when your nature does not require them, and wooing them to your side, when you pine for their company.

Children, however, are of one great advantage to a guest: they furnish a subject of conversation, that is probably interesting to the hostess. If her interest in you and what you are saying appears to lag, you can generally revive it by making one or more of her children and his or her excellencies, the theme

of the dialogue. Of course this is nothing against her—she cannot help it—nor could you, were you in her place—although you may think you could.

Of one thing, you must be very careful: and that is, not to arouse the jealousy of the parents, in your dealings with their children. Let them think or imagine for a moment that the child prefers you, and there is trouble in the camp. Just how and how not attentive you should be to the children, is a very important matter.

The servants also need considerable attention. In the first place, it is no more than justice that you get them to like you, if you can—for it makes matters much more easy with the hostess. A guest has to be welcome to servant, as well as to family, in order to make things run with smoothness.

"To this end", notice them with a smile or a slight nod, whenever convenient, and quietly make them a small present now and then. Money is always welcome, but some pretty little article of use or ornamentation, will often have more effect, as showing that you have done some thinking, and feeling, as well as giving. At any rate, a pleasant little gift now and then to a host's or hostess' servants, is seldom anywhere near lost.

Keep careful how you criticise the other guests of the house—be their stay there long or short. You do not know how warm their friendship may be with the family, and how valuable their good will may be to you. Keep up a good feeling of comradeship with fellow-guests.

The good man of the house (if there is one) will also have to be reckoned with. Some of these are really good men, and a part of them not so much so. Some of them are willing to utilize lady-guests for the purpose of flirting, if the guests are willing. The success of such men (of whom there are too many in the world, however respectable they may appear), will depend largely upon you, and so will the hostess' kind regards: for she is probably sensitive to what is going on within her domestic bailiwick.

Indeed, you will find guestship to be no sinecure: but will be much more easy and successful in the long run, as everything else will be, if you follow the Golden Rule.

"Don'ts" for Wives.

THE following bits of advice, from a distinguished clergyman, are so sensible that we give them prominence in the Success page:

First—Don't marry a man for a living, but for love. Manhood without money is better than money without manhood.

Second—Don't overdress or underdress; common sense is sometimes better than style.

Third—A wife with a hobble skirt and a husband with patched trousers make a poor pair. A woman can throw more out of a kitchen window with a spoon than a man can put into the cellar with a shovel.

Fourth—Don't think that the way to run a house is to run away from it. It is wrong to go around lecturing other women on how to bring up children while you are meanwhile neglecting your own.

Fifth—Don't tell your troubles to your neighbors; they have enough of their own. Fight it out with your husband if it takes all summer.

Sixth—Don't nag. The saloonkeeper is always glad to welcome your husband with a smile.

Seventh—Don't try to get more out of a looking glass than you put into it. Nature's sunshine is better for woman's beauty than man's powder and paints.

Eighth—Don't make gamblers and drunkards out of your children by running whist parties for prizes and serving punch with a stick in it.

Ninth—Don't forget to tell the truth, especially to the conductor, about the age of your child. Honesty is worth more to you and him than a nickel. A boy who is eight years old at home and

six on the cars will soon learn other things that are not so.

Tenth—Don't forget that home is a woman's kingdom, where she reigns as queen. To be the mother of a Lincoln, a Garfield or a McKinley is to be the mother of a prince.

Great Men's Sons.

POOR Alexander the Little, son of Alexander the Great, was cruelly murdered at Amphipolis while still a very young man. "He inherited neither his father's push nor his grandfather's persistence; he was first the tool and then the victim of those who made his life so miserable, and when he died, he died."

Mark Cicero, son of the famous Roman orator, occupied several high official positions because he was the "son of his father," but in none of them displayed much ability.

Commodus, son of Marcus Aurelius, was "as great a tyrant as his father had been good; as small as his father had been great."

Louis, the son of Charlemagne, was a noble man in many ways, but lacked his father's strength of mind and firmness of will, was out of touch with his times, and "while history accords him praise for honesty of purpose, gentleness of heart, good intentions, and lofty aims, it still writes him down as an unsuccessful ruler."

It is a relief to know that the son of Alfred the Great was one of the best and most successful of the kings of Saxon England.

Henry the Scholar, the best and brightest of the sons of William the Conqueror, has also a claim to greatness, even if overshadowed by his father's name. The wise Saladin was not so fortunate, for his son Afshal was both "lazy and dissipated," and died in exile and disgrace soon after the year 1200.

The son of Tamerlane was no leader of men, but a valiant soldier, a patron of learning, a better and more merciful man than his father.

John Luther, the great reformer's son, the "dear Johnny" of his letters, simply made a fairly good lawyer, and died at the age of fifty.

The son of Oliver Cromwell was a lamentable failure, and Joseph Charles Francis, son of the Emperor Napoleon, one gloomy day composed for his own epitaph the following lines:

"Here lies the son of the Great Napoleon;
He was born king of Rome
And died an Austrian colonel,"

which were, truly enough, the summing up of a life that began in glory and went out in gloom.

The Habit of Success.

SUCCESS is the accomplishment of what we undertake, *because we undertake it*. Not because some one undertakes and accomplishes it for us; not because we undertake one thing and accomplish another; not because we inherit it, or find it, or purloin it: but because we seek it, for a definite purpose, and continue seeking, until we find and attain it.

Whoever strikes a blow exactly where he aimed it, has, in that instance, made a success. Whoever arrives at the exact place for which he started, at the exact time which he intended, has, to that extent, accomplished a success. Whoever brings about a result or a series of results, exactly as he planned, has accomplished a success.

And although these instances may not belong to the very highest class of successes, they form the foundation for them, and always lead up toward them, and are indispensable to them.

The habit of succeeding is one of the very best in the world.





June 6—It was reported that 100,000 men were on strike in Belgium.

7—Julius Kovacs, one of the Hungarian Opposition, fired three shots at Count Tisza, President of the Chamber, missed him, and then killed himself.

The Secretary of War ordered a force of 5,000 troops to be ready to leave for Cuba at an hour's notice.

8—The French submarine "Vendemaire", with twentyfour men, was sunk off Cherbourg during naval manoeuvres by collision with the battleship "St. Louis".

Anti-negro riots broke out in Havana.

9—Two battleships sailed from Key West for Havana on hurried orders from Washington.

10—England's Home Secretary modified the prison sentences of Mrs. Pankhurst, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, from criminal to political status.

The General Council of the Transport Workers' Federation of Great Britain called out 300,000 men on strike.

The State Senate of Minnesota ratified the amendment for direct election of United States Senators.

11—A. L. Welsh, Wright teacher of aviation, and Lieutenant Leighton W. Hazlehurst, U. S. A., were killed in a flying accident at College Park, Md.

One thousand women held a massmeeting in New York to denounce the high price of meat.

12—The Senate amended the Judiciary Appropriation bill by abolishing the Commerce Court.

Governor Oddie of Nevada appointed George Wingfield United States Senator. President Gomez promised to quell the Cuban revolt in ten days.

13—Surveyor Henry seized quantities of opium on two British ships.

The House adopted the conferees' report on the Army bill, which displaces General Leonard Wood.

A woman, Frau Vyck Kumeicka, was elected to the Bohemian Diet.

14—Secretary Knox again assured Minister Beaupre at Havana that United States did not contemplate intervention.

15—A tornado destroyed much life and property in Kansas and Missouri.

Eighteen persons were killed and sixteen injured in a railway collision in Sweden.

16—A tornado swept through Ohio, damaging 1,000 or more houses, killing many, and rendering thousands homeless.

Fifty thousand persons on Boston Common agreed to uphold the car strike by not patronizing the lines.

17—President Taft vetoed the Army Appropriation bill carrying a provision to legislate Major-General Wood out of office of Chief of Staff.

Premier Tang-Shao-Yi of China announced his intention to retire from office.

18—Owing to the continuation of the transport workers' strike the sailing of the White Star liner Oceanic from England was cancelled.

The Zeppelin airship, Victoria Luise, left Dusseldorf with twentyfive persons, including naval officers, cruised over Holland, and then to Hamburg, a twelve-hours' flight.

19—The Navy Department recalled Admiral Sutherland and his flagship from Chinese waters, indicating confidence in the new republic.

Two French army aviators, Captain Dubois and Lieutenant Peignan, had a fatal collision in midair at Douai.

20—The Republican leaders in convention in Chicago decided to nominate President Taft for a second term; Roosevelt threatened to bolt, but reconsidered his decision.

The bankers representing the six powers, United States, England, France, Germany, Russia and Japan, finally concluded the agreement of the loan to China of \$300,000,000.

Henri Bryois, French Consul at Santiago de Cuba, was accused of aiding the rebels.

21—The House Committee on Judiciary

- unanimously recommended the impeachment of Judge R. W. Archbald.
- 22—There was a great exodus of thousands of people from Chicago, at close of the Republican nominating convention.
- 23—The pier at Eagle Rock, Niagara Falls, collapsed, throwing 250 excursionists into the river and drowning a score or more. The United States Consul at Chefoo, China, telegraphed the urgent need of a warship for the protection of foreigners.
- 24—The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia re-affirmed its decision against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison of the American Federation of Labor for contempt of court.
- Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the English suffragettes, were freed from prison after serving one month of their nine-months' term.
- The Socialists of Washington nominated Miss Anna Mailey for Governor and Mrs. Minnie Parks for State Treasurer.
- 25—W. J. Bryan was defeated for Temporary Chairman of the Baltimore Convention by Alton B. Parker.
- Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, celebrated artist, died in Wiesbaden, Germany.
- 26—J. R. Law, parachute jumper, floated safely to earth from a biplane at an altitude of 3,500 feet, at Hicksville, N. Y.
- The labor famine in the Pittsburgh district necessitated recourse to securing service of prisoners by payment of fines, on part of a Steel Corporation and Coal Company.
- The premature explosion of a gun, on a French armored cruiser, killed one and seriously injured more than a score of other men.
- 27—Failure of Congress to pass the appropriation bills created a scare—cessation of all official operations was threatened.
- President Gomez received word that the Cuban rebel chief, General Estenoz, had been killed.
- Pethick Lawrence, co-editor with his wife, of the English suffragette paper, was liberated from jail, to which he was sentenced May 22.
- 28—The Cabinet decided to open all Government departments on Monday, despite the failure of the appropriations; Congress then to pass an emergency relief measure.
- 29—It was reported that the Cuban insurgents were rapidly dispersing.
- 30—The Socialists at Albany nominated a complete State ticket, with Charles E. Russell for Governor.
- Two hundred lives were reported destroyed by a tornado, at Regina, Canada; \$10,000,000 damage was done to property.
- July 1—Emergency legislation was rushed through Congress and approved by the President, extending the appropriation for the Government's business for another month.
- Miss Harriet Quimby and W. A. P. Willard were killed by falling from an aeroplane at Squantum, Mass.
- 2—Melvin Vaniman and his airship crew of four were killed on falling from a height of 1,000 feet when his dirigible exploded, at Atlantic City.
- 3—Governor Woodrow Wilson was nominated for President by the Baltimore Convention on the fortysixth ballot.
- 4—A collision, near Corning, N. Y., on the Lackawanna Railroad, killed fortyone persons and injured many others.
- Thomas Moore, balloonist, was killed at Belleville, N. J., in a 1,000-foot fall from a parachute.
- Orozco's rebel army, defeated after a two-days' battle at Bachimba, hurried toward the American border.
- 5—Twentyone persons were killed, and thirty injured, when a Pennsylvania freight-train ran into a passenger-train, at Wilpen, Pa.
- Serious rioting marked the strike of sailors and dockmen at Havre, France.
- Two British army aviators were killed in a fall at Salisbury Plain.
- 6—The opening events of the Olympian games at Stockholm were a succession of triumphs for America.
- 7—Presiding Judge Bianchi collapsed in court in the trial of the Camorristi.
- Stringent measures to keep bubonic plague out of this country were put in force at every Atlantic and Gulf port.
- The Fall River liner Commonwealth crashed into the battleship New Hampshire at anchor in Newport Harbor.

Short Editorials.

Whoever is praising you unstintingly, is praising himself secretly.

* * *

Do not take time and trouble to "walk over your enemies": fly over them.

* * *

Lawns too wide and fields too narrow, point toward national poverty and starvation.

* * *

If a goose knew human beings thoroughly, she might call them something worse than geese.

* * *

It is a great thing to "act well your part", a much greater thing to *do* your part, and a still greater one to *BE* your part.

Some Who Have Gone.

DIED:

ALMA-TADEMA, LAWRENCE—At Wiesbaden, Germany, June 24. The famous artist was a Dutchman by birth, being born at Dronkyp, Holland, in 1836. Early attracted to painting, he found his forte when visiting Rome, in 1862. Since 1870 he had made his home in England, becoming a naturalized citizen. His faithful pictures of Greek and Roman life are well known the world over. He was a Royal Academician, and belonged to other notable associations. In 1899 he was knighted, and he was the only artist whom the Crown admitted to the Order of Merit. Several of his beautiful pictures are in American galleries.

ANSCHUTZ, THOMAS F.—In Fort Washington, Pa., June 16. He was born in 1851, his birthplace being Covington, Ky. For more than thirty years he was an instructor in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and his own work and that of his pupils was well known at home and abroad. He was President of the Philadelphia Water Color Club.

AYME, CONSUL GENERAL LOUIS H.—In Lisbon, Portugal, May 16. He was a native of New York City, and prior to entering the consular service, in 1906, had been engaged in newspaper and scientific work. He had been press editor at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1891 to 1893, and had been special ethnologist for the Smithsonian Institution.

BARTLETT, DAVID W.—At West Harbor, Conn., June 25, aged eightyfour years. From 1872 to 1887 he was Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington. He was a noted newspaper correspondent, writing for *The Springfield Republican* and *New York Evening Post*. He was associate editor of *The New Era*, when it published the first instalment of "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

BRAGG, GENERAL EDWARD S.—In Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, June 20. He was a native of Unadilla, N. Y. He studied at Geneva College, and was admitted to the bars of New York and Wisconsin, and to the United States Supreme Court. He was Commander of the famous Iron Brigade

during the Civil War; was State Senator, Congressman, Minister to Mexico and Consul General to Hong Kong. He was famed for his oratory and impromptu speaking. He seconded the nomination of Cleveland at the 1884 convention, saying "We love him for the enemies he has made."

DECKER, MRS. SARAH PLATT—In San Francisco, July 7. She was one of the pioneer suffragists in Colorado, and was intensely interested in sociological and economic problems. She belonged to numerous civic organizations and had been President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She was a prolific writer and an accomplished lecturer. Her home was in Denver.

DOW, DR. HOWARD M.—At Pelham Manor, N. Y., June 12. He was born in Boston seventyfive years ago. He was graduated from the Harvard Medical School, and had an extensive practice. Deeply interested in music, he composed some twelve books of church music, including the "Masonic Orpheum", the first book of Masonic anthems ever written. He was organist of the Boston Church of the Unity for twenty-nine years, and of the Boston Lodge of Masons for fifty-nine years.

DUNCAN, WILLIAM BUTLER—In New York City, June 20, aged eightytwo years. He was born in Edinburgh, and was educated in that city and at Brown University. He was a power in the business life of New York, holding important offices in railroad and other capitalist organizations. He entertained King Edward, the then Prince of Wales, when he visited United States in 1860. He was owner of a very fine library.

FLOYD, ROBERT MITCHELL—In New York City, June 12, aged sixtyeight years. He was born in New Orleans, and was engaged in the publishing business in New York. He represented New Jersey at the Nashville, Omaha and Paris Expositions, and was the special representative of the National Growers' Association at the Lon-

don Convention in 1889, and at Paris the next year. He was a member of the Montreal Board of Trade.

GOODWIN, PROFESSOR WILLIAM W.—In Cambridge, Mass., June 16, aged eighty-one years. He was Professor Emeritus of Greek literature in Harvard University, and was one of the best-known Greek scholars in United States. He wrote several Greek textbooks, and had received honorary degrees from a number of American and foreign universities, among them Bonn, Cambridge and Oxford, England, Edinburgh and Goettingen.

HOBRECHT, ARTHUR, H. R. J.—In Berlin, Germany, July 7. He was born in 1824, and had held important Ministerial posts.

LENZ, OSCAR—In New York, June 25, in his fortieth year. He was born in Providence, R. I. He was taught by tutors and studied sculpture at the Rhode Island School of Design. He was a pupil of St. Gaudens and at the New York Art Students' League. He executed a part of the Court of Honor, Chicago World's Fair, the Colonial group at Charleston, S. C., and other subjects.

LEROY-BEAULIEU, ANATOLE—In Paris, France, June 16. He was born in 1842, a native of France. He was a Director of the Institute of France, an extensive writer, and closely identified with the peace movement.

MOLESWORTH, SIR LEWIS W.—In London, England, May 29. He was born in 1853 and was created eleventh Baronet in 1869. He was a Member of Parliament from 1900 to 1906, having been High Sheriff the previous year. His estates embraced 20,000 acres.

PURON, DR. JUAN GARCIA—In Llanes, Asturias, Spain, his native town, June 9, in his fiftyninth year. He studied medicine in Spain and went to Mexico to practice, and to advance education. He was banished because of rising against Diaz. Coming to United States, he became head of the Spanish department of D. Appleton & Co., and was the author of Spanish textbooks used in Argentine and other South American countries. His wife was a sister of the late Richard Watson Gilder.

RICORDI, GUILIO T.—In Milan, Italy, June 6. He was the grandson of the founder of the music publishing house known as the Casa Ricordi. After several years in the army he entered partnership with his father, publishing the operas of Verdi, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini and Puccini, and establishing branches in important European centers, besides Buenos Ayres and

New York. He was asked to be manager of the Metropolitan Opera House.

RICHMAN, JULIA—In Paris, France, June 25. Born in New York, in 1856, she was educated in the public schools of the city and was graduated from its Normal College at the age of sixteen. She taught in the city schools and was the first Jewish principal to be appointed and the first woman to be elected District Superintendent in Manhattan. She was a woman of rare energy and disinterestness, and did much to better the public school system, accomplishing much for defective children, and for those handicapped in other ways.

ROSE, SECRETARY JAMES A.—In Springfield, Illinois, May 29, aged sixtytwo years. For a number of years he had been Secretary of State for Illinois.

SANGSTER, MRS. MARGARET E.—In Maplewood, N. J., June 3. This well-known author, editor and poet, so long a contributor to *EVERY WHERE*, was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., seventyfour years ago. As Margaret Elizabeth Munson, and later, as Mrs. Sangster, her name was familiar to magazine readers. She once edited *Harper's Bazar* and contributed to many well-known journals. She was married at the age of twenty, and long supported her family by her verses and stories. Her collected works include several volumes, among them being "Poems of the Household", "Winsome Womanhood", and "The Story Bible".

SHEEPSHANKS, THE RIGHT REV. JOHN—In London, England, June 3. He was born in 1834, and educated at Cambridge. In 1859 he became Chaplain to the Bishop of Columbia, and in 1893 was made Bishop of Norwich. He was a noted writer, being author of "My Life in Mongolia and Siberia," "The Pastor in His Parish," and other books.

SMITH, WILLIAM R.—In Washington, D. C., July 7, aged eightyfour years. He for sixty years had been superintendent of the National Botanical Garden. He owned an unusually fine collection of Robert Burns's works, which he bequeathed to a "board of trust," to aid in preserving the Republic in pure democracy.

PASSY, FREDERIC—In Paris, June 12, in his ninetyfirst year. Paris was his birthplace. He was educated as a lawyer, but became auditor in the State Council. Resigning, he devoted himself to political economy, becoming an authority therein. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and was much interested in the peace movement, being one of the founders of the Inter-Parliamentary Union for Arbitration and Peace. He was the first recipient of the Nobel Prize for Peace.

Various Doings and Undoings.

Nurses continue to win rich husbands, and physicians rich wives: one way to the heart being through the health.

Strikes still growl about the horizon—showing that there is still great discontent in the industrial world—and indicating that there always will be.

Be careful in hiving your bees. Another swarm has gone wrong, and stung a Parkersburg, W. Va., farmer to death, because he objected to their making a home in his hair.

President Hayes kept a pile of Waterbury watches, worth three dollars apiece, which he used to present to the Indians of the Far West, when they called upon him with gifts.

A dead stowaway was found in the hold of the Spanish freighter ship Francisco Cianta, upon its latest arrival in New York. He had apparently died of starvation, but more likely for want of water.

Hume, the infidel historian, admitted that if he had a wife and daughter, he would not like them to disbelieve as he did. "Skepticism," he used to explain, "may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman."

Fielding first tried to be a dramatist; "but," as he expressed it, "left off writing for the stage at just about the time" he "ought to have begun." He evidently became a novelist, however, at exactly the right time.

The octophone claims to make light and color into sound—so that it can be heard by

any one who uses the instrument. One of the nervous editors wishes that sound could be made into colors, when it gets too fierce.

The woman who has been housekeeper for John D. Rockefeller for a quarter of a century, has died, and was buried from the "funeral church of Frank E. Campbell", instead of a regular church, or the millionaire's own home.

The Yiddish language is made up of fragments of many old ones, and such adaptable ones as it finds in countries to which it goes. It is called "the language of Jews in exile"—which all Hebrews outside of Judea consider themselves to be.

Do not go to sleep, madam, with your back to the fire and a celluloid comb in your hair; you may find your head the center of a conflagration. That was the way with Mrs. Geo. Wheaton, of Ithaca, New York, and she lost most of her hair, and was glad to save her life.

Some of the papers are again exploiting the deeds of an old "miser" named Guyot, who was hooted at all through his life by the people of Marseilles. They changed their minds, when they found at his death that he had been saving money to build an aqueduct, so that the people could get free water.

Adjutant William Demont is said to have been the Benedict Arnold No. 2 of the American Revolution—to have carried General Howe the plans of Fort Washington (in what

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is now the upper part of New York city). to have tried in vain to get pay for his treason. and to have at last died in England in abject poverty.

A pastor of the French Church of Marshalltown, Iowa, has resigned because the flock voted to cut his salary down to \$800 per year. He did not see how he could get along and support a wife and six children on that amount. Meanwhile a baseball player from that same enterprising city gets several thousand per.

The latest adored beauty at Newport, is a young lady who is enthusiastically described by a newspaper despatch, as follows: "The young woman inherits her beauty from her mother (poor old Dad), who looks little older than her daughter, and this with no intimation that she looks any older than any other young woman in her teens."

"Back again to the old occupation", especially if it has been a success, is a common event. A well-known young woman newspaper-correspondent whose pen-name was "Nellie Bly", married rich, became an opulent widow, had business troubles, and—has been reporting the Baltimore Democratic Convention for one of the newspapers.

Woody from the air, without the suitor knowing it until he met her, Miss Dorothy Taylor of New York was recently married to Claude Grahame-White, the famous aviator. They met on the ship Olympic, fell promptly in marriageable love, and were wed in England. It remains to be seen whether or not the fancy will be a flighty one.

President McKinley, nearly his whole cabinet, and a number of United States senators, were traveling in a railroad-coach together, and saw in one of the fields a boy warming his bare feet in a place where a cow had been lying; and found, by inquiry, that every one in the car had been a farmer's boy, and had that same experience.

The clerical father of George Bancroft, the historian, used to laugh at his recollection of a painter whom he employed to inscribe the Ten Commandments on a table of wood. The timber was faulty, and the dominie enjoined the painter no. to let the knots show. To his consternation, he found that the painter had left out the *nots*, and the tablets ordered his congregation to commit all the principal known sins.

No more the climbing up the "outside" of famous mountains! Wait a few years, and the principal ones will have elevators ready for you to ascend from within. The famous Jungfrau, for instance, which has

thrown so many victims from its slippery sides, is now almost ready to "elevate" you to within a few hundred feet of its summit, without a flake or flick of snow any where near you in the journey.

The Earl of Portarlington, who never could remember people's names, one day at a Marlborough House garden party, on receiving a gracious nod from an elderly lady, accompanied by a few words of kindly inquiry after his health, replied: "You are very kind, madam; your face seems strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me, I cannot remember your name." After an agonized pause, a shaking bystander managed to convey to him that the name he was struggling for was that of her most gracious Majesty, Victoria.

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# EVERY WHERE

CONDUCTED BY

**WILL CARLETON**

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## Don't Let Them Bury Me Deep.

BY WILL CARLETON.

LIFT me a bit in my bed, father,  
Press your warm lip to my cheek,  
Put your arms under my head, father,  
I am so tired and so weak!

I cannot stay long awake, now—  
Many a night I shall sleep!—  
Promise one thing for my sake,  
now—

Don't let them bury me deep!

Cover my grave with sweet flowers,  
father,

Those I so well loved to see—  
So in the long lonely hours, father,  
They'll be companions for me.  
If I should wake in the night, then,  
Their lips my sad face would  
sweep:

Make my grave cheerful and bright,  
then—

Don't let them bury me deep!

Call on me whene'er you pass, father,  
Where by your side I oft ran,  
Bend your face down in the grass,  
father,

Near to my own as you can.

If I could look up and hear you,  
Into your arms I would creep;  
Let me sometimes nestle near you,  
Don't let them bury me deep!

Soft and scarce-heard are the sad  
tones,

Ere the sweet eyes close in sleep:  
Feebly and sadly she moans,  
Don't let them bury me deep!

Look! who has come for me now,  
father,

Standing so near to my bed?  
Some one is kissing my brow, father,  
Mamma, I thought you were dead!  
See! she is smiling so bright to you,  
Motions to us not to weep!  
'Tis not "good-bye" but "good-night"  
to you,

They cannot bury me deep!

Soft but clear-heard is the glad voice,  
Ere the bright eyes close in sleep;  
Sweetly the pale lips rejoice,—  
"They cannot bury me deep!"





## Summer Musings.

### II.

**W**HAT though the windows of heaven *are* opened, and the floods descend, when we sit safe and snug inside the curtain-walls of the auto, the isinglass windows permitting ample views of the beautiful landscape as we pursue the more or less even

coats protect them and the wetness does not penetrate the outside garment or dampen the gay spirits.

The chauffeur of the party has very acute vision, and can read the warning signs from afar; he also perceives quail and other birds in the road ahead, that



"A CHARMING MOUNTAIN STREAM."

tenor of our way. We realize that femininity has a few privileges when the men of the quintette decide that the slippery roads necessitate the use of the chains on the wheels, and are obliged to put them on while the torrents descend from above. But their "real" rubber

are away and invisible before the less trained eyes can see them. His quickness of vision is explained when he recounts the hunting experiences of his boyhood and youth. Grouse, quail and rabbit became readily discerned, as his eye became practiced in discrimination.

and with dogs and gun he scoured the Maine woods. It was from his birchbark canoe he eventually sighted his



"FISHERMAN'S LUCK."

first wild deer, but we are glad to state that "hunter's fright" assailed his nerves and the deer got away. When he meets his first wild bear face to face, our sympathies will be with the hunter.

Our camp was established upon the bank of a charming mountain stream, with enticing pools of an icy quality that made a dip of two minutes' duration seem quite long enough. The boating was fine in spots, and we were fortunate in having no "fool who rocks the boat", in our party. This summer season of joy and freedom in the outdoors! Why should it be saddened by the many unnecessary tragedies, in which the drowned are victims of their own foolhardiness, or of that of their wickedly thoughtless friends?

The birchbark canoe is a model of beauty, lightness and grace, and a source of infinite delight to those who handle it according to the laws of its being. In this case, as in all others, obedience to law means life; disobedience danger or death.

We had arisen at 4.30 A. M. and

started on our way at 5.30, so that when we arrived in camp, our first stopping place, some hours later, we were quite prepared to enjoy a part of "the great catch" of the early morning fishers who had preceded us by several days. The remainder of the fish were shipped to friends or home, as examples of "fishermen's luck", or skill. Surely the brain-power of some portion of the community must have been greatly increased by such a supply of fish food.

But the leader of the party announces that the wood supply is low, and so the merry group separates into twos and threes, forming a link with mediaeval life, as they become fagot-gatherers *pro tem* and learn what the weight of a fagot must be upon the backs of the aged, the sick, or the decrepit, as they carry them with some awkwardness upon their own vigorous, young shoulders. My turn has come, so I leave pen and paper to join the other firewood seekers, who, nevertheless, do not pursue their task so arduously, that they cannot take time to enjoy the fragrance of the pine trees, the straightness of



"JOY AND FREEDOM IN THE OUTDOORS."

their trunks, the glory of their dark-green crowns against the now blue sky; and the beauty of hill and stream and

humble flower that gladden eye and heart, absorbing all they can of their loveliness and primeval power.



"THE DEER GOT AWAY."

### The Tyranny of Things.—By Margaret E Sangster.

**A**H, the clutter and confusion! ah, the trouble and the toil!  
 Ah, the dread that household treasures moth and rust may wreck and spoil!  
 How we spend our days in labor and consume our strength with care,  
 Over goods that in the using perish to our soul's despair!  
 How, at length, for all our planning, packed and crowded in the van,  
 Things we've hoarded, things we've cherished, do not fright the moving man.

Swift he hurries our possessions, fine and coarse, upon the road,  
 Mirrors, sofas, chairs and tables, dishes, carpets, on the load.  
 And we're tired with endeavor what to keep and what to lose,  
 Things we've loved and things we've hated, what a heartache when to choose!  
 Till, in May-time, we are tempted just to wish that wealth had wings—  
 Crushed and borne to earth and burdened, by the tyranny of things.

Once, perchance, man's life was simple, woman's work an easy round;  
 She but kept a hut in order, he but tilled the laughing ground.  
 Naught they recked of gems and money; little thought of vain display,  
 Wrought, or rested, slept or idled, lived like children at men's play,  
 When the race was poor and merry as the forest bird that sings,  
 They were free and independent nor were tyrannized by things.



## Old Chinatown.

BY HARRY E. RIESEBERG.

"CHINATOWN" was the first thing that the tourist asked to see, the first thing that the guides offered to show on arriving in San Francisco, the City of Many Adventures. For the tourist who came but to look and enjoy, this was the real heart of San Francisco, this bit of mystic, suggestive East, so modified by the West that it was neither Oriental nor Occidental—but just Chinatown. It is gone now—gone with the odd and mysterious city which encircled it, and in the newer and more modern San Francisco rises a newer, cleaner, and more healthful Chinatown.

Within a few minutes' walk from the leading hotels and center of commerce, we arrived at one of the many entrances to "Chinatown." Here we saw buildings which had been evolved, and others shaped out of semblance to their original design, wherever and whenever possible, with heathenish architecture and imagery. Here you were apt to regard the intrusion which the Chinese had made on the acreage of this section of the city as an interesting phenomenon, from a single "wash-house", on Portsmouth Square, now known as the Plaza, until this quarter comprised over fifteen blocks of houses, and wherein forty thousand Chinese resided and did business.

Chinatown proper, that is before the earthquake of 1906, was that portion of the city occupied almost exclusively by Chinamen; it extended from Stockton Street, almost to the border of Kearney, and from Sacramento to Pacific Streets,

including all the lanes and alleys that lay between. The most densely populated portion of this section was the block on Dupont Street, which is bounded by Jackson and Pacific Streets. Here one would find himself in a maze of passages and alleyways, where none but the Chinamen themselves, and a few of the police officers, could thread their way with certainty. The principal passage of this great network was termed Sullivan's Alley, and midway in the block was a passage about two feet wide, connecting Sullivan's Alley with narrow lanes, called Li Po Tai's alleys, from the fact that the greater part of this property was at one time owned by a Chinese physician of that name. On the north side of Pacific Street, and above Sullivan's Alley, came Ellick's Alley, where were displayed some of the grosser features of Mongolian life.

In going through this section you would see many wonderful sights, not to be observed elsewhere. As you walked along the main thoroughfare of this quarter, with its lines of bazaars, the picturesqueness of which was increased by elegantly decorated silk embroideries and draperies displayed for sale, ebony-carved cabinets rich in design and ornamentation, bronzes, cloisonne ware and many other objects of exquisite beauty and workmanship met the eye; and, with a constant stream of tourists from all parts of the world daily visiting this mecca, you would realize that there was an active participation in the busy scenes of life going on here, notwithstanding its Oriental aspect.

Stroll where you would, you would find curious studies, many of which were calculated to amuse and instruct you, for the personality of this concourse of people is difficult to describe and analyze. One must be brought into actual touch to appreciate the various characters found here, the variety of things to admire and wonder at, others to ponder over, and all of them interesting. It does not seem possible that you could stroll for blocks without encountering a single Christian place of business in this quarter, yet it was so.

As we continued our walk, you would investigate narrow passages underground and above-ground: to fathom these, it would be necessary to have an experienced and trustworthy guide; you would review scores of opium-joints beneath stained and cobwebbed frescoes, and hear the click of the domino in the game of "pi-gow", as you passed the scarred and battered portal of what was once some stately dwelling; you would meet at intervals athletic-looking officials in disguise, passing up some dark, foul-smelling, tortuous alleyway, or scaling some perilous roof to cut off the retreat from a game of "fan-tan", or "sup-choy."

The world of Chinatown was beautiful at night, when the shadows hid the unpleasant places, and the great lanterns of the joss glowed in rows on the flower-laden balconies and in the doors. It looked beautiful to those who saw only the surface, and did not dream of the slavery and vice underlying it.

The Chinese restaurant interior is always carefully arranged according to the Oriental idea of artistic taste. The quaint form of carvings of the tables and seats, the tessellated floors and the pendent lanterns, present an odd and impressive picture. The common impression that a Chinese menu is composed of all sorts of repulsive things, is erroneous. True, a soup of "bird's nest" or a stew of "shark's fins" may not look inviting to those epicures whose palates have been cultivated in a different

school, but the Chinese chef never fails in producing the most satisfactory culinary results even from this odd material. The Chinese restaurants are picturesque in the extreme. Here, on the wide balconies, the guests sit and gaze down on the passer-by, often hailing a friend by name, and hospitably bidding him join in a cup of tea and a pipe.

After lunch a draught at the opium-pipe on a bamboo-bed was the custom, so we left the restaurant and made our way up Jackson Street until we stopped at one of the numerous opium-dens. The opium-smoke is the grand consolation of the Chinese amid the trials and tribulations of American life. On entering, we found ourselves in an apartment about fifteen feet square. We could touch the ceiling on tip-toe, and yet there were tiers of bunks in this place, with hard boards against the wall, each bunk just broad enough for two occupants. The atmosphere was heavy with fumes from a score of the habitual smokers who had become slaves to the deadly drug. Almost every bunk was filled. Some of the smokers had had their dream, and were in grotesque attitudes, insensible, having the look of plague-stricken corpses. Some were dreaming. You could see it in the vacant eye, the listless face, the expression that betrayed hopeless intoxication. Some were preparing the enchanting pipe, which is quite a complicated arrangement, requiring much skill and experience to make it a success. The pipes are as cumbersome as flutes. They are, most of them, of bamboo, and very often beautifully colored with the mildest and richest tints of a wisely-smoked meerschaum. There is an earthen bowl at the lower end of the pipe-stem. A small jar of prepared opium stood close to the lamp. It is a black, thick paste, resembling tar. The smokers dip a wire into the paste, and hold the few drops that adhere to it in the flame, where it fries and bubbles. It is then daubed upon the rim of the pipe-bowl, and the smoker at once in-

hales three or four whiffs of the smoke, which empties the pipe-bowl, and then the long process of filling is repeated. They renew the pipe again and again.

Their talk grows feeble and less frequent. They laugh with delirious eyes. Their fingers relax; their heads sink upon the pillows; and directly the motion of the anatomy ceases, they succumb to the benumbing yet not unpleasant effect of the drug, the opium attacks the system, and dreams of the Orient float upon the air. Half asleep, half in dreamland, half awaking, the mental condition of the opium-smoker is beyond description. At last, more stupid than they are willing to acknowledge, they come back to the fact that they have returned to the basement, their Pagan surroundings, and their actual existence. But the novice who "hits the pipe" for the first time is apt to carry with him some regrets for his rash experiment.

Not a cafe, nor restaurant, nor pleasure-house in the quarter, but has its couch, its mats, its pillows, together with pipe and pot of paste and a lamp. It is all at your service for the required fee. Cut off the opium supplies, and the Chinese will either leave of necessity, or they will rise against the citizens of San Francisco with the ferocity of savage beasts.

Leaving this den of misery and vice, we crossed the street and entered the rear of a Chinese boarding-house fronting on Dupont Street. This building contained about seven hundred Chinamen. Seven hundred Chinamen ate, drank, slept and existed under this roof. The light of day never reached the rooms back of those fronting on Dupont Street. The daily, not to mention weekly, monthly and annual secretions and accumulations, which were forced from the number of human beings, was something appalling to the senses of a Caucasian. There was a noisome density in the atmosphere, which could not be received into the system without great nausea. Half of the house, at least, was buried in darkness, more

dense than the underground abodes of the scavengers. Here could be experienced all the horrors of a catacomb, packed with living disease-breeding flesh, slowly drifting into their graves. Ventilation is unknown to these houses. This particular boarding-house was but one of the many decorating the thoroughfare of Chinatown.

Passing up Portsmouth Hill just beyond Dupont Street, we were reminded of the near proximity of one of their temples of worship by the long and half-stooping line of believers, as they appeared in the entry-way of a building fronting on Jackson Street. Following this crowd, we ascended the creaking stairways, groped through darkened halls, passing the kneeling penitents, and at the farther end of the hall we reached the dismal rooms of the joss-house. The first impression, on entering these rooms, was one of an intensely grotesque nature. There is nothing about the interior of a Chinese temple to inspire a feeling of reverence. Fumes of incense fill the rooms, and curling smoke from burning paper, typical of sins forgiven, circles around the hydra-headed symbols of their deity. The ugly idol, its bizarre surroundings, the garish and inharmonious mingling of color, and the heavy and oppressive odor of burning wood, do not consort with the Caucasian idea of the worship of the Supreme Being. However, many of these temples are devoted to the conciliation of wicked and arbitrary gods, who, unless they have received their full measure of offerings and respect, will work havoc upon the inhabitants of the Chinese quarter. In the temple which we now entered, all was conducted in pantomime, and the place had the silence of a tomb, unbroken save by the ominous clang of their sacred bell, which told of a victim kneeling at the foot of his altar pleading for forgiveness. The most important part was the gaudy altar whereon sat in majesty the five gods, variously denominated Virtue, Health, Sickness, Prosperity, and Fortune, for

the delectation of the endless demands made upon them by the wicked Chinamen; their heads gay with red and gold paper ornaments, from which flaunted a peacock feather. Rare carvings of brass and wood were everywhere, and huge panels with black letters covered the walls. These had been given to the temple with a large sum of money by wealthy people, and when one read the Chinese name, one was always supposed to remember who gave the panel—and the money. This room led to a picturesque balcony outside, where one might stand and look down upon thousands of swaying lanterns, and throngs of people.

Among the peculiar features of Paganism there is none more revolting than the cruelty practiced upon young girls, based upon a system of slavery. It is a prolific source of corruption and degradation, and had much license in this quarter. The profound pity felt for these unhappy victims, who, from ignorance, adverse conditions of heredity and environment, were being continually bought and sold, smuggled on steamers or over the boundary-lines, has at last awakened an effort to abridge, **if not actually to suppress** this traffic, which prevailed in all the heartless cruelty which characterized that condition at the close of the Roman Republic. The law in regard to this slave traffic is specific and exacting; but there was a certain spirit prevalent in this neighborhood which often warped the judgment of the most upright and honest men, and when by the assistance of legal technicalities this spirit was coupled to a writ of habeas corpus procedure, to be subsequently investigated by the Federal courts, the law became elastic, and the victim was permitted to land, to be readily delivered to some old hag of moral unconsciousness and indifference of feeling, of insolent manners and savage temper, for a moneyed consideration varying from five hundred to four thousand dollars, according to the girl's age and personal attraction. Should the girl be of tender years, she was made to

perform menial drudgery, and was frequently treated not only unkindly, but cruelly. At maturity the slave girl became more valuable. Here for a time she was kept under strict surveillance, bedecked with gaudy trinkets, and then began a slavery of many years of a fiercer kind. The best part of her life was wasted amidst unfriendly and degraded companions; she found no comfort in life, nothing to love, nothing to look forward to; family and friends were to her as though they were not, and very few, if any, had any recollections whatever of parents or relations.

Here let me mention that there were a great many white women scattered throughout this section who were slaves, held by stern contracts, the infringement of which meant to them mutilation or death. The majority of them were coarse and unprepossessing, but some retained a freshness of complexion and an innocent expression which strangely jarred with their wretched lives. It not infrequently happened that some Chinese merchant or merchant's clerk took a fancy to one of these odalisques, and removed her to his house, where she was treated as his wife. But in most cases they inhabited their wretched dens without any prospect of rescue, and died young of ill treatment and disease.

There was something of interest to be learned in every square foot of this section. There are no words wherein to describe the subtleties and eccentricities into which living, among these people, was apt to generate, where so many people were crowded into so little room, where the aggregate of suffering would be multiplied by every individual tale.

There is nothing on the Pacific Coast which is exempt from the touch of the "Celestial." All departments of trade are set upon, and the dogged endurance of their slavish instincts bears with any task set before them. They know no law of social life; they know or recognize no religion, save that which ruled the world thousands of years before the Christian era—Paganism.



## A Homely Sacrifice.

WHILE Mrs. Thompson stood, one morning in late September, at the moulding-board in her tidy kitchen, she looked tired and discouraged.

The cause of her weariness of body and soul was not to be found in the fragrant loaves of bread, nor yet in the crisp, flaky pies, now cooling on the pantry shelves. The pucker between the kind old eyes and the anxious look on the wrinkled face were all caused by the thought of a dingy, threadbare, black dress, at that moment lying in state upon the blue-and-white quilt which adorns the company-bed, in the tiny front room upstairs.

This garment was undeniably, and all too plainly, worn out. It had been a very good dress in the past, but the day of its usefulness and beauty had gone by forever. It had been turned and made-over more than once, and by no contriving could it be made to do duty again as a respectable gown; and Mrs. Thompson had at last been compelled to admit the unwelcome fact.

"I don't see whatever I'm going to do", she mused, as she busied herself about her morning work. "I can't ask Solomon for any money this fall; for I know it'll take just ev'ry cent he can rake and scrape to pay the interest on the mortgage: and I can't save any money from the butter and eggs; for after the groceries are paid for, there's nothing left to save. I'll just have to make up my mind to go without a new dress, and stay at home from church this winter. I presume some folks would call that a manifestation of sinful pride, and say I'd ought to go just the

same; but I can't help it; I've always had good clothes to wear to meeting, and now that I'm getting old I shan't start wearing calico, and parade our poverty to all the country round about: and if that's sinful pride, I've got a good full share, and that's all about it."

You see it was only a trifle, after all, to any sensible person. But, then, this dear, homely woman was *not* a sensible person. To this humble soul who had toiled early and late all her hard, narrow life for bare necessities, it seemed a cruel hardship to be shut out from the few social privileges which she might enjoy, just because she lacked the few coins necessary to the purchase of a decent dress.

Many and many a time had she thought over every possible chance of earning a few extra dollars, but each time she had ended her cogitations with a hopeless sigh: but at last an inspiration came to her at a moment when it was least expected.

Just as Mrs. Thompson was taking the last golden-brown loaf from the smoking oven, her husband drove through the yard on his way to the barn. As he passed the doorway, he tossed into his wife's hands the package of tea which she had charged him to bring from the village, and that week's issue of the county paper. The crisp, white pages looked so inviting to the weary woman, that she said to herself, as she sank with a weary sigh upon the comfortable step of the old-fashioned porch, and settled her iron-bowed spectacles firmly astride her nose, "Well, there! The work's all done, and it's



only ten o'clock, and I guess I'll just look through the paper a little mite. Dear me! I do wish Solomon 'd quit taking it. Not but what I like it first rate, for I know Mr. Barnard's an awful nice man, and he prints a good paper, but I don't feel that we can afford to

up her potato paring as she talked with them.

"Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed a moment later, "here's a supplement. I wonder what it's about; all got up on pink paper, fine as you please. Oh! The county fair, to be sure! Here's a list of



"SHE TOOK UP HER POTATO PARING."

take it any longer. I s'pose Solomon wouldn't know hardly how to live without it, though. He sets a dreadful sight of store by the news."

She was still lost in its contents when two neighbors came along, and she took

all the premiums: 'Best specimen of fine needle-work, five dollars.' Mary Ann Lee took that last year, on her ocean-wave quilt. I heard she was piecing a red and yellow tulip pattern, in hopes to get it again this year." And

then giving her attention to the next item on the list, she continued reading aloud:

"Best loaf of home-made bread: First premium, plush photograph album; second premium, one dollar. Mandy Porter, from over in Dorset took first prize on bread last fall." As Mrs. Thompson's eyes took in the next item, they grew bright with interest, and a faint spot of pink crept into her faded cheeks.

"Well, well; here's something new I guess!" she said, with a thrill of excitement in her voice. "'Parker and Trimmer, dry-goods merchants, offer one black, all-wool dress-pattern, with linings and trimmings complete, to the lady making and exhibiting the best loaf of old-fashioned election cake.' I declare! I've half a mind to try for that myself. I used to be a master hand at making 'lection cake.

"I hadn't calculated on going to the fair this year, but if I could only get that dress, linings and trimmings complete, it says, I could afford to pay out fifty cents or so, I should think. I'll see what Solomon says about it, anyway.

"Let's see, my receipt's in the clock, I guess. I ain't made one since the donation for Elder Dutton, three years ago this fall. It's been a long time, but I'm pretty sure I ain't forgot how. To be sure, they're expensive, and if I shouldn't get the premium I'd wish'd I hadn't spent my money. Solomon always said, though, that there wasn't a woman anywhere around could beat me making 'lection cake, an' I most know he'll say I'd better try it."

And so it happened that two weeks later found Mrs. Thompson and her husband ensconced in their rickety old carriage, riding patiently along in the dust cast up by hundreds of rolling wheels as they kept their place in the slow-moving procession, all bent on the same errand—a day's outing at the county fair.

"You're sure you entered my cake all right, are you, Solomon, and you didn't crack the frosting any, did you? You

know if it was mussed just the least little mite, it would spoil my chance of the prize." And there was an anxious look on the tired old face as she awaited the answer to her question.

"Of course I 'tended to it all right, Hannah. Didn't I bring you the ticket they gave me? And the woman that took it, said it looked so good she most knew it would take the prize. She was a real nice little woman, and she seemed to take lots of interest in your cake."

"Why you didn't tell me that before! I wonder if she really thought it would. Why didn't you tell me, Solomon?"

"Why, I forgot all about it till now. I knew it would take the premium, anyway, so it don't make no difference what any one else thinks."

"Well, I s'pose not. I'll soon know now, anyway, for here we are at last. You'll have to get the tickets, now, won't you? I wonder if we'll ever get through that jam at the gate. I declare it seems ev'ry year as if there's a bigger crowd than there was last."

It took a long time to make their way through the dense mass of people and vehicles, of every kind and description, which was packed so closely at the gates; but at last the task was accomplished, and they found themselves a part of the gala scene behind the high board fence.

What a flutter of ribbons and drapery! What splashes of gaudy color against the white of the canvas tents! What a medley of noises! And amid the ceaseless hum of hundreds of voices, one heard the happy laughter of children and the shrill cries of importunate vendors. Somewhere in the distance came the sound of voices singing, and over and above all, was the monotonous music ground out by an enterprising merry-go-round.

White-winged tents dotted the grounds almost as far as the eye could reach, and loud-voiced attendants besought the people to buy their sweetmeats, or behold the marvelous sights of the "side-shows." And in front of one of these emporiums, a large, stout woman, with

plenty of self-assurance, was giving a couple of attendants a free lecture on the use of language.

The shabby little woman stood still and listened. She watched it all for a few moments, and then some unseen force laid hold upon her, and led her captive, until she found herself pushing a way through the dense crowd of people which was surging through the great building known as Floral Hall, but in which, however, the floral exhibit

would be hard to tell from their looks which is the better; but the instinct of the experienced baker of cakes tells the careworn little woman that she has failed.

There is no longer any joy for her in the happy, noisy scene. She looks down at her rusty, threadbare dress, and remembers that it is very old, and that it is all she has; and she is old, too, she thinks. She feels out of place and alone in the happy, care-free throng.



"A FREE LECTURE ON THE USE OF LANGUAGE."

was by no means the only attraction.

At last, in rather a breathless state, Mrs. Thompson reached the corner devoted to the display of the culinary skill of the ladies of Clinton County: and now to find her cake! Ah! Here it is! "Election Cake!" it says on the placard. There are only two, and this is hers. There are not cards on the cakes as yet. The judges have not yet made their rounds; but she knows in a moment that it will not be her cake to which they will award the premium.

There they stand: two perfect, light, sweet-smelling, snow-crowned cakes. It

and she stands still and stares at the two smooth mounds of cake, with unseeing eyes, until a cheery voice calls back her wandering mind, and she sees her nearest neighbor smiling at her in a friendly way.

"Why, you look all tired out, Aunt Hannah!" said Mrs. Rogers, "and I'm sure I don't wonder at it. Wasn't there a crowd at the gates, and it's such a warm day, too, for this time of the year! Did you come to see the cakes? There's some real nice ones here. I wonder who made this? You? Well, I declare! This one's mine. I thought I'd bring it

just for fun, and our two are the only ones here, aren't they? I thought there'd be a lot that would try for that prize, it was such a good one. Well, one of us is sure of it, that's certain." And then she passed on, and Mrs. Thompson's weary eyes went back to the cakes again.

So that was Sally's cake, she thought, with a sigh. Why, yes; to be sure!

as her eyes took in all the shabbiness and the threadbareness of the rusty gown, as it moved away through the well-dressed crowd.

Mrs. Rogers knew well the reason that the faded gown had been so long in wear, and she knew, too, that no other could be bought that fall, to take its place. She had often heard of the debt on the little farm, and of how hard



"WHAT A FUNNY SIGN THEY'VE GOT."

She might have known. She had taught her how herself; and Sally was always quick to learn. She would get the dress, of course; though she didn't need it at all: she had more dresses now than she could ever wear out. And then she thought of the money she had wasted, and the tired eyes filled with disappointed tears as she turned away.

She will go to some place and sit down, she thinks. There are so many people, and the noise hurts her head. And she goes away, alone, through the noisy, happy crowd; and Mrs. Rogers, watching her as she goes, sees the troubled eyes and the white, disappointed face, and guesses the whole pitiful story.

"Poor thing! She wanted that dress, I do believe, and goodness knows she needs it bad enough", she said, softly,

it was to keep the interest paid: and that year, she knew, had been even worse than usual. Poor old Uncle Solomon is proverbially slow, she mused, and what few crops he has managed to put in the ground this year have obstinately refused to multiply and increase, and this fall he has scarcely more than the seed he sowed to show for his whole summer's toil: so of course there will be no money to spend on dresses.

There isn't the least doubt of my getting the premium, softly communed Mrs. Rogers with herself; and I'm sure Aunt Hannah thought so, too. Well, I'll be fairly entitled to it, for I took lots of pains with that cake. I don't need the dress, to be sure, but it'll be something to have the name of taking the premium. If I'd known, though, that Aunt Hannah was going to try, I

never would have brought my cake at all; but it's too late now; it's time the judges were here I should think.

"There, I believe that's them now. Yes, they're cutting a cake and tasting it. Poor Aunt Hannah! How disappointed she will be: she needs a new dress so much, and she taught me herself how to make that cake, and a great many other things besides—and she shall have that dress, too, if she wants it, or my name isn't Sally Ann Rogers"—she ended with a mental jerk, as she hurried toward the long table, where, far down at the lower end, the judges were sampling the cakes, and here and there affixing the red and blue cards which were the proofs of their merit.

As she reached the table, Mrs. Rogers raised the plate which held her own cherished cake, and a moment later it lay on the dusty floor amid the ruins of a gold-banded china plate! And Mrs. Rogers was saying, with a careless smile, to the startled attendant, who happened forward to see what havoc had been wrought in her domain, "Oh, you needn't be frightened! There's nothing harmed but my election cake! I just thought I'd see if the frosting was cracked any, and some way it slipped right out of my hands. I must have been a little careless, I guess. There won't be any question now as to who will take the prize, will there, seeing there's only one left?"

"Too bad mine was spoiled? Oh, I don't know: it's only a cake anyway, and likely as not it wouldn't have taken the prize, even if I hadn't dropped it. I *am* a little sorry about the plate, I'll admit. It was one of a set, but it can't be helped now, of course." And then Mrs. Rogers walked quietly away from the scene of the disaster, and no one even dreamed that it had all been done on purpose.

A few moments later Mrs. Thompson, sitting in the very darkest corner of the "rest for weary mothers", heard her friend's cheery voice as she called, "Why, Aunt Hannah, what are you moping here for? Just come and see your

cake with the blue card on it. It looks nice, I can tell you; but not as nice. I don't suppose, as you will, when you wear that nice dress that you are going to get as a premium. Come on, let's go up there: I want you to see for yourself." And a little later Mrs. Thompson stood once more in front of the long table; but her face now looked almost young again, as the old eyes proudly viewed the blue card, which gleamed a bright bit of color, on the snowy frosting which covered the spicy richness of the cake. In her joy it was quite a minute before she saw that one cake was missing, and then in surprise she questioned:

"Why, Sally, where's your cake? I don't see it at all! I felt sure that it would take the premium. Have you taken it away?"

"Why, no, Aunt Hannah! I took it up to look at the frosting, and some way I managed to drop it, so it was spoiled, of course. Now don't you feel bad a minute; I don't see how it could have taken the premium, anyway, for the judges all said yours was the best cake they ever tasted. I heard them myself, and it isn't likely mine could have beat it!"

"Did they say that? Did they really, Sally?" returned the delighted old woman, in an excited tone.

"Yes they did, really Aunt Hannah. You'd better stop at the store when you go home, and get your dress, hadn't you? And I'll help you make it up next week. I haven't much to do just now, and I'd as soon help you as not, if you want me to. There's a black dress now that's made up real neat and tasty: you might have yours made something like it, only I'd get silk instead of velvet to trim it in, if I were you. And now that we've seen the prize cake, let's go and look at the poultry exhibit. They say it's real fine this year. Oh, yes, and I want you to see what a funny sign they have got in the tent around the corner, where they seem to be selling some 'new fangled' kind of cheese. And we'll want to go down to the grand-stand at noon.



and see the show; and then we'll find the men and go back to the grove and eat our dinners."

As the two moved away together, it would have been hard to tell which was

the happier heart, the one beneath the smart, new gown, or the one which beat so joyously beneath the rusty, time-worn dress, which, that day, was making its last forlorn appearance in public.

## An Acorn-Story.

**A** TINY brown thing in the pocket of a boy—that's all I was, once. He found me lying on the ground under a big tree, which was my mother.

Earlier I had been very happy with my brothers and sisters as we rocked in our mother's arms; for at first, you know, we were little and green like most boys and girls, and we lay all day in our little green cradles.

The leaves that grew about us were also green; they kept the hot sun from scorching us, and they fanned us when the wind blew.

Of course we loved the leaves very much, because they were so good to us. Our mother loved them, too, almost as much as she did us. I think they were kin to us—cousins or something like that. At any rate, we all lived happily together.

But after a while, when the beautiful summer was gone, our lives changed. Something, I do not know what, happened, and we found that we were turning brown, every one of us. I suppose we played too long in the sun without our bonnets. Anyhow, we were surely very sunburnt.

The leaves, too, were no longer green, but changed to red and gold. They were very pretty and danced gaily in the breeze. Of course, we were not so pretty; for I heard them bragging about Jack Frost painting them one night from his wonderful box of colors.

I did not know who he was, but I did not like his name from the very first.

It made me jealous to see the leaves so bright, and it made me angry to hear them laugh at our dull dresses.

We were now no longer happy.

Even our mother did not seem to love us nor hold us so close; so that it was often all we could do to keep from falling when the wind was high. But it may have been she was tired, for she seemed so very drowsy all the time.

One day my little brother, whose cradle was just by mine, rolled over and crept very close to me, and told me the greatest secret. He had been eavesdropping, as naughty brothers will, and had heard the leaves planning some new dresses. Jack Frost was sure to come that night, for the wind blew right out of the north. I determined right then that I would sit up for him, and when he came I would be very brave and beg him to make us as pretty as our cousins.

But when it grew dark and the birdies were asleep in their nest in our tree, the wind blew so gently—oh, so gently, that before I knew it I was fast asleep. Next morning when I woke up the sun was shining, but I knew he had been there. I felt him. I was cold even through my warm brown jacket.

And, oh, the funniest thing had happened to the gay giddy leaves. I laughed in spite of my good manners when I saw how brown and sober their friend's visit had made them. He brought nothing but his brown paint that night, and he gave the whole world a good thick coat of it.

After that my cradle did not fit. I bumped so against the sides that I longed to get out.

So one day, when the wind was in a rage, he rocked us more than ever; and his voice was harsh and his breath was cold.

By and by he grew so angry, and

shook us so hard, we lost our balance and fell down and down to the soft earth below. Our mother was so sleepy she could not keep us from falling, and though we lay at her feet and her arms were still over us, she could not tell us what to do for she was now sound asleep.

It was not long until I discovered all the leaves had fallen, too, and when I touched them I soon saw that not only had their beauty faded, but they were even dead.

Poor, foolish leaves, you boasted of your loveliness, but your brief life is done! You must now decay and enrich us. We were always brown and ugly. You laughed at us, but we still live, and shall some day be changed into something beautiful.

We lay for a long time where we fell, and I could tell many fine stories of all I saw and heard. However, there is one thing I never shall know, and that is what became of my brothers and sisters. For as I told you when I started out, a boy picked me up and put me in his pocket. I think he intended to eat me.

It isn't altogether pleasant to stay in a boy's pocket. You know how they bulge out with marbles, tops, and strings, and a thousand little things a boy knows pockets are made for. But there was one thing in this pocket that he didn't know about. It was a hole; so one day as we crowded and jostled one another, I got beneath all the other things, and being so small I fell out. The boy really didn't care: I was just an acorn; and that is how I came to be something else. He was scampering along a hot dusty lane when he lost me, and I was soon buried under the leaves and soil. After a while the April showers pattered down on my bed, and the warm sun shone down until I began to sprout, and feel the thrill of life.

I heard the voices of the birds and I peeped out to see what they were singing about.

From a tiny green sprig I grew higher and higher until one day I stood a

beautiful tall tree. I threw out my arms wider and wider. I filled them with green leaves; for I knew spring had come.

Many travelers rest under my shade, and praise my beauty; and I look out across the fields to the stretch of cool green wood, and wonder if my mother is still there. If she is, she is very old, for soon quaintly carved cradles will be hidden among my leaves, and when the autumn days are come I shall rock my own brown acorn babies.

### Song of The Adulterated.

WHEN with blithe bells the morning tells

That night from the world is thrust,  
I rise and sip, with resonant lip,  
My cup of coffee and—chicory-dust.

I can make it seem, with—chalk and cream,

Like draughts from a fountain grand,  
As I stir it round to its depths profound.  
And sweeten it up with—sugar and sand.

At dinner-hour, when from hunger's power

My nature craves relief,  
With pleasure I spy my roast or fry  
Of tender, fresh—saltpetter and beef.

When evening throws her restful glows  
Of mingled gray and red,

I sit me down with a smile and frown.  
To my frugal meal of—alum and bread.

My gleaming board is mildly stored  
With adulterated glee,  
And comforts deep through my stomach creep,  
From my cup of—prussic acid and tea.

And when I lay at close of day  
My form on its matted shelf,  
I can't deny, though hard I try—  
I am very much of a sham myself.



## A Second Lesson in Chess.

THE Mayhew children were very much disappointed, soon after the first lesson their uncle gave them in chess, to find that he had been "drawn on a jury", and would probably have to be absent from them for several days. It must be confessed that their uncle rather liked "the jury business", as he called it: for it enabled him to meet a good many old friends, and talk over ancient times. Besides, he enjoyed hearing the witnesses testify, and the lawyers make their speeches. Still, he hated to leave the children; and they, too, were disconsolate, for he was great company for them on general principles; and, besides, they did not like to wait till his return, for their further instructions in the game.

He was an expert in the game of chess, and loved to instruct the children in the deeper aspects of the game. He had arranged a local tournament of the chess fiends of the village and was regarded as one of the best-informed in that part of the country.

They were looking the "men" over the next day after Uncle Jack left them, and wondering whether they couldn't make a few rules of their own and play a sort of game, when the pastor called, rather unexpectedly. They tried to hide the board and men, thinking he would not approve of them; but he was too quick, saw the whole outfit before they could get it out of the way, and asked them all about it. They explained the different men and moves, as their Uncle Jack had told them; and their manner of doing so afforded the pastor considerable quiet amusement. At last he said:

"I play chess, sometimes, with my boys, in order to please them, and rest myself; and I think I can start you off and tell *you* how to conduct a game properly."

It is needless to say that the children were very much delighted at this; and they soon had their men all "set", and ready to begin.

"Now," said the pastor, "the first thing you must learn, is how to *record* your games, so you can look over them, study them, and learn what to do the next time. You can thus find out your mistakes, and learn how to avoid them in the future.

"You can also trace other people's chess games, when you see them recorded in books, newspapers, and magazines.

"The best way to learn how to play, is to *play*; and so we will commence a game now.

"I will this time not only move my own men, but will tell you how to move yours. I will take 'white' (as you may call the red-marked men), and you may take 'black.'

"Now we will commence the game. I will move my king's pawn two squares; which I can do the first time it is moved"—

"Your king's pawn?", repeated Alice. "Which one is that?"

"Why, the one directly in front of the king", replied the pastor, while the rest of the children, who had wanted to ask the same question, laughed at the somewhat disconcerted girl. "And the queen's pawn is of course in front of her, and the king's bishop's pawn"—

"Which of your two bishops is the king's bishop?" inquired Arthur.



"The one nearest the king", replied the pastor, while Alice had her laugh. "And, in the same way, there is the queen's knight, her bishop, and her castle, and each has its pawn."

"But in moving to one place and another, they may get away from the king or queen", suggested Claude. "Do they keep the same names still?"

"Yes," replied the pastor. "Wherever they go during the game, they always keep the same name with which they started out."

"So I will commence by moving my king's pawn two squares directly in front. This move we will record as 'P to K4', which means that my king's pawn has been placed in square number four, in the king's line of squares."

"But why don't you write it 'King's pawn to King 4?'" asked Gladys.

"Because king's pawn is the only one that *could* be moved there," replied the pastor: "and in recording a game, we shorten the record as much as we can. Now, you may also move *your* pawn to KB4."

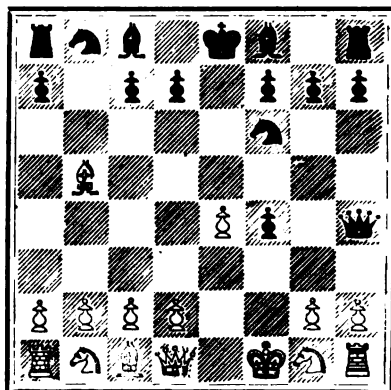
The move was made, and the two pawns stood close together, staring fiercely at each other. This move was also recorded, in a column headed "Black", as "P to K4."

"Now," continued the pastor, "I will move my king's bishop's pawn to the fourth square, also: and this we will record (under the heading 'White') 'P to KB4.'"

"It is now your move; and we will say that you decide to take my pawn with yours, by pushing him off. So we will record that (under the heading 'Black') as 'P takes P.' We do not tell *which* pawn we mean, because there are at present only two on the board that *could* be meant."

"Would we have to take it if we did not wish to?" asked Hugh.

"No; there is this difference between checkers and chess, in taking men," replied the pastor: "in checkers you *have* to capture a man if possible, whether you wish to or not; but in chess you can do as you like. It is good policy for



you to take his pawn, however, for if you did not, I would probably take yours, at my next turn.

"I will now move my king's bishop cornerwise, to the fourth space in the queen's bishop's line. This I can easily do, for I took my pawn out of the way in the preceding move. We record that as 'B to B4.'"

"Next, you may move your queen cornerwise to 'R5', which means the fifth square (from your side) on the castle's (or *rook's*) line. (In chess, we generally call the 'castle' a 'rook', and designate it by the letter 'R'.) You now must say 'Check!' to me."

"What for?" asked Arthur.

"Because that is a signal agreed upon, when you have put your adversary's King in danger. The King, although he is not much of a fighter, is the most important 'piece' on the board, and I must protect him, whatever happens. If you can manage to get him in enough danger from your various 'pieces' so that I can not save him from danger, then you say 'Checkmate!' and the game is yours, no matter how many or how few of my men you have taken. That is the object of the game—to 'checkmate' your opponent."

"You see, at the next move, you could run your queen down to the king, and push him off (for that is the way we take men, in chess, instead of 'jumping' them as in checkers), if I did not get something in the way, or get him out of the way. So I am bound to do so,

or give up the game. As you 'threaten' him only with your queen I will move him one square to the right, where my bishop was. This move will be recorded as White's move No. 4, and written as follows: 'K to B sq'; meaning, 'King moved to bishop's square.'

"Your next move (which is Black's No. 4) will be recorded as 'P to QKt4', which means that you move your queen's knight's pawn to the knight's fourth square.

"In my next move (No. 5) I take your pawn with my bishop. This move is recorded 'B takes KtP.'

"In the next move (*your* No. 5) you move your knight to the third square of the king's bishop; which is duly recorded in your column as 'Kt to KB3.'"

"Why do we do that?" asked Hugh.

"All I can tell you now," replied the pastor, "is, that it will be the best play, under the circumstances. You will soon learn the 'whys and wherefores' of the game. We are now merely practicing to learn the moves.

"My fifth play will be, 'B takes Kts P', which means, that my bishop runs up and pushes your knight's pawn off the board. I am now even with you, on men, having taken one of your pawns, as you did one of mine.

"Your play No. 5 will be 'Kt to KB3.'"

"Which knight?" asked Arthur, before he thought.

"The only one that could make such a move in the present state of the board, of course", laughed Alice; and all joined in the merriment, including the victim.

"It is time now," said the pastor, looking at his watch, "for me to go, for I must make two or three more calls this afternoon. But I will come again, in a day or two, and bring the boys, and we will finish this game.—You may keep the record carefully, meanwhile."

And as he went out, the Mayhew children voted him almost equal to Uncle Jack, in his ability to interest, amuse, and instruct them.

### Feminine Odd Vocations.

**I**T was indeed, with prophetic vision, that Kate Field penned the following verse:

"They talk about a woman's sphere as if it had a limit.

There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whisper 'yes' or 'no',  
There's not a life, a death, a birth,  
There's not a feather's weight of worth  
without a woman in it."

Avocations of women that half or even quarter of a century ago would have been regarded as little short of criminal in their masculinity, today excite slight comment. The professions long ago yielded up their spoils to feminine captors, and the trades are surrendering one after another. Women around this great, wide world are daily joining the ranks of new industry. The calling that may be classed "queer" in one section may have become legitimate in some other. There has been a gradual change.

A wife in the habit of practicing the tonsorial art in her family may surprise the conservative East, but the occurrence is far too common in the Middle West to occasion remark. Indeed, the one who does not save her husband the expense of a professional's service, or, at least, the possibility of infection from poisonous razors, is quite the exception; and her inborn deftness of touch seems to have discovered its original purpose.

Barbers without sons to succeed to the business often train their daughters to the tricks of the trade, and—incidentally—do a rushing business thereafter. We are not discussing the desirability of the association for the young women, but are merely stating the facts as they are.

One of the northern counties of Michigan exults in a feminine game-warden: and very efficient she is said to be, without peer or rival in the use of fire-arms. Again Michigan claims a prod-

igy. Doing a thriving livery business at its "Athens", is a modest little woman who claims to be one of the two women in United States engaged in that occupation. She succeeded her grandfather, and, moreover, has been successful. Her judgment of horseflesh is quite infallible, and patrons and assistants admire and respect her.

Perhaps the most unusual of avocations among church-women had its origin in the little town of Dundee, Mich. So zealous did the women of the Congregational Church become regarding the construction of a new house of worship that they inaugurated a "stone-gathering", spending a whole day at the arduous labor of picking and heaping up stones ready for hauling. They made a picnic of the occasion, feasting at noon in the open air and enjoyed the frolic (?) exceedingly. Drawing the stones through the town to the church site would not daunt these invincible daughters of Zion should it appear necessary so to do.

A town in Connecticut furnished a parallel case. It is stated that four days previous to her ninety-fourth birthday, a Mrs. Smith led forth a party of women and children to repair the roads which the selectmen had been petitioned in vain to do. The determined brigade, with the venerable dame at its head, cleared the road of stones, and made it fit for travel. May not these women be first cousins to those who constitute village-improvement societies in many states?

The state of Washington enumerated among its enterprising citizens a young woman who shoots squirrels for a living. Kansas is proud of a woman blacksmith, who at a church benefit turned and cast a perfect horseshoe in less than four minutes, winning the prize from two male competitors. She learned to do the work at her father's forge and was only seventeen years old at the time of the contest. The derricks for the construction of the Paris Exposition buildings, made of durable stone, were furnished by Mrs. Cram, of Boston,

who personally supervised the placing of them.

Philadelphia has a colored woman undertaker. St. Louis, Mo., is the home of a female pilot, who holds a national commission to guide boats up and down the shifting channels of the Mississippi. There abides in Maine an expert woman cobbler, who earns a good living plying her trade. California boasts of a woman who runs and keeps in repair the engine in one of the largest lumber mills of that state. Cincinnati harbors a female United States marshal, likewise Oklahoma Territory. Women mail-carriers in remote districts of the West and South, where the performance of duty requires no little courage and endurance, are not at all uncommon.

We find women doing duty as "foremen" of juries, coroners, chaplains of legislative bodies, civil engineers, electricians, druggists, pharmacists, sanitary inspectors, railway contractors, managers of street railways, hunters, farmers, machinists, architects, decorators, managers of shingle-mills, and running elevators in some of our large cities. In the old countries they do the work of coal-mining, attending switches, leveling and grading railroads, and in Cannes there is a woman's street-cleaning brigade.

Mexico, not long since, was the scene of a duel between two society women who sought to settle their love affairs after the manner most anciently approved of.

In the pursuit of pleasure young women now keep pace with their brothers. Over a thousand of the former own and sail their own boats along the coast of Maine and Massachusetts. Female Nimrods have stepped out of the realms of fabled song and story, and figure valorously as slayers of ferocious American animals, and in tiger- and elephant-hunts in the wilds of central India.

Now there wants but the creation of "new worlds" for our twentieth-century women, with their electric energy and intrepidity, to meet and conquer.



## Up and Down the World.

### Dangerous Jewelers.

**A** COMMON menace which we often meet with when we wish watches repaired, our diamonds cleaned or reset, is the dishonest jeweler. When we leave our watch to be repaired, we naturally do not think but what the work will be done properly, and a fair charge will be paid willingly for the work done. We trust the jeweler, take him on his honor, and oftentimes we do so to our misfortune, sometimes never knowing that while the watch has been repaired so that it now runs properly, some of the valuable parts may have been removed and inferior parts substituted for them.

The writer had the sad misfortune to take his watch to a quack jeweler a few years ago, and left it in his possession for a few weeks because it seemed necessary to send to the factory for certain jewels. Notice that it was in the jeweler's possession for a time sufficient so that inferior pieces might be substituted should he desire to do so. However, I received the watch in due season, and it kept perfect time and the charge was very reasonable, as I remember it. A year or so later the watch fell from my pocket and the stem was crushed in and the case badly bent. So I repaired to the jeweler who had done such good work before, but his store was now occupied by a fruit-dealer and he was nowhere to be found. Waiting until I reached my home city, I took the watch to the jeweler who had always done my work before, and told him to fix it up as best he could. A few days later the watch was finished, but I also learned

that at some time before cheap material had been substituted and several exchanges made where there would be a gain for the jeweler, and immediately I thought of the last repairs made by the watch-maker in the neighboring town.

An excellent way to make one's living, by deceitfully taking you into his confidence, so to speak, and then, unknown to you, of course, making substitutions so that he would gain at your expense and no one would be the wiser. Very little chance of detection, to be sure, and this makes it all the more a sneaking, cowardly, despicable act. Most of us would rather know at least when we were being robbed, and in a way, we have a respect (if you call it such) for the man who open and above board takes some valuable from us. A highwayman, single handed, holding up a west-bound express train is taking great chances for his stake; but a thieving jeweler, being more or less a specialist in his trade, may easily delude an ignorant public and therefore is to be condemned for his low-lived actions. He has little chance of being caught, and even if the substitutions are detected, the accused man could still say that he left the watch as he found it and it would be very difficult to prove otherwise.

This class of men are usually to be found in our larger cities where they can ply their trade without being detected so easily; in the smaller cities, however, it does not take a long time for the all-wise public to discover that the jeweler is dishonest. This may be due to the concentration of his business, and the public in some subtle way will in a short time discover that it is being de-

luded. In the large city the customers are many, but they do not always consult the same jeweler and do not get to know him as well as the people in a smaller town. He is not in such close contact with them and so can be more free in his operations and still remain undetected. Usually we find him on the side street where rents are lower, as he realizes that he is engaged in a risky business and so plays the game as economically as possible, using just enough capital to keep his business going while his illegitimate savings may be invested elsewhere. He realizes that exposure may come sooner or later, and so he is prepared for any emergency.

Usually he is not even well informed concerning his trade, but if we talk to him he seems very fluent regarding any phase of his business, and the technical terms he uses are a blind to convince us that he is well informed in his special line. He is an apt conversationalist and seems so pleasant that we do not doubt his sincerity. Give him a diamond and offhand he can tell us its true worth and go into great details as to the causes of its value. Be it a perfect cut, he might suggest that we leave it so that he might examine it further. Nine cases out of ten we might do so to our sorrow, if he thought that we were at all ignorant as to its real value, for he could easily substitute a stone from his own stock which to our untrained mind would appear to be the same one which we had left to be examined. Large trays of diamonds, so called, usually are to be found in a conspicuous place in the show-window, and are always marked down or at odd prices.

The dishonest jeweler is in a class with the dentist who advertises his profession by street-corner exhibitions, or the quack doctor who is a great believer in patent medicines. He cannot make a living by legitimate means, so he takes advantage of your confidence and makes up for his ignorance of the jewelry business by slyly preying on his innocent customers. If he really knew the jewelry business, the chances are he would

be a reliable person and one whom you could trust; but as his knowledge of the business is limited, he must rely on dishonest means to make a livelihood for himself.

There should be a law against such evil doers: but even if there were, it would be very difficult to enforce, as the proof would be very hard to obtain. The accused could easily say that he returned the watch just as he found it, save for the repairs, and his statement would be very hard to disprove.

The best way to eliminate these parasites of our modern life, is to deal only with the long-established and reliable houses. It may cost a trifle more to have the work done by an experienced man, but we can rest assured that the work will be done as requested, and no unfair advantages taken over us. The cheap jeweler will tempt us with the lower charge, but he expects to make his profit by making substitutions unknown to us. It seems rather unfair to the honest jeweler who conducts his business with justice to all, while his dishonest competitor may cut prices so that all of the business will come to him and he will be repaid because of the dishonest tactics he may employ. However, in the long run, the public begin to see things as they really are, and the business of the dishonest man will slacken materially.

### Woven-Wire Fencing.

THIS great industry, whose products are used in all parts of the civilized world, had its feeble beginning in a shanty on a small farm in Southern Michigan. Here a genius was at work, devising a loom which would make a woven-wire fence. His difficulties were many: he could not readily obtain the parts he desired; his capital was limited; he was the laughing stock of the neighbors, who considered his idea a good joke. However, he, though quite alone, saw the enormous possibilities of his loom and so, despite the obstacles

put in his path, he went steadily ahead and, in 1889, announced his invention.

Next, he set about raising capital, so that he could erect a factory. This was also a very hard thing to accomplish, as his friends were few, and those he had, looked askance at his loom and made it the butt of many a joke. He finally interested a neighboring farmer, who gave some of his means to promote the enterprise. A site was secured in the largest town in the county and a small building erected where operations were immediately begun for the manufacture of a woven-wire fence. As with all new undertakings this, too, met with reverses at first, but soon the people in the vicinity began to see that this "fool farmer" really had made a machine which would weave wire into fencing. Then all wished to get in on the "ground floor" of the proposition, and enough capital was collected so that a large factory, covering several acres, could be erected. Success began to come to this man who, while not in any sense a business man, was a genius in mechanics. Little refinements in the machinery were added from time to time, so that best results would be obtained; also, the best methods as regards business management were employed, that there might be maximum output at minimum cost. In this way success came quickly to this man with the idea.

Soon others saw the great possibilities of this industry, and many companies were formed to make wire fencing. However, as patents had been obtained on the woven-wire fence loom, it could not be duplicated, and so many different kinds of "knot" fence were made here by other manufacturers.

The knot consists of a small piece, or pieces, of wire, firmly bound around the place where the vertical wire crosses the horizontal, thereby holding both securely in place, while the woven-wire fence has one wire which is wound about the horizontal wires. The woven fence will, of course, be the stronger and more durable, because with constant wear the knots are apt to slip either up, down,

or to either side, thus getting the up and down rod out of place. With the woven wire the vertical rod will remain in place, as it is held securely by the double twist around each horizontal wire. It cannot sag, but, in the course of time it may vary a bit so that the vertical line is no longer true. The woven wire does away with the knot, thus making it a more practicable fence.

The woven fence has a distinct feature unknown to other wire fences, in that the top wire will be depressed to the wire below it when one is climbing over the top of the fence, but will spring up to its former position when the weight is taken from it. This has a very distinct advantage over the knot fence, because continual climbing or leaning upon a knot fence will tend to bend it toward the center, and therefore knot fencing will require posts placed much nearer together, in order to stand the strain.

Woven fence which has been put in ten years ago, still appears in upright position, although it may be rusted, and possibly the vertical wires may not be in a straight line. However, it does not sag between posts as will this knot fence, which has been up the same number of years.

The pioneer fence company made great strides, and good dividends were paid the stockholders even though the greater share of the earnings were used to build new factories, get better equipment, etc. Wire had to be bought of the Steel Trust or its subsidiaries, and when it became apparent to the Trust that this company was harming one of its own wire-fence-producing concerns, it promptly raised the price of wire so that it would then be unable for this Company to buy wire at this price, and still make a reasonable profit on its investment. By predatory methods it thus forced this corporation into bankruptcy proceedings. A reorganization took place, and a wire mill has been built in the steel region in Western Pennsylvania. Now, although freight rates have hindered progress very much,

the Company is once more on a firm foundation and hopes to be paying dividends in the near future.

It seems a pity that in this enlightened country, the letter of the law can be obeyed and still, one competitor, by unfair means, and because of his ample resources, can completely crush and wipe out another, simply because his very progress has been detrimental to him in a business sense. Let us hope that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law may be so improved upon that the best laws of business ethics may obtain.

Wherever one goes, whether it be to the country villa, the zoological park, the suburban home or the modest farm, there will usually be found a stretch of wire fence which takes the place of the old rail and stump fences of an earlier day. It, too, is a sign of progress, wherever it is seen, and is a silent witness to the advance of civilization.

### Rubber.

**T**HERE are certain things which for years have haunted the dreams of inventors as very desirable subjects for work and research, and among these one of the most prominent is the production of rubber in the laboratory. So far none of the so-called patent substances are really rubber, nor can they fairly be described as rubber substances, since none of them have all the valuable properties of the natural article. All assertions that rubber can be manufactured are viewed with suspicion by experts, as so many have announced a discovery only to be misled.

Rubber, as everyone knows, is obtained from the juice of a great many different kinds of trees and shrubs. This milky juice is coagulated and a crude rubber obtained which is not a definite chemical compound, but a mixture of a great many substances. In fact, the commercial article is found to contain water, sand, pieces of plants, fragments of wood, etc. Many of these impurities may be removed by washing

with water, but this may dissolve certain sugars which are associated naturally with rubber. Even after the washing, though technically pure, the rubber is still not chemically pure, and it is necessary to use various solvents to obtain this condition. This product, when analyzed, is found to have the following approximate composition: Carbon, 88 per cent., Hydrogen, 12 per cent. Rubber of commerce is, of course, not a pure substance of this kind.

The purest rubber that can be obtained is a nearly colorless substance slightly lighter than water. It is not soluble in water, but it absorbs it slowly. That it is not perfectly impervious to water has been shown by experiment, although it is valuable as a waterproofing material. Rubber is very elastic, in that a relatively large deformation may be produced and yet it will assume its original form when the force producing the deformation has been removed. According to Weber, rubber has the remarkable property of becoming charged with negative electricity when it is stretched, and Joule observed that heat was given off under similar conditions, while it is absorbed when the strain is released.

From a practical point of view, the most important property of rubber is the peculiar effect obtained by heating it with sulphur, the process being known as vulcanization. As early as 1832 Luedersdorf and Hayward noticed the beneficial results of the mixture, but it was Goodyear who first demonstrated the value of sulphur in keeping the elastic properties of rubber constant over a wide range of temperature.

Many years ago Tilden produced rubber from a chemical substance called isoprene, by what is known as the polymerization process. By analysis it is shown that a substance may contain twelve parts of hydrogen and eighty-eight parts of carbon and still not resemble rubber in the least. For instance, oil of turpentine has just the same proportions of hydrogen and carbon. From oil of turpentine the chemical compound

isoprene may be prepared, and furthermore, if rubber is heated under certain conditions, isoprene is the result. Finally, if isoprene is brought in contact with hydrochloric acid at ordinary temperatures for a long period, rubber will be found. This is a good example of polymerization, for the only way in which we can explain the extraordinary difference in the physical properties of rubber and the highly volatile liquid isoprene is to suppose a change in the molecular structure of the two substances.

Commercially, it has not been considered as yet, as the process seems too expensive to compete with that obtained from the juices of the rubber plantations. The work of some of the later "discoverers" is different, for they do not start with turpentine as a raw material from which isoprene is to be made. Instead of that, fusel oil is produced by a process which is said to be relatively cheap, and from that is separated a compound called isobutyl alcohol, this in turn being used to prepare isoprene. Then, instead of using the hydrochloric acid reaction, sodium is the reagent employed for the polymerization of the isoprene to rubber. However, this process has been little used as yet, and so no one can tell just what the practical results will be, but the new process at first sight seems to be entirely practical and at the same time inexpensive.

### Japanese Waltzing Mice.

PASSING an animal dealer's window one day, in Chicago, my attention was attracted by a large gold-fish globe in which several tiny figures were circling around and around at a dizzy rate. Closer inspection proved them to be a species of mouse, tinier than an ordinary gray house mouse, or white albino pet; the lively, energetic little fellows resembled in color and markings the ordinary fox-terrier, being white, with black or brown splotches on the head, or back, as it might happen.

Their continued circular movement was so queer and uncanny as to be almost painful. One wondered if it were induced by the closeness of their quarters or the globular form of their glass habitation. Had they been driven insane thereby, as the keepers of circular light-houses are said to be sometimes?

Inquiry developed that they were the so-called "Waltzing Mice" of Japan, that land of eerie goldfish. And the reason for their perpetual round of pleasure? The physiological and psychological causes underlying the phenomena are, to say the least, surprising. Who, at first thought, would dream that the circular mode of progression was associated with the organ of hearing? Yet such is claimed by some to be the case.

If, in your Webster's Unabridged, you will look up the word "ear", with its accompanying illustration, you will see that an important part of the mechanism of that organ are the three semi-circular canals. If, in any vertebrate, the horizontal semi-circular canal is cut or seriously injured or missing, the creature loses its power of balancing, and of orientation. It cannot progress in a straight line, but tends always to the right or left, as a person does who is lost. "An undirected organism always tends to go in circles or loops." Experiments in the physiological-psychological laboratory go to show that if the nerve of direction be otherwise cut, the animal may veer to one side or another, or may turn somersaults in certain directions.

It has been said that one cure for seasickness is found in rubbing a spot just back of the ear, the disagreeable *mal de mer* being due to a swaying world and one's inability to walk straight therein. We give this statement for what it is worth. Let the despairing ones try it.

In reply to the question whether this mouse's peculiar mode of progression is due to natural or artificial causes, we cite one authority, who says:

"A structural variation or mutation which occasionally appears in *Mus Musculus*, and causes those peculiarities of



movement which are known as dancing, has been preserved and accentuated through selection breeding by the Chinese and Japanese, until finally a distinct race of mice which breeds true to the dance character was established."

The waltzing mice make interesting pets, and require little care. Birdseed, water, and bread and milk, compose their menu. A soft bed, and a good floor for waltzing are desirable, and also some little arrangement for amusement.

Recently, in a bird-fancier's, we saw a simple and ingenious device for affording fun and exercise to ordinary white mice. A circular platform is set obliquely on a pivot, in the cage. The mice jump on this, *ad libitum*, and it goes whirling away like a merry-go-round, to the evident pleasure of the little rodents. Whether such a moving-platform would harmonize with waltzing, is a question I cannot now answer.

### Adulterating Silks.

**I**N this day and age we are astonished when we see pure silk shirts (so advertised) selling for \$1.15 or some other ridiculously low price. We purchase one, two, or a dozen shirts, thinking that we are cheating the merchant who sacrifices them thusly. But it is not so, the merchant knows his business, has not forgotten what he paid for them, and makes a handsome profit.

The silk is adulterated in most every case, and use of adulterants may be detected by different means. The presence of perspiration is fatal to tin-weighted silks, as will be seen by the rotting at the armholes and by the discolored spots that sometimes occur, and which become very tender to the touch. This is due to the sodium chloride (salt) present in the perspiration and in conjunction with weighting, the chloride is liberated and attacks the silk.

Tin-weighted silk, particularly in light shades, rots rapidly when exposed to the sun. The explanation here is that the tin, which is present in the silk fibre

in an amorphous condition, is crystallized by the action of the light and so the fibres are filled with millions of these minute but sharp-angled crystals, which cut the silk at every motion.

By means of replacing expensive silks with cheaper chemicals, great savings are effected, and this is of much advantage when low-priced and slightly fabrics are required in which the question of durability is not essential. Within the limits of commercial prudence, there is much to justify loading, but there is nothing to justify misrepresentation regarding it.

If one wishes to tell if a silk has been weighted, let him cut a small strip and burn it. Pure silk crisps up like the hair of the head when burnt, while weighted silk leaves an ash in the semblance of the fabric, and the more the weighting, the greater the body of the ash. The nature of the weighting agent employed may be judged by the color of the ash and other signs. So let us not be in such a hurry to stock up on pure silk shirts when the price seems to us to be ridiculously low.

### Grape Seeds Not Alone Responsible.

**B**ECAUSE a seed or two from the luscious globe of the vine has now and then been found in the appendix during cases of appendicitis, people have hit upon them as the principal culprit in such cases, and many take special pains not to swallow them. But physicians know very well that a crowded condition of the colon is just as likely to force other foreign bodies into the worrisome little sac, as it is grape-seeds. The following pleasant little articles have been found there, at one time and another: A grain of oat, a fin of a fish, a fruit stone, a chocolate, nuts, melon-seeds, cherry-stones, prune-stones, raspberry-seeds, a date-seed, orange-seeds, tomato-seeds, a bean, whortleberry and blackberry-seeds, certain medicines, hairs, fragments of hazelnut-shells, etc., etc.



## Some Straw Opinions.

**T**HIS Magazine is taken and read by people of all sorts of political leanings. It has a good many opinions of its own, but does not take time to express them all. Indeed, it is going to let its readers edit it, politically, during the next few months. It has sent all about, asking for sentiments and preferences, and a good many of them have arrived. Here are some:

FROM TEDDY TO WOODROW.

Two months ago I was determined that Roosevelt would get my vote, but now that Wilson has been nominated by the Democratic convention, I have changed my mind, as Wilson seems to embody the same principles for which Roosevelt stands, and I see no use in throwing my vote to the winds by voting for Roosevelt and his third party scheme, when I think that inasmuch as the Republican party is split up as it now is, neither one of the two factions can hope to be successful at the next election.

Teddy was my choice, and would still be, if he headed the Republican ticket. It was only downright thievery and misuse of Federal privileges that enabled Taft to win. Had Presidential primaries been held in all states, Taft would now be wondering where next year's bread and butter were coming from.

Wilson is progressive, honest, unprejudiced, and we can refer to his record as Governor of New Jersey. He

is not backed by the bosses. It was only when Murphy saw that Clark could not be nominated that he shifted the New York vote to him, and it would not have happened then had not Murphy wished to escape utter humiliation. The bosses wanted Clark, but not being able to nominate him, and also seeing that a strong man would be needed in order to carry the Northern states, they wisely switched to Wilson as the ultimate choice. All hail to Bryan for his iron rule in the convention; and his drastic resolution against Ryan, Belmont and Morgan will not be forgotten by the people when they cast their votes next November. It was the most radical thing done by a convention in some time, and the results of it will be seen later. However, we are now pulling for a man who has been called plain and of the people, and let us see what a man untainted by politics can do for our country. Therefore I second the nomination of our next president, Woodrow Wilson.

L. C.

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CERTAINTY FOR WOODROW.

Mr. Wilson will be elected by the biggest majority ever given a Democratic president. I am no prophet, but neither am I a blind man. With the Republican party split as it now is, it is plain to be seen that the Democratic party will easily be returned victor over the two struggling factions in the Republican party.

Mr. Taft is a mere figurehead on the Republican ship of state, and a mighty poor one at that. It would not surprise

me at all to see the Socialist party poll more votes than will the Republican party in the coming election. Mr. Taft has about as much chance of being elected as I have.

However, the "Big Noise" of Oyster Bay, of the Bull Moosers, and of the country in general, has a ghost of a show, but that is about all. He does appeal to a few who are attracted by the popular planks in his platform, such as the cost of living, woman suffrage, etc., but most intelligent people can quickly see that they are merely put forth as bait for the unwary. If elected, I am afraid that Teddy's memory would fail him, and these so-called pet ideas of his would be forgotten forever, he having achieved his desired purpose.

But Mr. Wilson will be the logical choice of the majority, as it is a well-known fact that there must be a change of policy, and this is the year to make that change. Mr. Wilson is the man for the place: his record as Governor of New Jersey qualifies him for the higher office. He is a man of the people and not influenced by political bosses. Taggart, Murphy and Sullivan threw their votes to him only because they saw that it was impossible to nominate Clark, and Mr. Wilson was the man whom they thought could save the Democratic party. He is well qualified by his study of the science of government, and now it is to be hoped that he can put his theory into actual practice. Little fear need be expressed, for as things now appear, his election in November seems a certainty.

#### CLINGS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER TO DEBS.

Although I am what is called a Socialist, and so am a very dangerous person, I would like to briefly express my views through your columns. At the present time, the country is in a very prosperous condition, and still there are thousands idle all over the country. Immigration, invention, and the employment of women have all aided to cut down the amount of work, and so, in the large

cities, especially, we see thousands of the unemployed. A political system under which this is possible is fundamentally wrong, and the only solution to my mind is Socialism.

When the average person thinks of Socialism, he imagines that all the property of the country will be divided up and each person get an equal amount. Nothing is further from the truth, and such a procedure would be impossible, even though it were our program. What we do mean is that the instruments of production, transportation, communication, and anything that is concerned with the welfare of the public, should be controlled and belong to the state. For instance, the railroads are used by all of us and so should belong to all of us; or, in other words, the state. Just as the post-office is owned and operated by the Government, so should the telegraph and telephone companies.

Under the present order, we see those who own the instruments of production as they glide by in their automobiles, and they live in ease and luxury, while the oppressed laborer works ten hours a day to support his already wealthy employer. This is not right! and the spread of Socialism shows that the people are awakening to the monstrous injustice. Therefore my vote will be cast for Eugene Debs, the Socialist nominee for President.

H. S. R.

#### A ROCK-RIBBED.

President Taft first, last, and all the time, for me. I think that Mr. Taft has tried to do the best he could for the interest of the people: but he has been hampered by a Democratic majority in the House, who have repeatedly put obstacles in his way. He worked hard for reciprocity with Canada, and despite all that has been said, I think, in the long run, it would have been best for both countries had the bill passed.

The President has made mistakes, but who does not make them in a high office

like this? He is the kind of man who will see his errors and profit by them, and therefore he should be given the courtesy of a second term.

As for the Bull-Moose party and its official mouthpiece, I have no sympathy whatsoever. It's head is a seeker after notoriety, a revolutionist and an egotist. He is not worthy of further discussion.

M. M. M.

#### •A SINCERE BULL-MOOSE.

After Teddy's Progressive party becomes a reality, we will see the best man elected, and he is, in my opinion, Mr. Roosevelt. He has been tried, and all know his wonderful straightforwardness. He never sits on the fence, but calmly jumps over in the field with the bull, and proceeds to clean him up. He is a typical American and even his enemies admire his fearlessness.

Just at this time we are confronted by the high cost of living, and recognizing that this is one of the most vital issues of the day, Mr. Roosevelt puts it into his platform. This will attract many of the laboring class and drive from him the people who make their money through the toil of others; it will provide a way towards the more just equalization of incomes and should benefit the oppressed of the country. In a way, it steals the plunder of the Socialist, but still is not socialistic, by any means.

Many other reasons could be given to explain his popularity, but they are all well known to most of us. A business man is needed, one who understands government and who does not view everything from the legal standpoint. The trouble with the country now is that there is government by attorneys, for attorneys, and of attorneys. Get a business man in the President's chair, and a few more business men in the House of Congress, and

we will see a more efficient government. Therefore, Teddy.

L. L. Y.

#### COLLEGE MEN TO THE FRONT!

About the only argument against Wilson is that he is a "college man", and so too narrow in his views. Any man who takes note of events of public interest, will see at once the superabundance of college men who are doing things in this world. Go through a modern office building, and I dare say that two-thirds of the men behind the desks have had some higher training. I am not a college man myself, I wish I were, and so you can see that my viewpoint is not prejudiced: but to a man who says that college training is superfluous, you can know that "sour grapes" are in the woodpile or that he is extremely narrow-minded. Avoid him, as he will be abnormal in other things.

Mr. Wilson is not, in any sense, a politician, he simply wants fair play. This is evidenced by his earnest desire that all contributions to his campaign should be made public. He is not yet accustomed to the devious means of obtaining votes by party favors, and he does not care to be: he simply wants everything for the best. In the convention at Baltimore, he did not demand the nomination; in fact, after it seemed as though he could not win, he instructed his delegates to vote as they pleased. He was working in the interests of the party and not for his own special welfare. In other words, he is a man, and a man is needed in these troublous times.

I think that by the time November gets here, public opinion will be almost unanimous for Mr. Wilson, and that he will be elected by good majorities. As for Mr. Roosevelt's new party, I say, "Poof, bigger windbags ne'er were made."

SAMUEL H. TYLER.



## Editorial Thoughts and Fancies.

### *The Road Is the World's Property.*

**T**HE whole civilized world is blocked up with legal ownership: none of us has a right to more than a certain amount of space, which we "own" or rent. We cannot, legally, "cut across-lots": we must go by road—however round-about the trip may be.

The Road thus comes to be one of the most imperative necessities: and one of the oldest and most stable institutions in the world. It may be like the Romans used to make it, with rocky foundations that nothing but an earthquake will remove: or it may be an uncultivated oblong space, a certain number of feet wide, extending from one village or city to another. But it is a road, and sacred as such, and everybody in the world owns an interest in it, and a part of it. Whatever space anyone is occupying while moving to and fro, is his own property, as much as if he possessed a deed of it. No one has a right to molest him, in these different bits of space he occupies in making his way along.

When, long years ago, horses and carriages were introduced, their owners were infringing upon the public rights, although, no doubt, permitted to do so by law. The road was not made for beasts, but for men, women and children. "A horse is a vain thing for safety, and so he has proved, ever since he was enslaved into a beast of burden and an acceleration of speed. Often the highway has been temporarily used

as a race-track. Runaways have been frequent, and pedestrians by the thousand have been killed and injured by being trampled down by frightened animals. Cattle have been driven to and fro in herds that often did much damage along the way. Many of these encroachments seemed necessary, and were so, no doubt, to a certain extent: but they were certainly offenses against the original intent and purpose of the road—which was safe transit for every pedestrian.

The stage-coach was another innovation—necessary, of course—but still an innovation. It decreased the chances of safety in walking along the road: it was The Thing for this vehicle of the people to travel fast, in order to "make time" for its impatient passengers. If it ran over now and then a pedestrian in the daytime, he was well taken care of after death—or before, if he made a live of it; if a dead body was found in the morning, because this chariot of the people happened to run over a deaf man some time during the preceding darkness, it was condoned. Railroad-trains followed, but they are upon the whole easy to escape, if one minds his and their business.

Then came the bicycle—one of the most dangerous obstructions that our regular highways had ever encountered. It was swift, agile, silent; it came, did its mischief, and often slipped away without even making as much as an apology. It used as its roadway almost

any place where one wheel could follow another. It took more lives, several times over, than most people suppose. It is still somewhat in vogue, but has been overshadowed by its terrible successor, the automobile.

The trolley cars are among the most formidable of road-obstructions, for they run mostly *in* the road. In such cases as they do this, they practically make the foot-road and the wagon-road into a railroad upon which private conveyances can travel, if they look out for themselves. They find the roadbed already graded, and are not slow in taking advantage of the fact.

The worst of all, is the automobile. It goes where it likes, when it likes, and as fast as it likes. Prosecutions against it, are generally farces. No one knows whether the driver is a law-abiding citizen, or a drunken roysterer. No one knows whether he is meeting a party of ladies and gentlemen, or a band of "joy riders." Nobody knows exactly how to encounter them, which way to turn from them, by what method to escape from them. In the city it is everywhere the same—in the country it is growing to be the same. If you are not abnormally active, agile, and alert, you cross a street at the risk of your life. Even the sidewalks are not safe from them: they often "skid" upon them, and claim their prey there. There is not a city but gives its tribute to this imposition upon the roads and streets, week after week and day after day.

Will the people—the large majority of whom cannot afford to use automobiles—stand this, very long?—The statesman (or stateswoman) who will and can remedy all this—who will and can keep every vehicle in its place, and give people in general a due measure of safety, will be one of the most popular men (or women) that our country has lately produced.

### *Carelessness at Summer Resorts.*

**L**ARGE and thickly-clustered collections of summer cottages are almost sure to be wiped out, sooner or later, by fire. It would be mournfully interesting to know how many resort-cottages and hotels have been rebuilt, and how many vacant lots there are, that contain the ashes of pleasure-domes. "They all get it, after a while", said an old resort-man who had been in the business nearly all his life. "Nearly every summer 'watering place' has been at one time and another, entirely or nearly all burned up, either at some one time or in piece-meal. The cottages that now exist, are nearly all rebuilt, at one time and another, and some over and over again."

This fact is mournfully in evidence, when one reads of gallant old Thousand Island Park, on the St. Lawrence River, and its baptism of fire the other day.

This river-village on an island, was at first a sort of summer-camp-meeting settlement—a miniature Chautauqua, it might perhaps be called. It was as Puritanical as a Methodist Episcopal Church society could make it, and rapidly grew into a well-known resort for people who wished a safe and sane summer. Instead of a gay hotel-resort for the dizzier portion of the city populace, it had a plain, Doric-built country-like hostelry, with a good plain table, and good plain Christian and Christian-like people occupying its rooms. Instead of an orchestra, it had a fine quartette of singers, which could give harmless secular songs, and could be also utilized as the nucleus of a church choir. Instead of card-playing, there were harmless indoor games, and placid bouts of croquet. No steamers were allowed to land there on Sunday. It was, in fact, a good place to go and have a summer's rest from city complications and wick-

ednesses; and its hotel was restful and diamondless.

It followed the regular way of summer hostelries, and burned, after a certain number of years, and a new one was built in its place.

This one was not so particular as the other: it purveyed more to the "madding crowd"; the croquet-grounds were turned into golf-links, the quartette to an orchestra that could play dancing-music, and the tabernacle to a home not only for spiritual pabulum, but for intensely world-like amusements. The island-village in the river grew and thrived; cottages and business places huddled more and more thickly together; fire-extinguishing methods did not keep step with fire-devourable accumulations: and—the calamity was soon there.

Lucky it was not in the night: otherwise, a hundred or more lives would probably have been the price of the event. It came at near midday; and even then, several people had difficulty in saving their lives. Both the large hotels were burned, all the business places, hundreds of cottages, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property. The conflagration, after eight hours' fierce and steady progress, was driven back into the earth, there to wait until another chance came for it to exhibit and prove its prowess.

All of which furnishes one more object-lesson to the effect that watering-places ought to be guarded from fire ten times as well as are city residences, instead of one tenth as well, as is usually the case.

Some ultra-religious people say that the reason Thousand Island Park burned up, was that she departed from her first traditions and dared Heaven by becoming too secular: but other very good people will say that it was because she did not keep up with the times in

the methods of extinguishing earthly fires.

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#### *Editors' Methods.*

**M**ISS FRANCES WILLARD, the distinguished and illustrious lady temperance apostle, once begged certain editors not to print so much bad news: or at least to "boil down" the details of such things as ought not to be told.

To grant this request would revolutionize the methods of many journals, which pick out the meanest things that happen, employ trained and untrained writers to work them up into novelettes of the blood-and-thunder variety, and catch a large class of readers who like to have the worst things in the world told them in the plainest manner.

There is no law to curtail this harmful mal-freedom of the press, so long as it keeps within Anthony-Comstockian limits; and Miss Willard showed a sense of this fact, in appealing directly to the offenders, instead of to the authorities. Her entreaties will have no effect, however; for the publisher is really the power behind the editorial throne, and the worst of these are coarse, unscrupulous men, who care no more about the true progress of mankind than they do for the pavements under their feet.

But Miss Willard, who always numbered perseverance among her virtues, had her useful life been spared would have stopped appealing. She would have tried to induce poets, novelists, clergymen, ex-senators, and other people of influence, to stop writing for bad papers. She would have shown them that they could not with impunity launch their names in such vile literary mill-ponds: that the people, who always judge correctly and rule supremely as soon as they can get around to it, are even now associating some of their

former intellectual and emotional leaders, with the bad company they keep; and gradually dropping them from their list of favorites.

Miss Willard would also perhaps have addressed those who buy, read, advertise in, and otherwise patronize objectionable papers. This appeal, though it would not remove the evil, would have an effect upon some people, and would result in literary house-cleaning in a great many homes.

She would also write to the editors of decent journals, and induce them to make their papers more entertaining. The dullness of some exemplary literature is partly responsible for the success of the other kind. People are not going to read a lot of twaddle simply because it is moral; and one of the best defenses good reading can organize for itself, is to perk up, and keep above the tedious and the commonplace.

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#### *Aiding Ahead.*

**N**O one can help admiring the pastor's cheery little wife out in Pennsylvania, we think it was, who came to her husband the other day and said, "You have been pretty good to me ever since we were married, in the way of following the dear old custom of giving me the wedding-fees. Perhaps you think I spent them: but I didn't, although several times sorely tempted to do so. They would have 'come in' pretty handy, now and then."

"They would have tricked out a hat, or put a new bow on a dress, and once in a great while there was one so large as to make me feel like putting it into a new gown: but I resisted all those little temptations and kept all the money intact as a surprise to you—although at times it was a rather hard task. I was more than once tempted to share it with

you, as we went along: but I hung to my object.

"You know you and I never had but one bridal tour—and that a rather short one. I made up my mind that we would have another, some time, and I think that now is about the time. They have agreed to give you a vacation of three months, and there's honeymoon-money enough to keep us going up and down, as long as that time lasts."

We cannot expect this most wonderful example to be very generally followed: but there can be no doubt that if it were, a good many sad and dispirited clergymen would "perk up" and take heart again. The helpmeet who looks ahead, is the truest kind of a helpmeet: and may Heaven devise many more of them.

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#### *Short Editorials.*

Wastefulness of some things is the finest sort of thrift.

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Among other matters, look out that you do not have arterial hardening of the soul.

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Do not imagine, when you are buying anything for 49 cents, that that is anywhere near 40.

\* \* \*

Did you ever notice, that over half of the time, the more any one requires, the less he gets?

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Perhaps work would not be so much of a hardship, if Adam had not had so easy a time at first.

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Do not put in any time in searching for luxuries: use it for making yourself worthy of them.

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When a woman very suddenly professes a very intense passion for you, keep one hand on your heart, and the other on your pocket-book.





### Out-of-Pulpit Sermon.

*"In my Father's house are many mansions."*

**H**OW little care or knowledge it takes, to realize the meaning of this sublime assertion! It is a trumpet blast of truth, that will vibrate throughout eternity.

What mansions there are of material things!—All the Father's. What elaborate structures—what lordly dwellings—what glorious palaces, on this earth alone!—and all, the Father's. Monuments of the living and to the dead—monuments that have taken years of time and billions of money to make—and all, the Father's—and stored in His infinite blue-walled house.

But all this is only one grain of sand on the seashore—even if the seashore itself were a million times as wide. Do you suppose there are no mansions on Venus?

Venus is a world of just about the same size as this one.—It might be imagined as our twin. It is sometimes our evening, sometimes our morning star: maybe the favor is reciprocated.

No one with any thoughtfulness, can doubt that Venus is inhabited, the same as our own world, and has as many people and cities—perhaps more—which are as grand—perhaps grander. How rich would any person be, if he owned them all! They may have erected mansions more splendid than any to which this world has yet progressed; they may be in the names of people of whom we never heard and never will; but they

are all in the Father's house, and are His property.

And Jupiter—to say nothing about the other planets—many of them larger than this earth—even one of its five moons is nearly as large—what mansions might we not find there! All in the Father's house—and all His property.

But we are in merely one of the very smallest parts of the house—only in one corner of one of the very tiniest of the rooms. We have not yet been to the very nearest one of the smallest of the fixed stars. We will find there, another sun, and another solar system. Maybe that sun is as large as ours—and maybe larger. And ours would contain this earth and the moon, just as far away as it is now, and another moon nearly as far away from that.

Of all the stars we see in the sky, on the very clearest night, every one of them but seven (the planets of our own system) are suns. And there have already been *photographed* over a *hundred million* of these. All, so to speak, stored in the Father's house.

But the mansions, the planets, the stars, all the constellations, everything that can be seen by the eye or heard by the ear, must be classed as an atom, when compared with the mansions of mind that there are in this universe, and even upon this planet. The sick man lies, paralyzed, upon a scanty, and ragged bed: but his memory leads him away off into luxurious marble halls, through beautiful groves and forests, where he has some time been, or which some one else has seen, and told him

and perhaps the rest of the world about. The poor but self-reliant youth works on, with apparently little progress just now: but his courage is renewed by his dreams of the mansions of wealth that are awaiting him, when he achieves his grand success.

But even all these are merely foundation-stones to the mansions to which our text mostly refers: and those are THE MANSIONS OF THE SOUL.

These exist in the world of spirit: but they can be often reached, even from this world, and before the soul leaves its clay. That is the reason that poor, dejected creatures, whose pleasure in the things of this world is all gone,—who have lost everything that worldly people consider valuable—who have remaining neither the good looks upon which they once so prided themselves, nor the money they worked so hard to earn and save, nor the friends they cherished, nor the honors they once enjoyed, nor the beautiful and restful homes they once occupied—still live as if their life was a pleasure.

And why?—Because they are not dwelling entirely in this world: they have found mansions of the soul in which they can even now lie down and rest when this life becomes too weary: mansions to which they know they will soon remove forever, free from the cares and pains of the body.

And these are the property of the Father, who owns all things.

### Why Do They Stay Away?

**A** QUESTION that has been asked again and again, and, I suppose, will be, until time is no more, is, Why don't people come to church? Why can't they come and fill up the pews? If you will bear with an old-fashioned Christian, perhaps I can answer a part of it.

In the first place, a pretty large percentage of our church-members have never been really converted, to start

with. They have gone along "with the swim" when some protracted effort occurred, have joined the church in which the exercises were held, or some other one in which they had more friends, or which possessed a more attractive pastor, or the sanctuary of which was nearer to their house, and, changing, perhaps, to some little extent, the trend of their daily behavior, have gone on with their life as if nothing had happened. Is *that* an old-fashioned conversion?

Maybe a company of professional "evangelists" came through the town, and mowed as clean a swath as they could. There was an orator, a singer or two, and, most important of all, a business manager. The orator was a "smart" man, and knew his business. He made his meetings into a sort of sacred vaudeville. He had his audiences laughing about something or other, half the time. He had his own hymn-books, or, perhaps, more accurately speaking, song-books with him, for sale at so much per. His photographs, also.

An old negro once said he would like to be converted, if it wasn't for the *process*. But nobody need worry about the process *here*. It was not only pleasant, but hilarious, and sometimes ludicrous.

When the least lack of interest occurred, the trained musicians that he carried along with him would rise and sing a dashing rag-time sort of hymn, to a catchy air: and the whole congregation united to join in the chorus. There was sure to be something about this song that was a little funny, and the audience laughed again.

And the manager—was he on *his* job? Rather. He sold hymn-books at a profit, apparently, of about 500 per cent. (I am a printer, and know what it cost to make them). He sold photos of the whole troupe, and reaped a good many dollars—just in that way.

When the last evening arrived, there was a "free-will offering" to the "Evangelist", and the manager took care to

see that every convert did his duty. Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of dollars came pouring in, that the poor needed woefully within a few stones' throw from the church.

The only way he really made conversions, was to induce the "convert" to rise, and say he or she was willing to be a Christian. No doubt it did *some* good: but were those real conversions? How long did the impression last? Was it deep enough to take them to church the following summer, when there were inducements to stay away?

How to fill the churches?—Stock them with REALLY CONVERTED PEOPLE.

A. H. BARBER.

### Salvation by Plutocracy.

THE pastor of the Calvary Baptist church in New York City, Dr. MacArthur, has been telling his hearers at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, that great good would come to mankind if only Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan would give their time, brains and money, (mostly the latter) to missionary work in China, Japan, India, and Continental Europe; in fact, to any place where the Gospel is as yet unknown. He is quoted as saying: "If these three men would get their hearts and wealth together, they would evangelize the world in twentyfive years."

He seems to think that money alone is needed for this great Christian work, else he would not choose such wealthy men. The words "hearts and wealth" are used, but the word wealth is the all-important word to his mind.

He is right in his declaration that more money is needed, and as we read the stories of hardships undergone by our heroic missionaries in the Far East, it pains us because we cannot give more to foreign missions. Some of us have read the many accounts of great suffering and become accustomed to them, but let us stop to think what a great

sacrifice is made in order to spread the gospel. Many go to the foreign shores who have the ability to become very successful in their home land, but giving up, what to us seem pleasures, they betake themselves to a distant land, having Christ-like joy in their hearts because they are following the Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every living creature."

But the spectacle of these three men evangelizing the world seems absurd: it staggers the imagination. The romancers of Europe and America have depicted many wonderful schemes of future civilization, operated by machinery and directed by science under the control of plutocracy, but none of them dreamed of a highly financed religion. Nor are they to be blamed. Never in the history of the world has any creed been formulated, inculcated or disseminated by rich men, or by methods through which riches are gained. We should not try to win souls to Christ by business methods alone: it is well to have system; but let us not taint religion with too much business, as the real aim of religious precepts would be lost in the haze of everyday business. Religion should be on a higher plane.

Rich men have played little part in founding great religious institutions, such as the Salvation Army, Methodism, and Presbyterianism. Usually a body of sincere and earnest men have been the foundation of great religious faiths, and in most cases they were hampered because of lack of funds, but down in their hearts they had a firm conviction that they were doing what their Lord demanded.

The ways and means of evangelization are open to all the world. India, China, Japan, Continental Europe, and, incidentally, New York and Boston, will be evangelized when the true evangel comes. As for Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan, they do not speak either in the right voice or of the right things. Dr. MacArthur should try it.



## Growing Handsomer While Sleeping.

**A**S he grew older, the famous Mark Twain was more and more of a hygienist. He took to what is now called Osteopathy, when something very much like it already existed in England. The practice of it was against the law, but the barristers and the judges winked at it (many of them had experienced its benefits) and when any punishment *was* inflicted for practicing the art, it was so light that the independent style of physician did not sensibly feel it to any degree.

The mind of the famous humorist was a wonderfully progressive one, and he gradually evolved other matters pertaining to the welfare of the body, that were of use to him. That was the reason that although rather "sporty" in his habits while a youth and while a young man, he managed to live pretty well along into the seventies.

Among other of the later methods attributed to him, was the "beauty-sleep." He did not care much for personal appearance, but he did like an occasional miniature slumber in the mid-day or the mid-evening, and would often leave a day- or evening-party, for a half-hour's nap, returning with pleasant countenance and renewed cheerfulness and merriment.

"I have a science in this 'beauty sleep' business, as people have come to call it in late years", he said to the lady who sat beside him, on a certain evening, upon his return from one of these excursions to meet his friend Morpheus.

"I have discovered that the happier the mind is, when you are slumbering, the happier your face will look. Thus you can grow better-looking, while you are asleep.

"But if your stomach is disorderly, it will make an announcement of that fact, upon the bulletin of your face, and some of the lines may stay there—especially if they are made over and over again. If you go to sleep 'mad' at somebody, or bothered about something, or puzzled, or anything disagreeable, it will tell tales through your face.

"So I always try to get into as good a mood as possible, when about to let myself into the depths of unconsciousness. I like to read some pleasant book, containing fine sketches and pictures, or to take leave of some intelligent and beautiful lady, as I did this time (here his companion blushed) before starting off to keep my appointment with the invisible Apostle of Slumber. As a man sleepeth, so is he, to a considerable extent, even after he waketh."

At this point, Mr. Clemens was called upon for a speech, which proved as bright as anything that had been heard from him in his palmiest days; and the lady deemed that she had conned a lesson in the art of dermatology.

When, two or three years afterward, she viewed the humorist's dead face lying in his casket, surrounded by famous literary people from all over the country, she saw one of the most happy-looking countenances that had ever come under her observation. Was he still dreaming pleasant dreams, or did his face belie his life?

### How to Climb Stairs.

"IT does tire me out so, to climb them stairs", I heard a woman say, as she struggled painfully up the last few steps, to the platform of the elevated railroad, the other day. Being a bit of a purist I wanted to say to her, that "those stairs" would be better, but immediately a more important thought forced itself upon me: Why should people find climbing stairs such a painful experience?

Indeed, how many are there who do not take it for granted that going up stairs ought, in the nature of things, to tire one? People seem to think that exhaustion brought on by this kind of exercise is one of the visitations of God, and therefore to be borne with resignation.

Nothing is farther from truth. We should be able to climb four or five "flights" of stairs, and experience, on arriving at the top, a feeling of pleasurable exhilaration instead of utter collapse.

The reason why it tires people so much to go up stairs "on foot", is twofold: in the first place they assume a false position of the body while climbing, and secondly, the general physical condition of most people is so far below the normal, that any slight exertion is sufficient to cause a painful feeling of exhaustion.

The first law to be observed in climbing stairs, is that the center of gravity of the body should be kept directly above the force that is being applied to raise the body from one step to another. Now the center of gravity of the body lies in the lower part of the trunk, and the force being applied is in the muscles of the lower and upper leg: consequently we should stand erect instead of leaning forward. The reason for this is evident: if the upper part of the body and the arms extend in front, it takes a great deal of exertion on the part of the muscles of the back and legs, to keep the climber from falling forward. This expenditure of energy of course contributes to the general weariness.

Another thing to be remembered is that the movement should be from the knees, instead of the waist or hips, and the chest should be expanded so that as much air as possible will fill the lungs.

Another point is, that the legs should be kept directly under the body, instead of being thrown out at the sides, so that their lifting power may be more directly applied to its task.

If a person observes these rules, and still finds the process of climbing a few stairs a painful one, his or her physical condition is far below what it ought to be, and a campaign of physiological and hygienic education should be begun at once, to locate the trouble. Of course very fleshy persons labor under a great disadvantage and must have greater muscular development than their more "skinny" brothers and sisters, in order to be in the same class with them in stair-climbing ability. Then, too, those persons whose hearts, for any reason, have become really weak, will find themselves "out of breath" after any expenditure of energy, and should not go up stairs too fast.

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### Child Drug-Friends.

D R. Harvey W. Wiley, pure food champion, speaking before the National Educational Association in Chicago, startled his audience by declaring that drug habits of various kinds are prevalent among school children. He urged the teachers to do all in their power to abolish this condition.

In his address, he said that while there has been a diminution of infectious diseases, there seems to be an increase of the so-called nervous disorders and this has been due to the growth of drug habits among the children. Either through neglect or carelessness thousands of children are becoming addicted to drug habits, and from birth there seems to be an incessant craving to fill the baby's stomach with drugs rather than food. Every household has its cupboard with so-called household remedies consisting

mostly of synthetic preparations of quack medicines, some of which are advertised to cure almost every disease that may befall a child.

In addition to these, many children are allowed to drink tea and coffee, and thus take into their systems an alkaloid, caffeine, which has a tendency to take away fatigue, stimulate the heart action and in general to urge the child forward to greater physical and mental activity than he should be called upon to endure.

Then he told of the bad effects of so-called soft drinks on the system, and how caffeine had been added, so as to make the beverage, when consumed, have about the same quantity of the poisonous drug that tea and coffee contain. Next the tobacco habit was discussed, and he told of the great injury to the system that cigarette smoking would bring, and lastly, he urged parents to co-operate with teachers so that anti-drug habits could be instilled in the mind of the coming generation.

### Some Ways to Cook Rice.

**T**HOUSANDS of people are now realizing the truth of what a few have for a long time maintained, that meat need not be the "king of foods." In the absence of that high-priced commodity, however, all may have recourse to rice, which, though not a perfect substitute, furnishes one of the most nourishing and delicious of all foodstuffs. Anyway, it is well to cultivate a taste for this white-kerneled product of the field, for commercial men say that it is going to be very cheap—and that grim old visitor, Hard Times, you know, *will* come around.

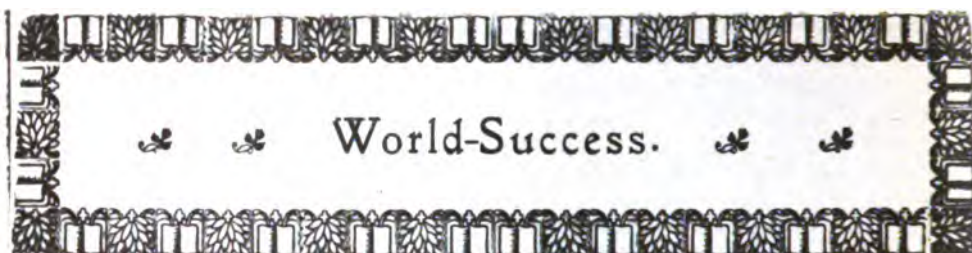
First, a few words as to the preparation of rice alone. Before cooking, the seeds should be washed in cold water at least twice, then drained, put in a china vessel, and scalded by pouring over it some boiling water, in which it may remain about fifteen minutes, before being drained again. For cooking, put into boiling water, one quart for a quar-

ter of a pound of rice, and two tablespoonfuls of salt for that quantity. Allow it to boil rapidly for twenty or twentyfive minutes, then drain off the water and place on the back of the stove, with the dish uncovered, where the rice may dry.

In this way the kernels remain whole, which greatly adds to the looks of the dish, and, what is more to the point, does not cause the rice to lose its mealy quality nor sweetness of taste. To see if the rice is done—and it should be well cooked—press some of the seeds between the fingers, and if they crush easily, it is ready to eat, and may be served in various ways. If it is being cooked for serving simply as a vegetable, a piece of butter the size of an egg—for the amount of rice mentioned above—should be added while the rice is boiling.

In case one has some ham left over, and wishes to use it in another form, a combination with rice will make a very palatable dish. Take some cold rice cooked according to the method given here, and mix with it a tablespoonful of melted butter, one or two eggs, well-beaten, the ham chopped fine, and if you have it, some grated cheese. Put the mixture in a buttered dish, cover with a thin layer of grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven. In about fifteen or twenty minutes try with a clean straw of broom to see if it is done. If on withdrawing the straw from the midst of the mixture none of the egg adheres to it, the "baked rice" as the dish is called, has been cooked sufficiently.

Another method is to take a quarter of a pound of rice which has been cooked with a piece of butter and a small onion stuck with one clove, and, when dry, mix—by means of two forks, so that the kernels may not be crushed—with six ounces of boiled ham, either chopped or cut in little squares or narrow strips. Mix just before serving, set it in the oven for five minutes, in order to heat it over, and heap on a hot dish.



### Requirements of Students.

**J**UST at this time, those who recently were graduated from our high schools, are carefully perusing those huge catalogues which are sent to them by colleges and universities. All is a jumble to them. Will I get advanced credit? Have I enough to enter? How do they figure on my Mechanical Drawing? How many hours will they give me for my summer work? Such questions as these are asked daily, and the catalogue is the silent answer. Find the exact page, exact line, and you may be able to answer your question. Finally, you give it up in disgust, forget about it until, say, on the twentysecond of September, and then finding you have only three days to make preparations, you consult the catalogue once more. Then you decide to let the officials arrange your credits, and your worries, as far as credit adjustments are concerned, fly out of the window.

Next, what will I take with me? Here is a real question. You may take everything you ever called your own, or you may take only a few necessities. As you get along in your course, I believe you are inclined to take less and less, possibly because you store some of your things during the vacation months. You will, of course, want everything that you intend to take with you. The question is: Given two trunks, two suit cases, what must be put in and what left out?

Some kind forbear of ours evidently saw the need of providing a list of things needed at college, because in the catalogues of most of our small denominational colleges there is neatly printed

a list of necessities at least, and then apt suggestions as to other articles which may promote the public welfare. It may run like this:—two towels, two pair of shoes, pair of suspenders, one razor, one pair cuff-buttons, several neckties, several pairs of hose, two hats or caps, three shirts, three collars, all toilet articles, two suits of clothes, bathrobe, and a Bible.

Please notice that this list contains only the least number of articles that you possibly can get along with, so you (if a young man) jam these into your trunks and then take a few such edifying posters as "Burning the Midnight Oil", "Snake Dance", and "The Most Beautiful of Co-eds." At the last minute you think of your tennis racquet, net, and balls, a few pennants, two old snowshoes given you by your grandfather, hockey-stick, skates, sweater, vest, and a few other boy necessities. But to your horror, you only have one trunk packed, and neither of the suitcases are full. You think some more, look around the room and snatch a few more pennants from the wall and put them in the trunk. Still not full, and at this juncture mother enters and your embarrassment flees, for she alone can find enough for two or three more trunks.

She begins to stow away another pair of pajamas, some more shirts, more hose, more shoes, another suit of clothes, some of father's choice neckties, some more collars, a few handkerchiefs, your bathing-suit, and another Bible. By this time we have two well-filled trunks, but sister comes in and she has suggestions to make. She coyly unties a package done up in pink paper

and white baby ribbon and bestows on her affectionate brother a brand new toilet-set equipped with everything from a nail file to face powder. Inasmuch as he is leaving soon, he is very much pleased with the gift, and places a little kiss on sister's cheek, for which sister is truly grateful. Father, however, is too much concerned with getting the necessary wherewithal for son, and so cares little what his young hopeful takes as baggage.

But with the young man starting for a large university, it is another question. He takes just whatever he thinks is needed, and of course gets advice from the other boys who have gone before him. Father may have been a graduate of this college, but times have changed since father went to school. Nowadays the competition is keener and clothes and general appearances count for much more than in father's time. So son gets a suit or two made just before leaving, so that a good impression may be made on his companions. He knows before going that while clothes do not alone make the man, they help a long way towards doing so, and with clothes tailored as the latest dictates of fashion decree, he stands a good chance of receiving a "bid" to a select fraternity or club. In the small colleges the candidate for a club is usually better known, but in a big university the student is only a drop in the bucket and so must make himself known by his attractive clothes or some other means. The strict rules usually forbid a freshman from taking part in the activities of the school outside of his own studies. He must "make good" in his freshman year and then he is allowed more freedom to enter various undergraduate activities.

The young man starting for the big university would do better should he take just the necessities, and then when he finds what strata of student life he will be thrown into, he can write home for the other articles which this new position may demand. He may be of such a nature that he does not care for a highly decorated room, and I recall

one case where the walls were at first covered with pennants, expensive banners and flags of various kinds, and within one month from that time they were covered with coal soot from the hot-air furnace. Needless to say the room remained bare from that time on, and the boys seemed to like it much better. They were freer to do as they pleased, to disturb some student who was absorbed in the mysteries of "Trig" by hurling some innocent pillow at his head without fear of bringing down all the pictures on the wall. They could get the human nature out of their systems, after which they seemed eager to delve further into the mysteries of science. These boys found bare walls, little furniture, and much space, more to their liking than a highly decorative room, with huge chairs and tables scattered about it.

Then others, of a literary vein, would need to take a shelf library of books to supplement the general library of the university, and as their course progressed they could add to it all of the text books so far received in their several courses. These would be a great help later in life. Each to his taste, and the hobby of any one should not be neglected because in a new environment; rather these new conditions should aid in the development of that particular bent or inclination.

While in school it is a good plan to get as much general information as possible and still know all there is to be known about some particular thing. It is the day of specialization, but let us prepare our education so that we may develop along all lines, but specialize in some one. If we do this we will be able to scrutinize questions from the right point of view, and not be prejudiced in our attitude.

Young men preparing to enter college in the fall should take such things with them that will be of benefit to them. Of course, we all know that the necessities must be taken, but it is the things not absolutely needed that we have to be careful about. Nothing should be



taken which will waste our time, injure our health, or in any way interfere with studies. Most young men go to college in order to give themselves a broader viewpoint on life, to come in contact with well-educated people, and to learn all that can be learned concerning their especial profession.

This is the seed-time of his life, and what he does now will in a large measure determine what he will be in the future. Let him enter the social, political and scholastic life of the college, but not let any one of these various phases of student life dominate him entirely. In this way he should emerge a well-rounded young man, ready to enter his life's work, having had the proper educational advantages.

### Produce Preferred.

THE Kentucky State Fair Association one year offered a prize of ten dollars in gold for each of the best samples of corn, oats, and tobacco. This offer gave one of the local editors an idea. He advertised that he would give a year's subscription—worth two dollars—for the best samples of corn, oats, and tobacco, that were brought to him within a certain time.

The people jumped at the opportunity to get a year's reading matter on such easy terms. Every farmer in Hardin County brought his contribution, and when all the samples had been deposited, the far-sighted editor had a barnful of stuff.

On a certain day the corn, oats, and tobacco were spread upon tables which ran along three sides of the court-house square, and after a very prolonged examination the prize was duly awarded.

Then the editor picked out the finest ears of corn, the heaviest heads of oats, and the best twists of tobacco, and sent these selections to the state fair. He captured the thirty dollars in gold, and besides that he sold enough stuff to the hotel proprietor to pay his board for six months.

### Saving.

IN the present day, the question of the high cost of living is brought home to us with great frequency. Whenever we pay our grocery bill, we are astounded by the apparent jump in prices within the last few years. However, we should try to practice thrift and take a lesson from our French brethren.

French thrift is proverbial and the wide distribution of wealth among the people is well known. The small French investor confines himself to home securities and invests in bonds of small denominations. Money does not burn in his pocket and if, at the end of the week, he has a surplus, it is deposited in a savings bank and not spent over the bar of the nearest saloon. The American would not find it hard to save something out of even a small weekly or monthly wage, by applying the French principles of saving and economy.

When a young man finds himself in possession of a small surplus just before payday, he should put it safely away and count himself so much ahead. But this is a difficult thing to do, as he would rather have so much enjoyment ahead than so much money ahead. The average American lives beyond his means; if he gets \$10 a week, he spends \$12; if he gets \$1,000 a year, he spends \$1,200, and so on up the scale. He cannot seem to gauge his living expenses to his income, and so at the end of the year his books show a loss and he wonders why.

The American should think of his small expenditures, as they mount up so that they become important in the gross. A nickel here and a dime there is very little in itself, but when this is repeated day after day, it gets to represent a large sum. While we are fully aware of the importance of little things, still we do not at all times obey the dictates of our own conscience and we suffer accordingly.



July 8—Nine of the Camorristi were convicted of the murder of the Cuocolos, and the rest were found guilty of instigating the murder and of belonging to a criminal society; the prison terms varied from thirty to five years.

The Judiciary Committee recommended the impeachment of Judge Archbald of the Commerce Court.

9—A series of explosions in a colliery, at Conisbrough, England, killed sixty-nine or more miners and their rescuers.

C. D. Hilles was chosen Chairman, and James B. Reynolds, Secretary, of the Republican National Committee.

10—A. W. S. Jackson, of England, won the classic 1,500-meter race, at the Olympic games, defeating thirteen of the greatest known mile-runners.

11—General Monteagudo, Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban Government troops, turned over the Government of Oriente to the civic authorities, declaring the rebellion over.

The National Progressive party of the State of New York was organized.

The State Department signed an extradition treaty with Honduras.

12—Secretary Nagel's interpretation of a particular case removed restrictions on admission to United States of children of naturalized parents.

A general strike began in Zurich, Switzerland, as a protest against admission of foreign workmen of doubtful character.

13—The United States Senate voted 40 to 34 to make the Panama Canal bill unfinished business, which meant a refusal of Great Britain's request to hold it up pending diplomatic negotiations.

By a vote of two to one the United States Senate voted to expel William Lorimer as having been elected by dishonest methods.

14—Washington, D. C., broke all previous rainfall records, when 2.5 inches fell in 45 minutes.

Thirteen persons were killed and more than twenty-five injured in a collision on the Burlington Railroad eighteen miles west of Chicago.

The Marathon race at Stockholm was won in 2 hours and 36 minutes by K. K. McArthur, a South African policeman.

15—James Thorpe, Carlisle Indian, won the decathlon (ten events) at the Olympic games, in Sweden; King Gustav distributed the medals, concluding the festival.

England's national insurance act was put into operation; 12,000 dock laborers in Liverpool and 20,000 in Birkenhead struck, refusing to have tax deducted from their pay.

16—Herbert Knox Smith resigned as Commissioner of Corporations to join Roosevelt and the third term party.

The Senate organized itself into a court for impeaching Judge Archbald.

17—The American gasoline launch Bonita, of Seattle, was captured while poaching off Vancouver Island, by the fishing protection cruiser Newington.

The Turkish Cabinet resigned in consequence of a revolt in the army against the methods of the Young Turks' organization.

18—General Pedro Ivonet, the negro rebel leader, was killed by Cuban troops; the United States Navy Department ordered two companies to return home.

Boston suffered from the heaviest rainfall in forty years; twenty-seven were killed in a cloudburst at Seven Troughs, Nevada.

19—Guadalajara, Mexico, suffered from twenty-three earthquake shocks, but no loss of life was reported.

The Chinese National Assembly vetoed all President Yuan Shi Kai's nominees for Cabinet portfolios.

Eight Italian torpedo boats attacked the entrance of the Dardanelles; the Turkish forts sank two and damaged six.

20—Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, was reported critically ill.

The National Packing Company of Chicago was reported dissolved, forestalling Federal action.

A horde of Zapatistas attacked a Mexican train near Parres, killing more than three score passengers, and many soldiers of the escort.

- 21—Ghazi Moukhtar Pasha was appointed Grand Vizier by the Sultan of Turkey, and immediately formed a new Cabinet.  
A great wind storm created havoc at Atlantic City.
- 22—Winston Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, introduced in the House of Commons a supplementary bill for an appropriation of £5,000,000 for the navy, pointing to Germany as England's only real naval danger.
- 23—President Fallieres of France decorated the Prince of Wales with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.  
The British Medical Association passed a resolution refusing to accept office in connection with Lloyd-George's National Insurance Act except under certain financial conditions.
- 24—Fourteen men were drowned in a mine, flooded by a cloudburst that caused great damage in the region of Pittsburgh.  
Empress Augusta Victoria, of Germany, invited four hundred visiting German-American school-teachers to be her guests at the imperial summer palace near Cassel.
- 25—The Senate, in Committee of the Whole, passed a substitute for the House Wool Tariff bill; the Cummins bill was defeated.  
England's Premier disclaimed any aggressive purpose in calling for increased navy appropriations.
- 26—The Senate passed the House Excise bill, taxing individual and partnership incomes over \$5,000, at 1 per cent.; it adopted an amendment repealing the Canadian Reciprocity act.  
The Chinese Assembly confirmed President Yuan Shi-Kai's nominees for the Cabinet, but under military pressure.
- 27—It was reported that Capt. Ejnar Mikkelsen and Engineer Iversen, Danish Arctic explorers, missing since March, 1910, had been rescued from Greenland by Norwegian whalers.  
The Senate passed the Republican Sugar bill, reducing the tariff 30 cents per cwt., by a vote of 52 to 3.
- 28—President Leguia, in opening the Peruvian Congress, announced that the Government had sent special commissions to investigate the question of atrocities connected with the rubber industry.  
More than 100 persons were dropped into the Baltic Sea, at Binz, Germany, when a landing stage collapsed; many were drowned.
- 29—Judge Archbald denied that he was guilty, in the Senate impeachment proceedings.  
The strike of the conductors and motormen of the Boston Elevated Railway Company ended after a 53-day struggle, the strikers winning every point.
- 30—Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, died, and Yoshihito mounted the throne.
- 31—One person was killed and many wounded in a riot when 2,000 striking English dockers returned to work and found non-union men in their places.
- August 1—The House passed Representative McCall's resolution calling for information as to the existence of slavery on the Peruvian rubber plantations.
- 2—The United States Government ordered the gunboat Tacoma to Bluefields, Nicaragua, to be ready for possible trouble.  
Ten workmen were killed and thirty-five seriously injured at Nuremberg, Germany, when an immense power station collapsed under construction, burying seventy-two laborers.
- 3—The Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced that it would establish a course in aeronautics in connection with the department of mechanical engineering.
- 4—The Turkish Cabinet and Senate voted to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, now in extra session; strong forces guard the Parliament.
- 5—The Senate adopted the conference report on the same Wool bill that was vetoed last year by President Taft.  
Martial law was proclaimed in Constantinople and the Sultan dissolved Parliament after the Chamber of Deputies, in a riotous session, voted lack of confidence in the Cabinet and adjourned without date.

### Short Editorials.

Many people would never form intemperate habits, if they took enough sleep.

\* \* \*

Mankind is always telling of its own faults and discomfitures: one would suppose that it would have more pride.

\* \* \*

It is wonderful how much noise you can gather to disturb you as you go along, if you will only send your ears out hunting for it.

\* \* \*

Strange, how the triumphs and sorrows of nations and generations, will sometimes come along down for centuries, and express themselves in a voice!

\* \* \*

A dreamy little four-year old girl opined the other day, that the famous "Man in the Moon" was not very much of a fellow, after all—sailing around without any body.

## Some Who Have Gone.

### **DIED:**

**BOYD, DR. H.**—In Nashville, Tenn., July 20. He was a prominent negro physician, founder of the Boyd Infirmary and Mercy Hospital, and he was President of the People's Savings Bank. He left a large personal estate.

**CANTINE, CHARLES FREEMAN**—In Kingston, N. Y., July 14, aged fiftyfour years. He was born in Saugerties, N. Y., educated at Rutgers College and the Columbia Law-school, served nine years as district attorney, was elected County Judge in 1904, and re-elected two years ago.

**CARTER, BERNARD** — At Narragansett Pier, R. I., June 13. He was born in 1834 in Maryland, and was a graduate of the Harvard Law School. He practiced in Baltimore, served in the City Council and the Maryland Constitutional Convention. He was a professor in the Maryland University Law School in 1878 and was Solicitor of the City of Baltimore for a number of years. He was one of counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

**CLUETT, GEORGE B.**—In Troy, N. Y., in his eightieth year. He was born at Wolverhampton, England. Coming to America when twelve years old, he entered a collar factory in Troy. Later, with a brother, J. W. A. Cluett, and C. J. Saxe, he founded the firm now known as Cluett, Peabody & Co. He was noted for numerous benefactions, among them being a yacht used by the Labrador missionary, Dr. Wilford Grenfell.

**CONGDON, JAMES F.**—In Plainfield, Conn., July 31, at the age of seventyfive years. He was the last male member of the Congdon branch of the Mohegan Indians.

**GREENOUGH, GEN. GEORGE G.**—In Charleston, S. C., June 27, aged sixtyeight years. He was born in Washington, D. C., was educated in France, and graduated from West Point in 1865. For several years he was Professor of French at West Point. He served in Indian campaigns, and in the Nevada and Powder River expeditions, also in Cuba and the Philippines. He invented a number of devices for artillery operations.

He was retired as Brigadier General in 1908.

**HARALSON, JUSTICE JONATHAN**—In Montgomery, Alabama, his native State, aged eightytwo years. He was a graduate of the University of Alabama, was admitted to the Bar and practiced law at Selma. In 1892 he became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama. He was a Trustee of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College and was President of two Baptist conventions.

**HERRICK, REV. JOHN R.**—In Chicago, July 26, aged ninety years. He had been at one time President of the Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, and later, of the South Dakota State University.

**HUDSON, J. L.**—At Worthing, England, July 5. He was born in 1846, in New Castle-on-Tyne, coming to United States as a poor boy. He went to Detroit in 1877, to take charge of a clothing establishment. Later, he entered into business for himself, becoming known as Detroit's wealthiest merchant, owning department stores in several cities. He was an active worker for civic betterment.

**JACKSON, REV. DR. S. M.**—At Washington, Conn., August 2. He was born in New York in 1851 and was graduated from the Union Theological Seminary, and ordained in the Presbyterian ministry. He was the editor of religious topics in encyclopedias, and wrote a number of works on religious subjects, among them being, "Heroes of the Reformation," "Papers and Proceedings of the Huguenot Society of America," etc. He was President of the Board of Trustees of Canton (China) Christian College.

**LANG, ANDREW**—At Banchory, Scotland, July 20, aged sixtyeight years. His native town was Selkirk, Scotland. He was educated at St. Andrews University, Edinburgh, and at Oxford, and became one of the most versatile men of letters of modern times, writing novels, poetry, essays, critical and historical, translations, and compiling many volumes of fairytales and other folklore material. He succeeded William Black as a contributor of leading articles to the London Daily News. Among his well-known

works are: "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," "The Making of Religion," "Homeric Hymns," "A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation," etc.

**LEVINSON, RABBI ABRAHAM C.**—In Baltimore, Md., June 8. He came to this country from Russia, thirtyone years ago, settling at Rochester, N. Y. After ten years he received a call to B'Nai Israel Congregation, Baltimore, becoming one of the best-known scholars in United States among the Orthodox Jews. He could speak many languages, and knew the thirtyone books of the Talmud by heart.

**McCHESNEY, DORA G.**—In Paris, France, July 5. In 1871 she was born in Chicago. She was educated by her mother, by travel and by wide reading. She became a prolific writer, being the author of many novels, besides articles contributed to magazines and reviews. She made a special study of the English Civil War.

**MACLEAN, MRS. MARY DUNLOP**—In New York City, July 12. Nassau, capital of the Bahama Islands, was her birthplace. She came to United States when a young girl, entering journalism, and writing for both newspapers and magazines. She was assigned by the *New York Times* to write up the Messina earthquake and was the only woman correspondent on the scene of which she gave a graphic account.

**McVEY, ADOLPHUS G.**—In Dorchester, Mass., July 14, aged sixty-nine years. He was with the Boston Herald as yachting-editor until six years ago. Not only did he write of yachts, but occasionally designed them.

**MILLER, J. M.**—In Macon, Ga., July 14, aged one hundred and two years. He was too old to fight for the South in the Civil War; so he aided by giving provisions from his big plantations in South Carolina and Georgia. He leaves many children and hundreds of grandchildren.

**MILLER, REV. DR. JAMES RUSSELL**—In Philadelphia, Pa., July 2, aged seventy-two years. He was the author of many religious works and was Editorial Superintendent of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sunday School Work.

**MUTSUHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN**—In Tokio, July 30, in his sixtieth year, after a reign of forty-four years. He was born two years before Commodore Perry visited Japan, and ascended the throne when fourteen years old, the 121st sovereign of an unbroken line. He was both spiritual and secular head of his people, and supposed to have descended from the gods. He surrounded himself with able ministers, conquered the rebellious Shogunate, and, in 1868, invited foreign representatives to confer with him. Throughout his reign he

strove for the progressive welfare of his people. He abolished the feudal system and encouraged the introduction of modern methods in commerce, science, war, education. He was both an artist and a poet. His successes in the wars with China and Russia are well known.

**NEWBERRY, GEN. WALTER CASS**—In Chicago, July 20. He was seventy-six years old, a native of Waterville, N. Y. He served in the Civil War and was brevetted Brigadier General. After the war he lived in the South awhile, and was once Mayor of Petersburg, Va. He later went to Chicago, where he became Postmaster. He served as member of Congress also.

**NORCROSS, CAPT. ALVINE**—In Boston, Mass., June 8. He was born in Bradford, Vt., sixty-nine years ago. He was of a mechanical turn of mind, and an auto pioneer, building, in 1865, a successful steam carriage, which he operated in the streets of Boston. In his early days he was Captain of a towboat in Boston Harbor.

**POINCARÉ, JULES HENRI**—In Paris, France, July 17. He was a native of France. He was a famous mathematician, and was regarded as the greatest scientist of modern France. He was a Professor in the Paris University and a member of the Institute and of the French Academy, besides being Inspecting General of Mines. He wrote extensively on scientific subjects.

**RAMONDOU, HENRI**—At Fau, France, July 27. He was born in 1860 in Lot-et-Garonne, and entered the service of his government in 1883, in the office of the Minister of the Interior. He became Prefect of Ardennes in 1898, and later, Secretary-General to the President. He was an officer in the Department of Instruction and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

**TOWER, LEVI L.**—In Newton, Mass., June 19. He was born in 1826 at Cummington, and was known as the dean of the stationery trade. He was President of the United Cotton Gin Company, the Cutter-Tower Company, and the Greene Consolidated Copper Company. He realized a fortune through introducing the wooden toothpick into this country.

**WHITE, FIELD MARSHAL SIR GEORGE STUART**—In London, England, June 24. County Antrim, Ireland, was his birthplace, in 1835. He was one of Great Britain's most distinguished soldiers, participating in quelling the Indian mutiny of 1857-59, and in the Afghan, Sudan, and Boer Wars. As Commander-in-Chief at Natal, he defended Ladysmith against the Boer besiegers for 119 days. After that war he was Governor of Gibraltar, and for seven years past had been Governor of Chelsea Hospital, London.

## Various Doings and Undoings.

A baronet sells papers in Melbourne, Australia.

Aeroplanes are beginning to supplant moving-vans in an enterprising Eastern city.

It is more sensible to pay serious attention to the health of a nation than to sing patriotic songs.

Berlin experts tell us that heat above 73.4 degrees Fahrenheit kills more babies than diseased milk.

A man must lack nerve when he has to telephone his proposal to his loved one. And to think that this happened on Coney Island!

An agricultural college exclusively for women is about to be established near Los Angeles. Now for a poem on the Woman with the Hoe.

A wild Texas steer was so overjoyed (or bewildered) with his first visit to a large city, that he dashed up the streets, goring people right and left.

A Chicago hotel has abolished the register, and the guests sign cards, which are filed out of sight. This gives "rubberers" in front of the desk a vacation.

Two New Jersey men were fined because of omitting to drain pools on their lands, and thus maintaining breeding places for New Jersey's pet beast, the mosquito.

Frozen water-pipes on one of the hottest days in the year is what happened when some

one mixed too much salt with the ice surrounding three drinking-fountains.

A Newfoundland dog was all that saved the lives of those in fishing-boats, directly in the path of an ocean steamer. He should have a Carnegie medal attached to his collar.

A Canadian autoist struck and killed a cow and paid the owner seventyfive dollars for it. He threw the carcass over the hood of the machine, and proceeded to the next town—where he sold it for eightyfive dollars. Some financier.

So firm was his belief in Christian Science as a cure, a Yonkers man would not allow the anti-toxin treatment to be given him, even after his young daughter had died of the same disease a week before. He also died in the faith.

A doctor left a small eastern town in his automobile with \$5.00 in his possession. He is to go to the Pacific Coast and return within six months, and not practice his profession, beg, borrow, nor steal. If he succeeds, he wins \$10,000.

Of the various languages used in Switzerland, sixty-nine per cent. of the inhabitants speak German, twenty-two per cent. French, eight per cent. Italian, and 1 per cent. Romanish. In the summer-time, a very large per cent. indeed, speak English.

Suit has been instituted against a telegraph company for blighting a fond affection. A

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lovelorn youth sent a message to his fiancé, saying, "I love you forever": but when it was transmitted, she received this, "I *leave* you forever." This broke the match, and succeeded a love-suit with a law-suit.

Daniel Webster was careless about money matters, and often had to be sued, in a friendly manner, so that his tradesmen could get their bills paid. A butcher who had sued him in earnest did not come any more for orders; and Webster, meeting him one day, reproached him for his timidity, saying, "Sue me as often as you like; but for Heaven's sake don't starve me!"

The late Dr. William M. Taylor was once on an Illinois railroad train, when a news-boy came through the coach selling papers, among which was *Harper's Weekly*. "Paper, sir!" he shouted in the doctor's ear—"am' you in it!" he continued, in a shrill yell of surprise, after a look at the doctor. It was true: the reverend gentleman found his portrait there, and of course bought a paper.

Miss Mary Taylor, who is said to have been the heroine of the poem, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," died at Somerville, Mass.—presumably of too much lamb. It would be interesting but mournful to know how she was incessantly bored upon the subject; how she had to describe the school, the teacher, the scholars who laughed and played, and the spot where, after his ejection, he lingered near until Miss Taylor's reappearance. She also no doubt had to occasionally explain how, although a lamb, he had already developed a fleece, and to tell how much it weighed when clipped.

Many tourists when in London have visited the last London home of Sydney Smith, and regretted that it was torn down. Smith not only was but is, notwithstanding the fact that he has been dead many years, one of the most lovable of men. He was a sort of Admirable Crichton of the intellect; an essayist, an editor, a teacher, a lecturer, a clergyman, and an incurable joker—all in one. He was not only respectable but universally respected in all these, and seems to have lacked only the very important element of self-interest—a certain amount of which is necessary to a successfully rounded career. The world applauded him and admitted that it owed him much, but he never collected the debt.

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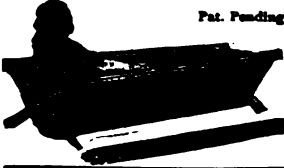
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